Twice-a-Month

Maclean's

Canadian National Magazine

March 1st

10¢

Commencing This Issue:

A New Detective Series by E. Phillips Oppenheim

Smartness THAT SETS THE STYLE FOR 1933 . . .

AND NEW INTERIOR LUXURY INCLUDING FISHER NO-DRAFT VENTILATION

TRUE DISTINCTION in motor cars has always been expensive. Now Oldsmobile has made it decidedly inexpensive. The best ideas of modern automobile design are crystallized in these splendid new cars the Oldsmobile Six and Straight Eight for 1933. Long, low, graceful, they possess that genuine smartness which establishes style leadership. Yet prices are actually reduced! Style, however, is only one reason for pride and satisfaction. The new Oldsmobiles offer every modern refinement in comfort; ease of control and convenience, to gratify the desires of women who drive. The new Fisher bodies are larger, roomier, more smartly tailored. All closed models have the revolutionary new Fisher No-Draft Ventilation, Individually Controlled, an exclusive feature of General Motors cars for 1933. On the road few cars will challenge these new Oldsmobiles. They are as fleet as the most daring driver could wish, and astonishingly smooth, for their powerful engines are cradled in rubber. Even more important is the matchless dependability which has made Oldsmobile "the car that owners recommend". No need to compromise this year. No need to buy a car for any one or two features. Oldsmobile brings you *all* the essentials of motoring satisfaction—style, performance and durability—at greatly reduced prices. Go to the nearest Oldsmobile dealer's showroom. See, and if you wish, arrange to drive personally the beautiful, completely modern new Oldsmobile Six and Straight Eight.

Note the pleasing new arrangement of instrument dials on the Oldsmobile dash. They are conveniently grouped together, easily built by under the driver's eye. At the right is a handy roomy cabinet for gloves, books, etc.

The splendid new Fisher bodies give Oldsmobile owners a measure of luxury entirely without precedent at Oldsmobile's new low prices. One important feature: Fisher No-Draft Ventilation, Individually-Controlled, which engineers call the greatest contribution to comfort, health and safety since closed cars were introduced. An additional safety factor is shatterproof glass in the windshield.

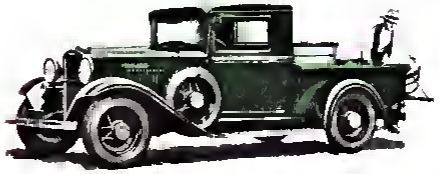
The Oldsmobile Synchro-Mesh Transmission makes the shifting of gears extremely easy, quick and quiet. Vacuum Clutch, furnished on special models, is available on standard models at slight extra cost.

THE NEW OLDSMOBILE SIX and STRAIGHT EIGHT

Produced in Canada

International Harvester *Enters Low-Price Truck Field . . .*

New Half-Ton, 6-Cylinder, 70 h. p. INTERNATIONAL *Now Ready . . . with Bodies for Every Requirement*



THE PICTURES on this page show the new 113 inch wheelbase Model D-1 fitted with two popular bodies, the standard panel and the handy pick-up body. Other bodies are available to meet every requirement.

We invite you to see the new half-ton International at the first opportunity. Write us for complete catalog and for address of nearest International showroom where the truck may be seen.

Other Internationals are available in sizes up to 7½-ton. Catalogs sent on request.

THIS announcement will be welcome news to thousands of merchants, dairymen, laundrymen, florists, bakers, and general delivery men. They have long looked for a half-ton model from International Harvester. They have missed International *quality* in the low-price field.

For it is on *quality* that International Harvester has built its outstanding success in automotive manufacture. Because of *quality* it has steadily increased its leadership among full-line truck manufacturers, greatly improving its relative position during the recent difficult years. High reputation, dependable performance, and unfailing service have brought new International buyers in increasing thousands.

Now new conditions, created by the times, have given us our opportunity. *Today* International Harvester provides another product of high quality in the International Half-Ton Model D-1.

This new 6-cylinder truck at its remarkably low International price takes with it, of course, every guarantee that every International Truck carries. It is safeguarded by the nation-wide service that makes every International more valuable to its owner throughout the years of its life.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY of Canada, *Ltd.*
HAMILTON CANADA

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

In the Editor's Confidence

E. PHILIPS OPPENHEIM

AT THE age of sixty-seven, E. Phillips Oppenheim still has a fear of developing what he calls "Mental Indigestion." Therefore he never calls a halt. Working in the garden of his villa on the Riviera he dictates to his secretary from 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. each day. (These hours he finds, fit in most conveniently with golf.) If he finishes a novel at 6.30 he immediately commences another. If he doesn't get the swing of it right away, he leaves it for the time being and delivers himself of a short story. Dictating three novels a year, he has some 120 to his credit, not to mention so many short stories that an adding machine is required to total them. He seldom knows how his plots will ultimately develop. He lets his main characters act according to their will and the result often surprises him. But neither the fertility of his imagination nor the rapidity of his creation interferes with sound construction. Newcomers pop up and fade away, but Oppenheim is as big a drawing card now as he was thirty years ago.

The gentle purring you now hear is the editor calling attention to page five of this issue whereon we present the first of a new series of Oppenheim mystery stories featuring Malcolm Gossett, the ex-detective.

An Ex-Premier and "Drewitis"

WINNIFRED KYDD, member of the Canadian delegation at the last Disarmament Conference, reports that the officials of the League of Nations secretariat at Geneva have invented a new word—"Drewitis." It is used in diagnosing the cause of the shoals of letters received by the League from people in all parts of the world who urge that some action be taken to remove the menace of munition making for private gain. Most of these letters refer to "Salesmen of Death" and "Enemies of Peace," the articles by Lieut.-Colonel George A. Drew published in *Maclean's*, reprints of which have been sent all over the globe by Canada's very active Women's League of Nations Association. Up to now, Maclean's and Colonel Drew jointly have been alone in waging the campaign. But on page nine we present striking supporting evidence of the sinister intent of dividend-grubbing armament manufacturers, written by Francesco Nitti, former Prime Minister of Italy and president of the San Remo Conference of 1920.

The Cost of Keeping Clean

SOMETIME this year we plan to organize a "Be Kind To Statisticians Week." Like the plumber, the statistician too often is made the victim of after-dinner speakers and newspaper columnists. There is no hope at all for after-dinner speakers, of course. But newspaper men, even the funny ones, ought to realize that the public prints owe a great deal to the statistician. Take the article on page eight as an example. Grant Dexter, working in the Ottawa press gallery, as a knowing news sleuth but, when he was suddenly smitten with curiosity as to the amount Canadians spend in keeping clean, where would he have been without the Bureau of Statistics? Where indeed? But the Bureau of Statistics could tell him right off the bat what is spent each year on everything from toothpaste to electric washers. Seventy millions of dollars a year is spent by Canadians in keeping themselves and their homes spick and span. Think of it! For good, clean reading, you can't beat that article on page eight.

While on the subject of clean-ups, why is it that six major Dominion sports titles are held in Eastern Canada? What's happened to the West in hockey, rugby, soccer, lacrosse, golf and tennis? On page seventeen, Henry Roxborough, our own Sage of Sport, delves into this problem with great zest. Don't jump to conclusions, though. The Western youth isn't playing Postman's Knock, not by any means.

Canadian Prison Riots

THE report of the Superintendent of Penitentiaries on the recent riots in Canadian prisons seems to us to but scrape the surface of the basic causes of the unrest from which the trouble sprang. Dismissal of a few officials and the granting of cigarette papers to prisoners will not solve the problem if the system itself needs improvement. As D. M. LeBourdais demonstrates in "Show-Down or Blow-Up" on page thirteen, it is impossible to overlook the fact that in the past reports on prison conditions have been sidetracked and recommendations for improvements in the system ignored. In this day, punishment and reclamation of the criminal are matters of public interest, not the private prerogative of pompous bureaucrats. And the taxpayers of the country, who pay for the maintenance of our penitentiaries, are entitled to full information as to whether the prison system itself is out-of-date and, if so, what remedies may be expected. It might profit us to take a little advice from Great Britain in this matter.

Old Grandfather Fog

CONTEMPLATING "Fog," James H. Fowler's story on page fourteen, we can't think of any title more appropriate. In fact, to anyone who has visited Saint Pierre (Miquelon) it is the proper title for almost any story about Saint Pierre. It covers everything. We can personally testify that there is nothing far-fetched about the feat of the pilot in Mr. Fowler's tale. Three years ago we were on a ship taken into Saint Pierre under very similar circumstances.

Mr. Fowler is a lawyer in New Glasgow, N.S.

If at the moment you should have that "Wonder-if-I-should-get-a-tonic" feeling, we suggest that you turn at once to page fourteen and join Oscar Plouffe's party bound for Montreal to see Adelard Touchette uphold the honor of Montville with Les Canadiens. If Leslie McFarlane's story doesn't start you chuckling it is time we saw a doctor.

Next Issue

SUPPOSING you are to be an usher (male) at a friend's wedding. Supposing, on the evening before the ceremony the bride-to-be wants to get away from everything for an hour or so. So you take her for a spin in a motor boat. The boat breaks down. There you are, stuck for most of the night miles from shore. Then suddenly the girl broke down, throws her arms about you, tells you she really loves you, that tomorrow she is to marry the wrong man and must go through with it. She does marry him. You know she is unhappy. Then she invites you to spend a week-end with them and before you know where you are you are in the midst of a most perplexing situation. How would you act? By now, of course, you know that this is a trick question and that the situation outlined is probably in the first installment of a new serial or something. It is, and it's an unusually good serial. It will commence in our next issue and be completed in three parts. It is by A. T. Munyan, which means that it is delightfully written. And its title is "Cup Racer," which means that in addition to a strong love interest and a great deal of suspense there is plenty of fast action of the Kaye Don-Gar Wood sort. You'll like it, even if you hate the sight of a boat.

H. Napier Moore

Maclean's

Canadian National Magazine

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

H. NAPIER MOORE, *Editor* — GEO. H. TYNDALL, *Business Manager*

CONTENTS

Vol. 46 — MARCH 1, 1933 — No. 5

Cover painted by SPENCER DOUGLASS

FICTION

THE KILLING OF MINNIE QUAYLES (short story) ... *E. Phillips Oppenheim* 5

YOU CAN ALWAYS GET MARRIED (short story) ... *Mary Clare Deeves* 10

FOG (short story) ... *James Hampden Fowler* 14

MONTVILLE BOY MAKES GOOD (short story) ... *Leslie McFarlane* 18

AVALANCHE (serial) ... *Robert E. Pinkerton* 20

GENERAL ARTICLES

THE COST OF KEEPING CLEAN ... *Grant Dexter* 8

MUNITIONS TRAFFIC IS MENACE TO PEACE ... *Francesco Nitti, ex-Premier of Italy* 9

SHOW-DOWN OR BLOW-UP? ... *D. M. LeBourdais* 13

CANON CODY ... *R. T. L.* 16

THE WASHING HERDS ... *by Norbert Welsh as told to Mary Wrekes* 23

MR. TAXPAYER: IT'S YOUR MONEY THAT'S IN THE RAILWAY HOLE ... *Editorial* 24

SPORT

STARS WITHOUT TITLES ... *H. H. Roxborough* 17

HUMOR

CURLING IS A GAME ... *Edgar March* 12

WIT AND WISDOM ... 39

WOMEN AND THE HOME

SOMETHING GOOD FOR THE MAIN COURSE ... *Helen G. Campbell* 51

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

IN THE EDITOR'S CONFIDENCE ... 2

YOUR SAVINGS

YIELDS ON HIGH GRADE SECURITIES ... *W. A. Higgins* 56

FINANCIAL QUERIES ... 57

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED

143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 3, CANADA

JOHN DAYNE MACLEAN, *President*
H. T. HUNTER, *Vice-President*
H. V. TYRRELL, *General Manager*

Publishers of Maclean's Magazine, Chatelaine, Canadian Home and Garden, Mayfair, The Forge, The Pulp and Paper Magazine, Canadian Power, Dairy Marketing, Canadian Grocer, Drug Merchandising, Canadian Machinery, Power Boating, Canadian Automotive Trade, The Canadian Industrial Publication, Canadian Automotive Trade, Publisher and Publisher Canadian Advertiser, The General Medical Factory Engineer, Canadian Architect, Plus.

BRANCH OFFICES: 1070 Bleury St., Montreal; 128 Lombard St., Winnipeg; 347 Adelaide St. West, Toronto; 1138 Leslie Ave., North Toronto; 1507 Bay St., Toronto; 1000 Bay St., Toronto; 1000 Bay St., Toronto; 1000

GEO. S. PARKER ANNOUNCES . . .

A REVOLUTIONARY PEN

New Invention abolishes rubber sac—is Vacuum filled

Holds 102% More Ink!

Reversible Point writes two ways
. . . under side fine, medium, broad, etc.
. . . upper side fine or extra fine

Barrel styled in Striped Laminations
as shimmering as velvet
. . . patented . . . non-breakable

Now appears a fountain pen with a twice greater ink capacity! A twice-as-useful point! A twice greater beauty and distinction! A twice greater value for the money! It is revolutionary in principle and perfectly marvelous in performance.

Not the first sacless pen—but the first sacless pen containing no pump, no piston, no valves—nothing to fail and render it useless after a brief span of service.

Here is the goal sought by pen makers for two generations. Its name is the Parker Vacuum Filler Pen. It is Geo. S. Parker's masterpiece—the crowning achievement of his long career as the world's leading pen maker.

Thus Parker Pens are now made two ways, the famous Parker Duololds (with ink sac) formerly priced up to $10, but now only $5 and $7, and the new Parker Vacuum Filler (without ink sac) at $7.50.

By abolishing the rubber ink-sac found in all conventional pens, Parker's marvelous Vacuum Filler Pen increases the ink capacity 102% *without increasing the size!*

Its point is reversible—a two way writer—made of platinum and gold, Iridium tipped. For hair line figures and fine notes, you write with the upper side; for writing your usual hand, fine, medium or broad—you use the lower side.

The clip is formed by a smart golden arrow that holds the pen low and unexposed in the pocket.

PRIZES TOTALLING $400 IN CASH
for the best 15-Word Opinions of this marvelous pen

We make this offer to induce you to go and see how ingeniously this pen fills—the large quantity of ink it holds—the luminous beauty of its laminated barrel.

We want you to try its reversible point—to see how you can write two ways with one pen. Hence we offer $400 in prizes for the 25 best 15 word opinions of it.

Your opinion may win you $100 and it means absolutely no obligation. Ask the nearest Parker dealer. He will explain the pen in detail and provide the official entry form giving full particulars, without which no entry is valid. You need not give the dealer your name. Then you can fill in at leisure in your own home where you write your opinion, which must be mailed direct to us.

The Parker Fountain Pen Co., Limited
88 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Parker VACUUM FILLER

$7.50 *Plain Black or Laminated Pearl*
Pencil to Match, $3.50

Editor H. NAPIER MOORE **Maclean's** Associate Editor W. A. IRWIN
MARCH 1 1933

The Killing *of* Monica Quayles

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

CYNTHIA GOSSETT, even in the flamboyantly furnished eight-roomed house of Medlar's Row, Hammersmith, at eight o'clock in the morning was an extraordinarily beautiful young woman. Her hair was one of those rare shades between yellow and golden; her eyes were of an alluring blue; her lips invited continual caresses and her slim body was exactly of that outline which the devil and a certain male dressmaker invented to make more difficult the life of a man with righteous inclinations. As she sat on the arm of her husband's chair at breakfast time, a newspaper slipped from his hand and he forgot that the coffee was slightly burned.

"Malcolm," she murmured, "I do wish that you were not a detective."

Malcolm Gossett, who was rather proud of his profession and his rapid progress in it, would under any other circumstances have frowned. As it was, his smile was chastened.

"Why, my dear?" he demanded.

She patted his carefully brushed but obstinate hair.

"I don't think that it is a nice profession, dear. I don't think the neighbors like it. When I go out to tea I am always served last, and at Mrs. Richardson's I always get the worst place at the bridge table."

"That may be because you are the youngest," he suggested.

She considered the matter.

"I don't think so," she decided. "Yesterday there were two girls there younger than I. They made an awful fuss about a girl whose husband is only a tramway inspector."

"That shows how stupid they were," Detective Gossett pointed out. "A Scotland Yard man is, anyway, a Government official."

"So is a prison warder," she reminded him, "but they do not appear to count for much, do they?"

He caressed his wife's hand. He was still, of course, ridiculously in love with her.

"What am I to do about it?" he demanded.

"Tracking criminals is about the only work I'm good for!"

"I don't believe it," she rejoined. "You're deadfully clever, Malcolm. If only you were a little more ambitious."

"Ambitious?" he exclaimed. "Why, my dear, I'm full of ambition. I'm going to be a commissioner in no time, and a commissioner often gets knighted. Then you'll be Lady Gossett, we shall move to Kensington and you can cut out all this crowd."

"How heavenly!" she sighed. "Wipe your lips, dear, and promise to take me to the Palais tonight, and I will give you a kiss."

Malcolm Gossett complied, and five minutes later boarded his bus for the Embankment.

Conferences had recently come into favor at Scotland Yard and the administration indulged in them freely. There was one proceeding on this particular morning, and

Malcolm Gossett although his recent successes almost entitled him to a place in the councils of his superior officers was flattered at being invited to join.

The chief himself was there, dark browed and angry. A great deal of useless talk was in progress and Chief Commissioner Sir Henry Holmes was a man who had scant sympathy with such. He pulled up no less a person than Chief Inspector Betterton, one of the redoubtable seven, in the midst of a rather long winded argument.

"You're not pointing anywhere Betterton" he complained grumly. "I didn't call this conference to gloat over our successes. Murders with an obvious motive are, by enough to solve. In time, I admit, we generally put our hands upon the guilty person. What I'm concerned about is the growth of these apparently purposeless murders. The murder of Colonel Forsythe down at Godalming for instance and the young Oxford undergraduate Alexander Hurlby who appeared not to have an enemy in the world. Both three months old and not an arrest. When I ask questions, the answer usually is that you haven't been able to discover a motive. The men were killed all the same and under very similar circumstances."

"Are you connecting the two sir?" Chief Inspector Betterton demanded.

"I'm not attempting to," was the gruff reply. "I'm simply pointing out that it's a rather remarkable that two men without apparently an enemy in the world should have been deliberately murdered by some one who has evidently made a business of crime and has succeeded in leaving not the slightest clue. If I ask you why no arrest of any sort has been made, you will reply at once that the lack of any apparent motive has frustrated all your efforts. Be careful of that line of argument, gentlemen. There has already been an article in the *Police Gazette* of Paris commenting upon our methods. What we need in the force just now, it seems to me, is a modern Sherlock Holmes who can consider the case of a dead body and how it became a dead body from its more immediate environment and not from studying the family history of the victim. You all seem to me, gentlemen, if I may say so, to be putting the cart before the horse. You look first for motive and secondly for circumstantial evidence, and by the time you've finished searching for the one all traces of the latter have disappeared. Tell me exactly what you're thinking, Betterton."

The man hesitated, but his chief's eyes were upon him.

"I was thinking that you were becoming a trifle academic, sir," he ventured.

"And you, Grimm?"

"I agree with you only in principle, sir," the Inspector replied. "During the whole of the instruction I have given to younger men I have laid great weight upon their concentration upon the immediate environment of the crime. It is only after such circumstantial evidence as we have been able to collect is in our hands that I have opened up the subject of motive."

"And you, Arbuthnot?"

A small, sandy haired man made prompt response.

"I leave the scientists and the fingerprinting book to do their work," he admitted, "and come back to them afterward. I go for the motive."

The commissioner looked down at his papers with something resembling a sneer on his hard face.

"By this time tomorrow morning," he said, "let me have a hundred word digest from every one of you on the Forsythe and the Hurlby murders. The other cases you are all making a fuss about should be automatic. A traffic policeman could deal with most of them. Don't waste your time. The two murderers I want to see in the condemned cells are the murderers of Forsythe and Hurlby. That will do for this morning, gentlemen."

"I want to know whether you shot Monica Quayles."

"Of course I didn't shoot Monica. She was my girl."

THE CONFERENCE at an end, Detective Gossett made his way back to his room shared by two other fellow workers on the crusade against crime and looked through his diary. There were various enterprises to which he was partly committed. He might have gone out after a wife beater investigated a reported case of smuggling in the neighborhood of Deptford or spent an hour or so in the West End haunts of one or two well-known criminals just to keep them under observation. He did none of these things. He filled in that vital and ominous form requesting an interview with the chief of the staff, to obtain which he had to make his way into the main office, and as it happened that the chief of the staff himself was rather in a loose and the interview was accorded in half an hour's time.

The sub-commissioner, a wizened up looking man with beadlike eyes, a tired mouth and a rasping voice received him with no special frown.

"What is it, Gossett?" he demanded. "I can't see anything in the daily reports or the diary which necessitates an interview. Staff work only here, you know."

"Quite so, sir," Gossett replied. "My business is simple enough just now. I wish to leave the force."

The sub-commissioner—Richard Moody his name was—stared at his visitor.

"Got into trouble?" he asked.

"No trouble at all," Gossett assured him.

"You want to leave the force?" the sub-commissioner repeated, his voice sounding more rasping than ever. "You—a rising young detective, probably an inspector before you're much older, pension fund creeping up all the time. What the devil do you mean by such nonsense?"

"Just what I say, sir."

"Why do you want to leave it?"

"I've just come from a conference, sir, with the chief commissioner," Gossett replied. "Considering myself as already a free unit, I will beg leave to say that I never heard so much nonsense talked in my life."

"Lord bless my soul!" the sub-commissioner murmured.

"I joined the force," Gossett went on, "because the study of crime had always been a hobby of mine and I thought it would be a wonderful thing to pursue it officially. I have come to the conclusion that I am only wasting my time. We have a magnificent establishment here and everything to help, but if our science belongs to today, our methods are a hundred years out of date. I have written out my resignation, sir. I should be glad if you would accept it."

The sub-commissioner had seldom been more puzzled. He was also a little angry.

"Have you any special case on, Gossett?" he asked.

"None at all, sir."

"As a matter of curiosity, are you proposing to embrace any other walk in life or have you come into a fortune?"

"Neither," was the quiet reply. "I am going to remain in my present profession unofficially."

The sub-commissioner groaned.

"Don't tell me that you are about to become one of those loathsome excrescences of cheap modern fiction, a crime investigator?"

Then for the first time Gossett smiled.

"Under another name, sir," he replied, "that will be my future avocation."

The sub-commissioner shook his head sadly.

"Last year," he lamented, "it was flies and midget golf. This year it is 'tecs."

Malcolm Gossett spent a busy but not profitless afternoon. He took over the lease of a small office in that nest of small streets in the neighborhood of the *Adelphi*, together with a Turkey carpet and various articles of office furniture once the property of a commission agent who had gone abroad for the good of his health. He ordered a small brass plate, a supply of stationery and engaged the services of a smart errand boy. These preliminaries completed, he turned up for his evening meal at number twelve Medlar's Row, at the accustomed hour, to receive a rapturous greeting from his beautiful but crafty young wife, who came flying down the stairs looking as much like Marlene Dietrich as any one else in the world could.

"I thought I'd dress first," she explained. "Susan's looking after the dinner this evening. You did say something about a cinema this evening, didn't you?"

"One of us did," Malcolm assented.

"Let me give you a drink," she proposed hastily. "The evening paper's just come and you can have a quarter of an hour's rest. Any news?"

"Great news," he answered. "The criminals of the world are laughing in their sleeves. I've laid down my career upon the altar of sacrifice. I am no longer a Scotland Yard man."

"Malcolm!" she gasped. "What are you then?"

"Well," he replied, as he shook himself free from his overcoat and, linking his arm in his wife's, made his way into the sitting room, "I did think of becoming a coal merchant. Uncle Henry's business is just being wound up, you know. I decided, however, to live by my wits. I am a gentleman at large, Cynthia, with a brass plate upon his door which means nothing."

Cynthia as full of prejudice as most women but with little curiosity and immense confidence in her man, gave him first her lips and, after an interval, a glass of sherry. Then she led him toward the easy chair.

"Nothing will prevent our going to the cinema tonight?" she asked.

"Nothing in the world," he assured her. "I feel just like it."

"Then I will tell you my news," she decided. "You know the Tower House opposite?"

"Of course."

"Monica Quayles was murdered there this afternoon."

Malcolm Gossett was a man of his word, and after dinner the evening was duly spent at the neighboring cinema. He held his wife's hand most of the time, watched her consume an incredible number of chocolates and sympathized wholeheartedly with her breathless appreciation of the film. Afterward he took her to a little supper place close by and on their return to Medlar's Row, they lingered only for a moment outside their house to glance at the brilliantly lighted edifice opposite.

"Shot," Cynthia confided. "Through the heart, they say. How some one must have hated her!"

He knocked out the ashes from his pipe.

"You have to hate to kill," he remarked a trifle dubiously.

On the following morning after a substantial breakfast and an affectionate farewell to his wife, Gossett's curiosity seemed for the first time to be aroused. He crossed the road and accepted in friendly fashion the salutation of the policeman standing at the gate. The latter stood on one side to let him pass.

"Inspector Grimm's inside, sir, if you'd like to see him," he announced.

"Thank you," Gossett replied. "Any arrest yet?"

The policeman looked knowing.

"They've got the chap all right, sir," he declared. "I think the inspector is waiting to hang him in himself. Sure you wouldn't like to go inside, sir?"

"Not in my line now, thanks, constable. Good morning, Grimm!"

The inspector, solemn and ponderous, came swinging down the garden path. He was smoking a cigarette and had the air of a man content with himself and the world.

"Hello, Gossett," he exclaimed, "what's all this about your having left us?"

"It's quite true," Gossett acknowledged. "I live just opposite, though, so I couldn't resist coming across to make a few enquiries."

"Cold of the blood still, eh?" the inspector remarked with a chuckle. "Well, this case wouldn't give you many thrills. Plain as a pikestaff. I shall be tapping the young man on his shoulder within an hour. I hope that will take the chief off his grouch for a time. Can I give you a lift?"

Gossett accepted and, following the inspector into the car, seated himself by his side.

"Clear case?" he enquired, proffering his cigarettes.

"Can't even make it look difficult," the other confessed. "Young man in a furious state of jealousy admitted by the only servant a few minutes before the shot was heard. From the moment he entered the room nothing was heard but angry voices and then the shot. The servant came out, saw the young man running down the stairs, saw him throw his revolver away, climb into a car and dash off. There wasn't another soul in the house."

"Sounds all right," Gossett observed.

"The young fellow seems to have been determined to hang himself," Grimm continued. "Left one of his gloves in the room, his cane and an anonymous letter addressed to himself which you'll hear about in court. On the evidence I have, I could go straight to number seventeen, Malvern Chambers, and hung him in. I'm going to get a warrant first, though. It looks better and I have men posted on the spot."

"By the by, where is Malvern Chambers?" Gossett enquired.

The inspector pointed across the street.

"That block of flats there," he indicated. "One of our slops outside."

"Can you put me down here?"

The inspector leaned over and touched the chauffeur on the arm.

"Pull up for a moment," he directed.

Malcolm Gossett descended, crossed the road, looked in a shop window for a moment, passed two plain-clothes policemen without recognition, entered the vestibule of the Malvern building and, ringing for the lift, mounted to the second floor. A worried looking manservant admitted him into a suite of rooms and Gossett found himself confronted by the most terrified looking young man he had ever seen in his life.

"My name is Cunningham," the latter remarked. "What do you want? I can't see any one. I'm ill. I'm waiting for the doctor."

The cup of tea which he had been holding slipped from its saucer on to the floor. The young man himself scarcely noticing it, sank into a chair. His hands gripped the tablecloth, the sweat was standing out in little beads upon his forehead.

"What do you want with me?" he called out. "I can't have people here. I'm not well, I tell you."

"I want to know whether you shot Monica Quayles?"

"I knew that some one would ask me that before long," Cunningham groaned. "I should be surprised if the police didn't come to ask me. I can't help it. Of course I didn't shoot Monica. She was my girl. We never had even a serious quarrel."

"Who let you into the house?"

Continued on page 38

The COST of Keeping Clean

By GRANT DEXTER

WE SPEND a lot of money trying to keep clean.

Living on a planet whose surface is chiefly mud, it would look like good business, particularly in times like these to stop attempting the impossible to cease trying to separate ourselves from dirt.

Certainly we would save plenty of money. The effect upon unemployment of course would not be so good. We spend $70,000,000 a year on articles essential to cleanliness. We spend many more millions on services and fuel essential to cleanliness.

Nowhere is there an equally small surface upon which so much money is expended for scrubbing and polishing as the teeth.

Considering capital costs probably no room in your home costs you as much money as your bathroom.

The next time you grumble about your taxes, remember that much of them go for sewers, water mains, clean streets and other expenditures in the campaign against dirt.

Even so, you will be surprised to learn that the "keep clean" industry, while it spends millions in advertising and in sales promotion, hasn't really begun to make an impression on the bulk of our population. Production could be doubled and trebled without bringing consumption up to what you believe the average in this country.

Last year there were 785,592 toothbrushes sold in Canada. Earlier years bear about the same relation to population. This looks as if the average Canadian buys a toothbrush once in twelve years, say five in a lifetime. What it actually means of course, is that a large part of the population doesn't use toothbrushes at all, which no doubt accounts for the fact that very few dentists are laying up their motor cars or appearing in bread lines.

The battle against dirt is not waged evenly along the home front. There are 2,501,890 homes in this country, of which 1,222,220 are in the country and 1,279,670 in the cities. The urbanite spends more in keeping clean because he has more lighting equipment ready to hand—electricity, laundries, dry cleaners and so forth. The rurabite is not concerned with sewerage, waterworks, street cleaning.

If you live in a city and wonder how much of your hard-earned cash gets away from you because you want to keep clean, take a piece of paper and put down these figures.

The High Cost of Lather

THE MOST important weapon in the anti-dirt armory is soap. If all the soap manufactured in or imported into Canada last year were divided among the 10,374,196 Canadians, each of them would get forty nine cakes of laundry soap, eleven cakes of toilet soap, two pounds of soapflakes, powders, liquid or soft soaps. Obviously most of us use a great deal more than our share. Now there isn't any shortage of soap but a great many Canadians still manage to get along comfortably without using it. That, of course, is a problem for the soap makers.

In an ordinary family if one cake of toilet soap survives a month it should be a case for congratulations all round. Likewise, one family wash will effectively put an end to a cake of laundry soap or its equivalent.

A careful estimate, erring on the side of economy, would place your annual expenditure on laundry soap at $2.94, on toilet soap $1.32, powders, flakes, etc., thirty cents. Your total soap urge therefore, adds to $4.56. In addition there are 78,810 pounds of laundry blue sold in Canada every year, not to mention borax and other aids to washing. These probably don't average more than ten cents.

Then you have an arsenal of electrical equipment. There are some 350,000 vacuum cleaners in Canada. About 70,000 are sold each year. Having regard to the capital cost, the upkeep, which isn't too high if amateur repairing is avoided, and the cost of electricity—twenty cents per month for average use—your vacuum cleaner sets you back not less than ten dollars per year.

Washing machines come higher. There are nearly 500,000 washing machines in use in this country, some 80,000 being sold last year, and considering depreciation, power costs, interest on investment and so forth, a machine sets you back sixteen dollars per year.

The rest of the electrical equipment is less costly to buy. Your electric iron (138,051 sold last year, and at least 750,000 in use today—costs you $5.00. The cost of heating an iron is greater than the cost of operating an electric motor, so that the running expenses here are somewhat higher than with a washing machine or a vacuum cleaner.

Continued on page 30

$70,000,000 a year for cleaning appliances.

Francesco Nitti.

The Munitions Traffic as a *Menace* to Peace

By FRANCESCO NITTI

AT THE CONFERENCE of San Remo in the spring of 1920 certain post war problems were intended to be settled, especially certain questions relating to Eastern Europe. I myself was president of the conference. The spokesmen for Britain were Lloyd George and Lord Curzon, for France, Millerand, Berthelot and others. Japan was represented by her ambassador. Since there were under discussion not only Eastern European problems but the Russian situation and various major economic issues, a large number of financial and military experts were also in attendance, among them Marshal Foch, Admiral Beatty and Marshal Badoglio.

During the course of the conference and particularly in directing the debates in my capacity of president, I observed frequent clashes between the French and British points of view. Immediately after the war people were still talking of the *entente cordiale* and everywhere an effort was made to avoid at least overtly causes of dissension. In reality, however, these causes of dissension continued to exist.

Britain and France were in accord on the idea of giving to Greece the province of Smyrna and M. Venizelos, who without actually participating in the conference, had arrived on the scene with a large Greek delegation, was assured of obtaining it. I on the other hand, was not at all in favor of giving Smyrna to Greece. Driven out of Europe the Turks had no recourse but to reorganize in Asia Minor. I believed that we should limit ourselves to protecting the Turkish minorities in Europe and the Greek minorities in Asia Minor, and that if we wished to avoid a fresh war, Smyrna should be left with Turkey. A friend of Greece, I attempted to speak my mind frankly to M. Venizelos, advising him to renounce an annexation which would surely precipitate a war fatal and dangerous for Greece. Everyone, however, did not share my opinion. Although I was persuaded that it was ill-advised, I could not avert the eventual decision, and the results which I had foreseen have unhappily been realized.

According to the San Remo agreements Britain in exchange for a mandate over the Mosul oil regions, recognized the French mandate over Damascus, which she had promised to the Emir Faycal. The Emir and after him the Druses continued, however, to make war on France. What is particularly surprising is that they were equipped with English firearms and munitions.

The Greek Government, which had also received arms and artillery from Vickers, at first inflicted serious losses on the Turks. After the Angora accord between France and Mustafa Kemal, however, the Turkish army was reorganized. It was armed with French guns, opportunely "junked"—that is to say, guns which had been declared obsolete but which functioned very well nevertheless—and with heavy artillery which had certainly not been manufactured in Anatolia.

An American newspaper correspondent who was in Asia Minor at the time wrote with a certain irony:

I first saw the retreat of the Greeks, they abandoned cannons and machine guns which all bore the Vickers mark. Then I was on hand for the triumphant entry of the Turks into Smyrna, they brought with them magnificent Creusot cannons. At last I understood what the *entente cordiale* really meant.

After the Great War, however, France and Britain were still allies. Neither in the French nor the British budget is there any record of expenditures for the Greek and Turkish armies. The parliaments of the two countries were given no information that might have any bearing on such matters.

Munition Interests Bribe Press

IN RECENT MONTHS we have seen an outbreak of hostile relations between China and Japan, bringing in its train a very singular press campaign in Europe. The papers which are allied with the big munitions interests have reproached the League of Nations for meddling in the controversy. Some have even maintained that Japan should be given a clear field. At the same time China and Japan were being armed largely by munitions which came from the large munitions plants centred in Europe and America.

In July 1932 at the International Workers Conference in Zurich M. Jouhaux made a very grave declaration. Its gravity lay in the fact that M. Jouhaux is not only the head of the General Confederation of French Labor, but is also noted for his moderation. The French communists hate Jouhaux much more than they hate the conservatives. M. Jouhaux has often represented, and still represents, France at the League of Nations. He is a calm and responsible person who plays an important rôle in French politics.

In discussing the question of armaments, M. Jouhaux said:

"I do not want to embark on any lengthy observations at this time in a question of this kind; it would be possible to talk indefinitely, so closely is the munitions industry linked with all the problems of humanity."

So long as there are still countries functioning under dictatorships, any agreement for the control of armaments will be difficult. M. Jouhaux added the following analysis of the situation:

"Today the unrestricted production of armaments everywhere not only represents a danger to peace itself but also, which adds greatly to the seriousness and anxiety of the times, a danger to the free functioning of democracy. Fascism and dictatorships are cropping up everywhere and wherever the process of their development is under way one can trace the hand of the munitions manufacturers at work. At the present moment the press is subsidized by them (applause)... it is no longer free. We have seen this phenomenon, and we are still seeing it where the Sino-Japanese affair is concerned. It is evident that if one could search the registry offices of the various nations in all the maritime ports for the contracts which have been signed for the export of munitions, whether to China or to Japan, there is not a country which would be entirely exempt from responsibility. The press as a whole, however, has attempted to conceal this situation. It has misled public opinion, it has allowed the people to believe that its policy is not actuated by a desire to prevent protests, and one must have courage to make such a charge, since the press is controlled by these same munitions interests.

The venerable Belgian minister, Vandervelde, and Brouckère, the senator, who has represented Belgium at the League of Nations, confirmed the serious charges of M. Jouhaux.

From all this the following conclusions are clearly indicated:

(1) The press of Europe, even in the most dissimilar countries, is often bribed or subsidized by the big interests concerned in the production of munitions.

(2) This press, which so often is affiliated with the aforementioned interests, encourages, whatever the political situation, all nationalist agitations, arouses distrust and does everything possible to create that anxious state of mind which is the chief pretext for armaments.

(3) The reactionary movements in Europe, particularly Italian Fascism and the Hitler movement in Germany, have been subsidized by the munitions interests.

One must also add that the munitions industries everywhere have interests in common. A movement which inflames public opinion in one country necessarily encourages the production of armaments,

Continued on page 36

"Did people ever make you suffer by not taking you seriously?"

Mary Clare Davron

Says:

You Can *Always* Get Married

SWEET SIXTEEN! The way people talk you would think it was romantic to be sixteen but I have learned the utter fallacy of this. I think sixteen is a lousy age and it is tragedy to be it.

My grandmother brags that she was married at sixteen and had three children of which (whom?) mother was one by the time she was twenty. But as I said to her one "Grandma you positively make a fuss about that as though it were two separate achievements, whereas you know that one was directly responsible on the other. If you hadn't married you couldn't have had the children presumably."

She looked at me sharply and remarked that whatever this age lacked in precipitancy of action it made up in precocity of speech. (Those words are spelled right. I always look up any word that bothers me.)

This summer I did everything in my power to follow grandmother's example. I tried to get married. It made me sick when I was home for the Easter holidays, to see the fun Nance was having. Nance is my sister three years older while I was cooped up all the time with children in boarding school.

Of course the only thing that would keep me out of school was marriage. So I determined to get married.

Mother and dad were in Europe, grandmother in charge of our house. Nance had a lot of men calling on her and she introduced me to them as her "little sister just home from boarding school." Naturally this made me sick, but I quickly learned I could expect nothing in the way of co-operation from Nance. So I decided not to consider her. She had plenty of men calling on her and could easily spare him.

The night Willoughby Dane called on her I was sitting on the bottom step of the porch narrowly observing him. Little did he think, as he came swinging up the walk of the predatory nature of my thoughts.

"You look pensive as the devil, Poppy. What's brewing?" He sat down beside me on the step. He is tall and very blonde, just the type I, with my raven hair, should marry.

Willoughby," I asked him, "did people ever make you suffer by not taking you seriously?"

"On the contrary. There was a girl once—"

"I don't mean in love affairs."

He looked sharply at me and I didn't like his quick grin.

"Anybody that looks like you is bound to have a lot of men in love with her."

"I don't want a lot of men in love with me. That seems to be the trouble. Most girls think a little is too many men and not enough of one."

"Pops! They're making a philosopher of you up at that school."

"That school! Please don't mention it. Willoughby, I'm not going back."

"I thought you had another year to go."

"I had. But I know plenty to carry me through life, even if I never saw another schoolbook, so I've made other plans."

"Were they along the lines of which you spoke—loving someone a whole lot, etcetera?"

It was plain he didn't trust me, and his gaze was so penetrating I was afraid of him.

"Anything your grandmother does is all right, isn't it, Willoughby?"

I was glad Nance came out at the moment.

"Hi, Bill!" she called slangily. (I try never to descend to slang myself, and Sister Assumpta says that without a doubt I shall some day be literary. I asked her four times and she finally said yes. She added 'Or something,' but she smiled at me when she said it, and I know she meant I would be.)

I watched Willoughby and Nance go down the walk to his car. Of course he was old, twenty-seven—but he had none of the obvious defects of age. If I could get him away from Nance.

"By, Pops," he said. "Don't do anything your grandmother wouldn't do."

"You know my grandmother, Willoughby." They both laughed. (Nance needn't be so patronizing.)

THEY had scarcely gone when Grant Redlington appeared from around the corner. As he turned in at the walk, I noticed how gay and smiling his brown eyes were, yet how knowing. Just the type I, with my innocent blue eyes, should marry.

"Nance has gone with Willoughby," I made my voice sound wistful. "If you haven't anything better to do, maybe you'd sit here a little while and talk to me. Everybody is out but Chet. He'll be down pretty soon."

"I'll wait for him." Chet is my brother who was graduated with Grant.

I determined to waste no time in idle conversation.

"Grant," I said, "what is your ideal of the perfect girl?"

"I don't know any—I think the Lord."

"But supposing you were pressed for specifications?"

"Well, I think Nance is a little bit of all right." "There's tact for you!"

He threw his dark, handsome head back against the orange striped cushion and looked at me as if seeing me for the first time.

"You on the warpath or something, Poppy? Come and tell your Uncle Grant what's bothering you?"

I seized my opportunity.

"Grant," I said, "I'd like a little grown up company as a change from school kids. Nance's roadster is out in the garage. Would you like to take me for a little drive?"

"Sure," he answered but without enthusiasm. "Where would you like to go?"

"I'd like to drive out to Pine Bluff to see the moon come up."

"Sure," he said again and went around to get the car.

At that moment Chet came out of the house. In a family where one is constantly misunderstood, it is a joy to find someone like Chet. He always has been my favorite relative.

"I heard you dating Grant," he said. "Not so bad, Pops, for a first attempt." He stood looking at me with an affectionate smile.

"Chet, I'm bored simply stiff," I said. "You've been home from school a whole week and nothing's happened."

"Nothing ever happens," I said. "You and dad are the only bright spots in my life, and dad's in Europe—"

"So you are enlarging your horizon to include Grant? The idea of the drive was a happy one. I don't need to remind you that the moon comes up just as gorgeously out at the end of Nance's garden as it does at Pine Bluff."

Grant came around the drive with the car.

"So, Chet," he said. "Poppy and I are going for a drive. Want to come?"

I was furious.

"Sorry, I'm afraid I can't—" Chet gave me a knowing glance which Grant couldn't see, and I knew right then that he was going to be an ally of mine.

I must say I was disappointed in Grant. I might as well have been his maiden aunt for all the romantic attention he paid me. When the moon was coming up gloriously out of Pine Bluff (1020) he was in the middle of a story about a fishing trip he and Chet had once taken.

"Let's stop the car and watch the moon come up," I said as soon as he gave me a chance to say anything.

"Sure." He maneuvered the car into a curve in the road that gave us a wonderful view.

My heart stood still. The night was fragrant, the sky gorgeous, the air soft and warm and Grant was very handsome in the moonlight. I sighed softly and waited.

He lit a cigarette, slouched into a comfortable position leaned back in his seat and relaxed.

"The difference between deep-sea fishing, Poppy, and other varieties is that when you fish in deep water."

I heard no more. He was looking so the direction of the moon but I knew he wasn't even seeing it. He kept on with his tiresome discourse for every once in a while I caught the word 'fish,' but though I said 'yes' now and then I didn't pay any more attention to him. He had so utterly missed the point of the drive and he was my first big disappointment. On the way back he talked about the tennis matches out at the clubhouse.

Chet was on the porch when we got back home. Grant fell upon him like a long lost brother and talked a lot more about fishing and tennis. I sat stiffly by until finally Grant had the grace to take himself off.

"Tell Nance I was around, will you?" he said, as he went down the walk.

"Not much of a success, was it, Pops?" I could feel real sympathy in Chet's voice.

"Chet, what's the matter with me?" I asked bluntly.

"Matter, darling?" he said in that cool, drawling voice of his. "You're just about perfect."

"Nobody else thinks so. All they seem to think of is Nance."

"Nance is a charming sedative, you are a heady cocktail."

"I might as well have been a lump of dough tonight."

THE NEXT DAY I was thinking the matter out. So that I could be alone I went down to the far end of our garden where it joins the Allenbyestate. Suddenly, and right facing me, I came upon a man with an easel in front of him, busily sketching away.

My heart stood still. He was tall—I like tall men, with red hair and brown eyes, just the type I, with my blue eyes and black hair, should marry.

Now, with the exception of the moon, I don't care a straw about Nature. After all, sky is only sky no matter how blue it is; trees can be graceful and imposing, but they can't talk to you, and the brighter sunshine is, the more it makes you long for someone to share it with. But the minute I saw this man working I had an idea.

There is a rose arbor at the back of the garden, and I hastened over and stood nicely poised in the centre of it, the red of the roses making a nice background for my dark hair. Then I took the pose of one spellbound by the beautiful scene before me. (All is fair in love and war.) I coughed slightly but looked in his direction only out of the corner of my eye. I knew he had looked up, so I moved slowly out of the arbor. Then to my horror I saw he had turned back to his easel and was going right on with his work.

It was discouraging, but I hid heart never wins etc. I twisted that quotation to suit myself and walked over to the stone wall.

"Would you mind," I said earnestly, "if I sat out and watched you paint?"

"Not at all." He rose and made a quick, very elegant bow. (Catch Grant or Willoughby bowing to me like that—even if they knew how.) He sat down and I climbed on the wall.

I must have watched him work for fifteen minutes or more. By that time I knew all about his methods and was beginning to get slightly bored with just sitting still. I used the time to good advantage, however, trying to plan how I should get him before Nance saw him.

Finally he collected his things, rose, stretched and smiled over at me.

"It is not often I am favored with so charming an audience," he said. "May I sit on the wall and talk to you?" He too was old like Willoughby.

"You made a beautiful picture against the rose bower," he said. "Do you walk in the garden every day?"

"Yes," I said. "About this time. May I watch you again tomorrow?"

He nodded. "I shall be here every day this week and should feel honored to have you for audience. Know anything about painting?"

I went to watch you so I can learn. Are you visiting the Allenbys?"

He said he was. His name was Glendale and without mister or first name or anything it sounded just as you'd say

Continued on page 47

We went to the inn for dinner and had plenty of dances.

Cartoons by E. ST. JOHN

Did you ever see a semi-stout sweeping?

Curling Is A Game

By EDGAR MARCH

I ADMIRE the Scotch. They are a great and hospitable people and they invented the game of curling. I do not believe the base calumny that curling was invented by the Dutch or the Lithuanians. No, indeed. Curling was invented by the Scotch. No other people would dream of inventing a game like curling. No other people would have the infernal nerve to dream of curling. I should say not! I know. I am a novice curler. I am not Scotch.

Curling, in case you do not know it, is a game. That is what it is, and there is no doubt about it. I discovered that curling is a game and I want to apologize to the Scotch for the slander which I directed against their noble race during the days when I was a beginning novice or almost an anti curler. In those days, now past, I said that the Scotch were a sly, mysterious race and untrustworthy. That is what I said. I have even been known to back and-eyed citizens into a corner of the clubhouse for the purpose of explaining that the Scotch were plotting the mental moral and physical ruin of the people. Indeed, during the long, dismal and long night hours of recent weeks I have even started from my sleep praying aloud that a strong man would arise to purify the land of all Scotsmen whatsoever and curling.

I apologize. Curling is a game of skill. It is scientific. It makes for a sound character. It does indeed, and the Scotch are a splendid people. Tonight I put a stone down the rink and it stopped just on the button. It stopped just where it should have stopped; and the skip, the master of the invices, who had plainly set himself to deliver another and mightier insult on my quivering head, gallantly concealed his astonishment. That is what he did, and he rushed down the rink to welcome me into the brotherhood.

"Noo, noo, ma laddie," said this good Scotch skip, "mebbe we care ye'll be makin a curler."

As I say, the Scotch are a great and kindly people, and they are gifted with the gift of discernment. "I will make a curler. I promise that I will make a curler. I will make a curler if I have to break the heart of all generous curlers who give instruction to the novices. I will make a curler if I have to sleep in that infernal rink and play lead for ever. No dedicated, stone-throwing Scotch solemnity like curling will beat me. Bah!

My doctor is responsible for my invasion of the Scottish national winter sport. He said that curling is a splendid exercise, especially for a normal, happy semi-stout who have been thinking more of the things of the flesh, like corn beef and cabbage, than the beauty and health-giving properties of a narrow waistline. He said to take up curling, and he laughed when I replied that curling was neither a game nor an exercise and couldn't he think of a good sound sweat-creating, man-sized game fit for a red-blooded forty-year-old semi-stout who really needed exercise? My doctor raised his eyebrows and he said: "Hoots, ye haena curled." My doctor was merely stating a fact in the Scotch curling or insulting manner.

I joined the local curling club. That is the kind of a patient I am. I get my money's worth out of my doctor. I can recommend our local curling club. The old members regard the new members as men brought to the light and as souls saved from sin. They hope these old members do that the Good Lord in His infinite wisdom and mercy will in the fullness of time cause the new members to realize their blessings and the difference between men who are men and those unfortunates who are not curlers. The new members are properly grateful. I am grateful. That is, I am grateful now, but for several weeks I regarded the old members with suspicion and my doctor with one of the few cold, clear hatreds of my life.

Did you ever have a charleyhorse? Not a little pain in the muscle, but a real old-fashioned charleyhorse that bites into your shankbir and berk like a red-hot iron? If you have had that kind of a charleyhorse you will realize why I felt that way about our old curlers and my doctor and why I wanted the Scotch purged from the land. This charleyhorse arrived right after my first visit to our club. I visited the club just to look it over and register and meet the fellow members and all that sort of thing. I went there socially. If you get what I mean, and not with the intention of throwing sixty-pound iron gadgets falsely labelled stones, down a 100-foot strip of ice. Curlers are not social. Curlers are a brotherhood, and they believe in curling. I found this out right inside the clubhouse door. I went through the door a happy, social semi-stout. I will never be the same man again. Looking back on it I can see that that happy social semi-stout was a base unthinking fellow, with no regard for his responsibilities and with absolutely no hope of salvation.

Funny as a Crutch

I HAVE been saved. I began to be saved right inside the clubhouse door. A man handed me a broom and he said, "Novices on rink number three." I was a full-fledged member of a class listening to a lecture on the preliminary gestures and incantations concerning the sport of curling. "No man," the lecturer was saying, "can appear on the ice without a broom."

This lecturer revealed that a team consisted of a skip, a number three, a second and a lead, and that a skip was a tried and true man, a person in authority and one to be obeyed. He himself, this lecturer remarked, was a skip. He would be said teach us to throw the stones after the best curling or Scotch manner.

He threw one to show us how easy it was. That is what he did. He selected a stone and he rubbed the bottom of it gently and reverently on his broom. He dropped the edge of his right foot in a gouge in the ice cut for the purpose and he balanced his broom on his left knee. Then he bent gently forward and he made a happy little crooning sound as the stone rumbled cheerfully down the ice.

It was easy. I could see it was easy. No effort at all. My worst suspicions were confirmed. Curling an exercise? Bloney! That is what I said. "Exercise," I remarked sadly, "is what I need."

This skip looked at me with a cold Scotch eye. "Try one," said this Scotch skip gently, and with that he had me out and a stone in my right hand and just there I began to be suspicious all over again. Only it was a different kind of suspicion. I was suspicious of this Scotch skip. I remembered about that time I made fun of the bagpipes. That is what I remembered, and I was suspicious.

This bagpipe incident happened overseas. We had a pipe band in our battalion. Our colonel was a Scotsman, so we had this band, and one night when I was trying to eat hot soup out of a tin plate the whole band remembered it was the colonel's birthday and commenced playing right outside the mess-hut door. I still contend that a pipe band surprising a man that way does not go well with hot soup out of a tin plate. This hot soup burned right through the old breeches. I made fun of that pipe band.

Continued on page 55

He told me privately that once, long, long ago, he had been worse than I was.

Cells, Kingston Penitentiary.

Show-Down *or* Blow-Up?

By D. M. LeBOURDAIS

What's Back of our Prison Riots?

THE prisons are seething volcanoes. They are now crammed to the roofs. And unless something is done and done speedily, the tops will blow off every one of them. I look for riot after riot.

Judges are handing out longer and longer sentences, and prisons are filling up with prisoners made reckless by despair.

In recent years prison populations have changed. Once the prisons and penitentiaries contained mostly those who might be called professional criminals, but now they are being filled men, and more with gangsters, political prisoners and the like. The old type of criminal was an individualist. He worked largely alone. He rarely trusted anyone. And when he went to prison he crawled into his own shell. Rioting requires organizing, and the old type criminal was not an organizer. But that is the new type's long suit. Gangsters, bootleggers and communists find a prison a fruitful field for their organizing abilities, especially since the prisons now contain so many dare-devil youngsters.

So you can understand why I am expecting to see from one end of the country to the other the tops blow off our prisons.

The speaker was an outstanding American criminologist. He was speaking of the prisons in his own country, but he might easily have been referring to our prisons in Canada. In fact, since he spoke riots have occurred in three of the largest of our penitentiaries. These riots have resulted in a number of improvements, but the essential nature of the institutions remains.

Prison treatment, at best, lags far behind that which is the due of even the lowest of human beings. There is little doubt that our system of dealing with crime is the most backward feature of our social order. Many criminologists are convinced that it must be scrapped and replaced by a system more in keeping with modern scientific knowledge of human behavior.

On the other hand there are the so-called "Practical" persons who mostly favor a retention of the present system but with certain minor changes and improvements.

While I believe a good case can be made for the former as against the latter view, I do not propose in this article to expound any scheme for a new penal system. But I do propose to show that, even according to standards set and generally recognized by those who hold the latter view, our Canadian penitentiaries fall far short. The evidence I shall use can nearly all be found in the annual reports made to successive governments during the past dozen years by Brigadier-General W. St. Pierre Hughes, till recently Superintendent of Penitentiaries.

Inhuman Incarceration

CANADA has six penitentiaries. East to west they are located as follows: Dorchester, N.B.; St. Vincent de Paul, Quebec; Kingston, Ontario; Stony Mountain, Manitoba; Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, and New Westminster, B.C. A seventh was for some years maintained in Alberta but for some reason it was abandoned. Two others of newer type have recently been established, one at Collins Bay near Kingston and the other near St. Vincent de Paul.

In 1920 there were 1,800 persons in Canadian penitentiaries. There are now over 4,000. The general population has increased since 1920, but not in anything like the same proportion.

In 1920 the net cost of our penitentiaries was roughly $1,000,000; in 1931 it was over $3,000,000.

A penitentiary is an awesome place. Usually of stone, surrounded by a high wall flanked by towers manned by armed guards, its whole atmosphere is forbidding. A central dome rises high above a sprawling mass of masonry. Long narrow wings run out from the hub of the dome like the spokes of a great wheel. These spokes contain the cells packed together like the cells in a honeycomb. In each wing or cell block are two rows of cells, back to back, four tiers high. A concrete gallery, bounded by an iron rail, runs along the front of each tier.

The cells are typical penitentiary: five feet by eight, and ten feet to the ceiling. All is of smooth, painted cement. A hard bed which folds against the wall in the daytime, a chair, a table, a corner wash basin and a seatless toilet bowl comprise the furniture. On a shelf is a Bible and a library catalogue. Pasted on a board is a copy of the penitentiary regulations. In loops on another board are fastened a fork, a spoon and another bifurcated sort of spoon, the only utensils allowed.

A nonmetallic comb is now allowed, but this is one of the boons won by the recent riots. There is no mirror; there are no pictures.

Needless to say, these pigeonholes in which men spend years of their lives are draughty and subject to violent changes of temperature. Although solitary confinement is the lot of the prisoner at all times except when working in gang or out from his cell chapel, work, etc., he has never a moment's actual privacy. A narrow corridor runs between each double row of cells, and in the end wall of each cell is a peephole through which the prisoner is subject to secret surveillance at any or all times.

Pervading everything is the odor of those packed humanity.

A typical prisoner in a Canadian penitentiary is white, male, average age. Twenty-six. Canadian-born, serving an average sentence of about six years, mainly for theft or other crimes against property, not very well educated, as a rule, but of average intelligence. In most cases he has taken a preliminary course or courses in a few cases many of them, at reformatories and other institutions of "correction."

Of the 3,711 inmates of all Canadian penitentiaries on March 31, 1931, 3,493 were white, 2,826 were single, 2,191 were born in Canada, 480 were twenty years of age and under, and 2,194 under thirty-one years of age. 1,810 were Roman Catholics, the most largest denomination being the Anglican with 618. Only 136 were listed as non-Christian, of whom sixty-six were Hebrews and sixty-eight Buddhists. The remaining two were listed as "other non-Christian creeds," which presumably means agnostics or atheists. Women prisoners are kept in a special prison at Kingston. Their number is not given in any of the reports, but in proportion to men very few women are in the penitentiary.

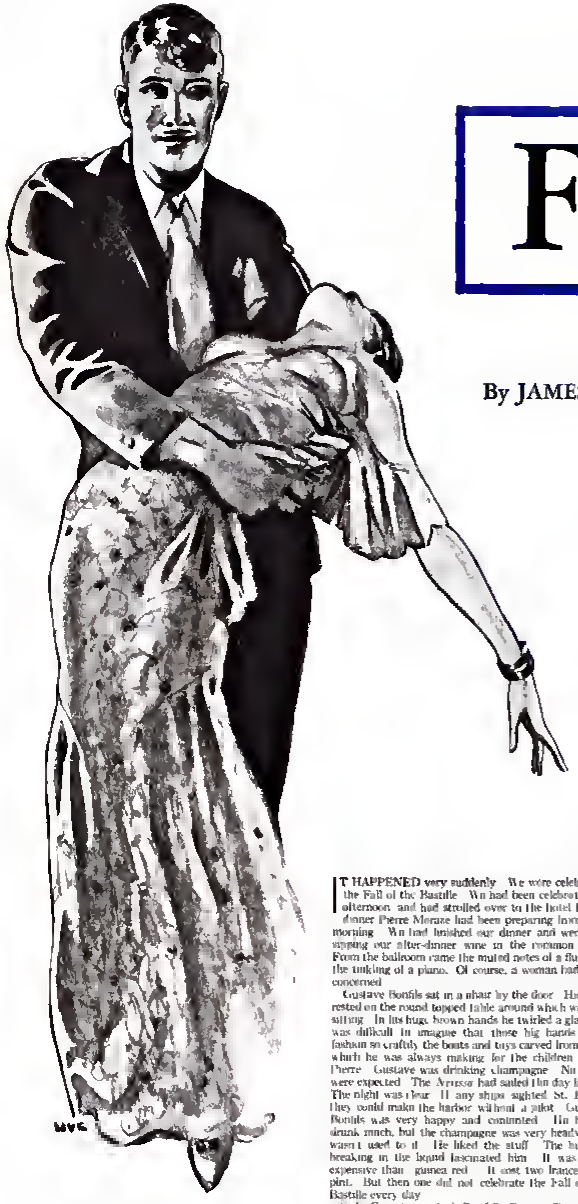
The Dreary Routine

THE INMATE rises at six thirty a.m., washes himself and makes his bed. When the signal is given at seven o'clock he marches to the serving room, receives his breakfast in a metal vessel, returns to his cell and eats it. Usually the food is ample. Having put in a forenoon at some sort of hard labor, he goes to his cell, fetches his dinner from the serving

Continued on page 51

FOG

By JAMES HENNIGER POWER



There he stood with Sadie in his arms.

IT HAPPENED very suddenly. We were celebrating the Fall of the Bastille. We had been celebrating all afternoon and had strolled over to the hotel for the dinner. Pierre Moraze had been preparing from early morning. We had finished our dinner and were now sipping our after-dinner wine in the common room. From the ballroom came the muted notes of a flute and the tinkling of a piano. Of course, a woman had to be concerned.

Gustave Bonfils sat in a chair by the door. His arms rested on the round topped table around which we were sitting. In his huge brown hands he twirled a glass. It was difficult to imagine that those big hands could fashion so craftily the boats and toys carved from wood which he was always making for the children of St. Pierre. Gustave was drinking champagne. No boats were expected. The *Nereuse* had sailed the day before. The night was clear. If any ships sighted St. Pierre they could make the harbor without a pilot. Gustave Bonfils was very happy and contented. He hadn't drunk much, but the champagne was very heady. He wasn't used to it. He liked the stuff. The bubbles breaking in the liquid fascinated him. It was more expensive than gunnen red. It cost two francs for a pint. But then one did not celebrate the Fall of the Bastille every day.

Sadie Carnot was the belle of St. Pierre. She was at the dance in the ballroom a few yards away. Every minute or so she swung past the door. She was seldom with the same man. As often as she passed the door Gustave Bonfils caught a glimpse of her. All the young laddes were as love with Sadie. Gustave Bonfils was no exception. He went to the same Mass just to sit and watch her. He adored the way she crossed herself. When she knelt in prayer she looked like the Blessed Virgin herself. He secretly had loved her since she was in pigtails.

Sadie Carnot was the only daughter of Eugene Carnot proprietor of *Carnot et Fils*, general merchants of St. Pierre. Each year she accompanied her father to Paris on his buying trips. He sent her to the sisters at the convent to learn Parisian French. The sisters belonged to *L'Ordre de St. Joseph de Cluny*. They came directly from the mother house in France. Sadie went to Mass each morning in the little imitation grey sandstone chapel with its stained glass window of Ste. Anne of Beherniu. Eugene Carnot was very proud of his daughter. It was no secret that he wanted her to be married. He desired grandchildren. Plenty of grandchildren to toss on his knee and when they grew older to take for a walk in the *Place de l'Eglise* or maybap the Square Jeffre. He'd take them into the Church of St. Pierre and sprinkle them with the holy water from the font standing near the chapel door. Show them the stained glass window of Ste. Anne. Read them the inscription "Donated by Eugene Carnot." Show them the brass tablet erected to the men from St. Pierre who were killed in the Great War. Point out the names of their Uncle Louis killed at the Marne. Yes, Eugene Carnot wanted grandchildren. He was very particular from whom Sadie received attention. That was what caused all the trouble.

By the middle of the evening Gustave Bonfils was very happy. He wanted to dance. He said so. He desired to dance with Sadie Carnot. We teased him at first, then we realized he was serious. We tried to dissuade him, but he was in earnest. What would old Eugene say if Gustave Bonfils, son of Avril Bonfils and God knows whom, pilot of St. Pierre, asked Sadie Carnot to dance? But Gustave didn't care. The drink or two of champagne had made him quite carefree. Wasn't he the best pilot at St. Pierre? Didn't he bring in the *Nereuse*, the *Fort St. George* and the *Belle Isle* when no other pilot would essay the task? In the eyes of in *bon dieu* and the sacred saints he was the equal of Eugene Carnot or any other Carnot. Why, Father Chardron had said that very thing himself, last Sunday at Mass. He, Gustave Bonfils, premier pilot of St. Pierre, would dance with Sadie Carnot. He had never spoken to her before, but what matter? Everyone spoke to each other when celebrating the Fall of the Bastille. Why, that's what they were celebrating—*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*. It was the people's day. He would dance with Sadie Carnot. Gustave Bonfils rose from his chair and walked toward the ballroom.

EVERYONE of any consequence in St. Pierre was at the dance. Emile Boulanger, *le docteur*, Paul Gaspard, *le notaire*, Eugene Allain, proprietor of *L'Espagnol Frères*, Henri Savard the younger. The latter was to be a lawyer. He was home during the summer from the law school in Nova Scotia. The young men stood around Sadie Carnot. They were all unmarried. They all wanted to dance with Sadie. She didn't wish to offend any of them. The next dance was the favorite dance of the night. At every ball on the 14th of July they had one dance when they turned out the lights. The men usually stole kisses. It was for this dance the men were entreating Sadie Carnot. Each man knew if he had the dance he would kiss Sadie and she knew she would be kissed. She liked them all. She did not wish to offend any of them. It was at this moment Gustave Bonfils decided he would dance with Sadie.

Gustave walked across the floor. His legs wouldn't behave. It was the champagne. He was quite sober, but he wasn't used to it, that was all. He slithered on the polished surface. No one took any notice of him, they thought it was the floor. It was highly waxed and very smooth. He walked right up to Sadie. It was only because he was so carefree. If he were in his sober senses he would never have dared to do it. He would have been frightened. He had never met Sadie. He had seen her often. Passed her daily on the *Quai du Commerce*. He had often during the summer been pilot of the boat in which she had gone fishing with a party of her friends. Girls mostly, who went to the convent school, boys home from St. Mary's College in Halifax. Then she was surrounded by such prominent men. When Gustave passed them on the street he always touched his beret. But tonight Gustave didn't care. He was as good as any of them. They didn't see him coming or if they had they paid no attention. It wasn't until he touched Paul Gaspard, the notary, on the shoulder that they realized he was among them.

Paul Gaspard smiled in apology. He realized he would not have the dance. He wished to appear gracious in Sadie's eyes, so he moved back a step or so. He knew he would have company in his disappointment. He really didn't care. He hadn't really seen the newcomer until that moment. He didn't know him. Perhaps a stranger. The man was speaking in French to Sadie. He was from Quebec, maybe. No—yes—it couldn't be. Yes, it was Gustave Bonfils, the pilot of St. Pierre, the fellow who brought in the Red Cross boats. What did he want? Paul Gaspard couldn't believe his ears. The fellow wanted to dance with Sadie Carnot. It was ridiculous, but Sadie Carnot was laughing. Would she dance with him? The lights were turned out. The orchestra commenced to play. Paul Gaspard saw Sadie Carnot in Gustave Bonfils' arms. Then they were lost in the darkness.

IT WOULD have been all right if Gustave had kissed her twice. He didn't. That's where he made the mistake. He was very contented. Too contented. It was quite all right for Gustave to kiss Sadie. She really didn't mind. She had expected to be kissed when Gustave took her in his arms. She secretly relished the idea. Emile Boulanger, the doctor, Paul Gaspard, the notary, Eugene Allain and Henri Savard, they all desired to kiss her. She could kiss them or be kissed by them any time she desired.

But this tall, dark man who smelled of brine and fog was different. She noticed the way his hair curled on his forehead. Her hair did the same when it became damp made little love locks and curlicues. She thought he looked very fascinating. His skin was dark, brown, almost the color of leather, the same hue as the soles old Francis Abraham the cobbler put on her shoes. He was tall, much taller than the other men. The top of her head came to his chin. His eyes were blue and clear. There were little wrinkles around his eyes. The wrinkles intrigued her. She surmised correctly they were caused by constant peering across the sea. He had the faintest suggestion of a mustache. She knew he had been drinking. She could smell the champagne. In fact his foot slipped once or twice. He told her very tightly. She liked that. She was thinking of the mustache. Then she felt it. She forgot everything for an instant.

She knew she had been kissed. But this was different. She had never felt like this before. She felt very excited. Her heart thumped, thumped. She felt warm all over, flushed and tingly. She really wished he'd do it again at once. Immediately. She squeezed his hand a little. Gustave was too happy. He didn't notice. Then she mentally of her offense overcame her. What would Sister Ste. Rose think of her if she were to know? Sadie Carnot blushed in the darkness. And what of Father Chardron? She'd have to confess she actually wished to have a man kiss her. The former might be a venial sin, but she was certain that this would be a mortal one. The idea of having committed a mortal sin terrified her. She might be damned for all eternity. It was this man's fault. She suddenly screamed.

The lights were switched on. The dancers stopped in their tracks. The orchestra finished on a half note. There in the middle of the floor stood Gustave Bonfils. In his arms Sadie Carnot. She had fainted. Gustave had a silly grin on his face. At that moment Sadie Carnot recovered somewhat. Perhaps she really had not fainted. She raised her arm and slapped Gustave Bonfils across the face. Then he understood. In the sight of those present he bent down and deliberately kissed Sadie Carnot full on the mouth.

Sadie Carnot struggled to free herself. Gustave let her go. People crowded toward them. Pierre Moraze, the proprietor of the hotel and master of ceremonies, rushed forward. "*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* What is it?"

Gustave shrugged his shoulders. Pierre Moraze turned to the girl. He spread out his hands questioningly. Sadie was sobbing. "He kissed me, *monsieur*." Those present gasped. Gustave Bonfils had dared to kiss Sadie Carnot. What would old Eugene say? Then they realized it for the first time that Gustave had been dancing with Sadie. How had it happened? The crowd gasped again.

THE MATTER should have gone no further, but it did. It was Paul Gaspard's fault. He should have used better judgment. During the dance he had been at the bar of the *Hôtel Lalanne*. He had taken a few drinks of cognac. The stuff bit his throat but warmed the pit of his stomach. He had no business to mix his drinks. He knew better then to do that. We drank wine mostly at St. Pierre. We didn't use much hard liquor. We imported that from Scotland and Ireland. The rum runners sold it to the Canadians and Americans. We couldn't understand why people drank the stuff. Whisky burned one's throat. It made one mad. We preferred the smoother drinks. There was little drunkenness at St. Pierre. The only time we saw a drunken man was when the rum runners were in, or perhaps a banker would make port for shelter. Then the crews would go on a spree. They were a hard lot. At a time like this however we all got drunk. The 14th of July only came once a year. The evening was pretty well spoil by this time.

Paul Gaspard, the notary, had been drinking wine except for the last few drinks of cognac. He came into the ballroom from the bar just in time to hear Pierre Moraze ask Gustave Bonfils the cause of the trouble. He walked over to Pierre. He spoke to him. Then he looked at Sadie. She was not crying now. She looked foolish. But he saw she had been crying. He guessed Gustave Bonfils had something to do with the matter. If he had waited for a minute things might have been different, but he didn't. He walked up to Gustave and without speaking, slapped him across the face.

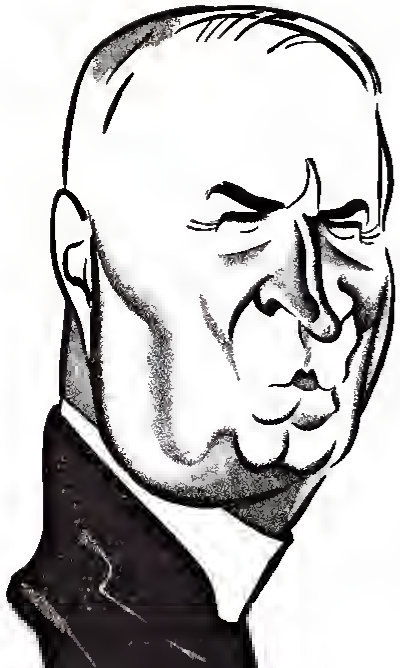
Gustave was surprised. It was all so sudden. He just stood blinking. Paul Gaspard should have let it go at that. He made a mistake. He may have thought Gustave frightened. He might have been so mad he didn't care. He struck Gustave across the face again. It was then Gustave came to life. He looked at Paul Gaspard for a minute. He could not realize that the man in front of him had struck him. Then he hit Gaspard. You could hear the crack of Gustave's fist on Paul's chin from any part of the room. Paul Gaspard sprawled on the floor. He lay there dazed for a full minute,

Continued on page 38

Illustrated by

W. V. CHAMBERS

Gustave grabbed him around the shoulders, lifted him high . . . .



Caricature by Gitano

CANON CODY

By R. T. L.

CANON CODY is president of Toronto University and now will probably never become Archbishop of Canterbury or even premier of Ontario.

He does not however allow this limitation to make him disappointed in himself to any visible degree.

He is one of Toronto's most persistent and proficient Leading Citizens and sits at more head tables than any other notable of the city with the possible exceptions of General Mitchell and Sir William Mulock, to whom that day is counted lost which does not bring at least one meal in public.

He has not reached the university standard of discretion, which requires one to be able to converse for two hours without making a statement but he is careful enough in spite of the Toronto papers.

He believes, for example, that unemployment is unfortunate that the depression is deplorable, and that this is a time for faith hope and charity.

The first member of his family to visit Toronto arrived with the American troops in 1812 and liked the place so well that he came back later to settle there.

He likes Toronto himself and as a natural product of that city ranks with Mr. Denton Massey, *The Evening Telegram*, Mr. George Young, Danforth Avenue on Saturday night, King Street on Sunday, the Beaverbrae boys, the Albany Club, *Hush* and the old Union Station.

HE OWES his success in life to immensely from indigestion an adjustable enthusiasm and an affable acquaintance with the right people.

He went through Gall Collegiate and University of Toronto where he was a zealous member of the Literary and Scientific Society.

He was ordained as an Anglican priest in 1894 and immediately became curate of St. Paul's, which a number of people in Toronto regard as the only church a governor-general can attend without demeaning himself.

He was curate of St. Paul's for five years, acting rector for eight years and rector for twenty-five, during which time he preached there whenever his engagements would permit.

Before he went to St. Paul's he helped to found an educational institution at St. Catherines, Ontario known as Ridley College and stuck it out as classical master there for four years.

He also helped to found Havergal College for young ladies, but has never taught there.

He was away from St. Paul's for about a year as Minister of Education for Ontario. This was not long enough for him to engage in much educational effort but was quite sufficient to establish his political dexterity.

He has since then been an ex-officio member of every Ontario cabinet except that presided over by Mr. Ernest Drury, an exponent of democracy who lately appears to have abandoned the province to its fate.

It is not yet quite clear whether he was the best clergyman in politics or the best politician in the clergy but it is probably indisputable that he has been the most accomplished historiane in either profession.

Among the other things he has been are colonel of the militia and vice-president of the Canadian Council of the Pocket Testament League.

He is also a member of Lambton Golf and Country Club but is more active at Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions Gym Board of Trade and any civic function of inauguration, dedication, presentation or supplication.

He is also an adept at either welcome or farewell to Distinguished Visitors, private or public athletic or cinematic, transatlantic or sub-American, literate or illiterate and is so truly clever that he knows enough to subordinate his intelligence to the occasion.

AMONG the things he could have been if he had wanted to are Bishop of Nova Scotia and Archbishop of Melbourne Australia. He turned these down because he felt that Toronto needed him which appears to have been a mutually accurate diagnosis.

He is always sufficiently informed of current events to be able to deliver appropriate remarks anywhere at any time on any subject, and understands the Toronto mind better than anyone else except Mr. C. L. Burton, who does not mean to but cannot help it.

He likes ripe olives.

Among the things he would have been good at but has never been are mayor of Toronto, society editor of *Saturday Night*, Speaker of the Senate and Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

He is sixty-five now and is pleased that he has become president of the university before retirement age.

He has never paid any public tribute to his supposed relationship to the Colonel Cody who is better known as Buffalo Bill and there has been nothing in his conduct to date which would serve to establish a family resemblance.

He has narrow grey eyes, acquisitive nose, mouth to match and small neat handwriting.

He has never permitted his high intellectual attainments to blunt the sharp point of practical perceptions.

A large number of people have reason to be grateful to him because he believes that a friend is for help in trouble, and he is never too busy to translate this belief into action.

He rarely makes mistakes about people's names and is almost as good, though not quite as useful, as Mr. T. L. Church used to be at remembering faces.

He once preached a sermon to Their Majesties in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace and has also acted as chaplain to the Bishop of London, which is something like being deputy minister to Mr. Bennett.

The London episodes were probably the greatest hours of his life and nothing now is likely to surpass them unless titles return to Canada. *The End*

STARS Without Titles

By H. H. ROXBOROUGH

NEVER in all the years of Canadian sport has Western Canada suffered such a national championship drought as that experienced by its play experts during 1932. Indeed, the recent crop of athletic successes has been so poor that one might well wonder is Western youth softening? Does the prairie-bred lad lack the speed, courage or endurance of his Eastern fellow player? Will Canadian sport leadership have to depend upon the prowess of athletes from the older provinces?

If the answers to such questions rested solely upon the results of national competitions during the past twelve months, then Western pride would be so jolted that humility might become the prevailing characteristic of the phlegmen and the Rocky Mountaineers. Certainly the West has taken a terrific trimming for every important Dominion title in six major sports is now held by clubs or individuals domiciled in Eastern Canadian provinces.

Recall the situation in hockey. The best junior team in Canada comes from Sudbury. The current senior champions are National Sea Fleas located in Toronto, the reigning kings of professional hockey are Toronto Maple Leafs.

Similarly in rugby. The senior Canadian champions, conquerors of the Mimico Jaw team represent Toronto University, the best intermediate club is found in St. Thomas while the Hamilton Tigers completed Eastern gridiron supremacy when they repulsed the Regina invaders.

The conditions prevail in lacrosse, soccer, golf and tennis. You will remember that Mimico defeated Winnipeg Argonauts in two games and earned the Dominion lacrosse championship, the Toronto Scottish Football Club scored enough goals to win the Canadian soccer title. Every national award in team or individual golf is in the possession of Eastern divot takers, and the brightest stars in Canadian tennis flash their brilliance on Montreal courts.

Not only are all these 1932 championships held by Eastern players, but in some of the sports the supremacy has long prevailed. For instance, no Western lacrosse team has won a Dominion title since 1927. Wright, Crocker and Rainville of Montreal have dominated tennis for many years. Canadian golf championships have invariably been gained by Ontario and Quebec players. Senior rugby teams from Western Canada have not only failed to defeat the Eastern finalists, but usually have been decisively beaten.

Evidently little-conscious sport fans who like to brag about the superiority of Eastern Canadian players can almost win their arguments. But those who believe that the wild and woolly West has been athletically subdued had better do their boasting now for the present slump in the Western championship market is only temporary.

In some sports at which the East momentarily excels, the West has hitherto shown a clear superiority. This is particularly true in hockey.

Today every national hockey title is held in the East, yet the records since 1920 show that Western amateur finalists have surpassed the rest of Canada. Consider the junior Canadian championships. In the past thirteen seasons seven titles have gone to teams from Regina, Calgary and Winnipeg, one has gone to the almost central city of Fort William, while only two awards have been gathered by clubs in the real East.

Similarly in senior amateur hockey. Since 1920, the finalists in Western Canadian eliminations have won Dominion honors on seven occasions, while teams from Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton have garnered only six victories. It is worth recalling that the first world's amateur championship was won by Winnipeg Falcons in 1920, that in 1931 a team of Manitoba University graduates toured Europe and won another world's title in Poland, and, even more significant, that the present Olympic hockey champions are a group of Winnipeg lads who earned the distinction at Lake Placid just about a year ago.

Thus, over a period of years the amateur players from the Pacific side of the Great Lakes have a slight edge in hockey skill. But doesn't the East dominate in the sphere of professional hockey? Admittedly the smaller cities of the prairies and Coast cannot compete with the moneyed promoters in the much larger Canadian and United States cities. But it is equally true that the professional clubs of Boston, Detroit, Chicago, New York, Toronto and Montreal are largely composed of men who learned their hockey on prairie ponds. Winnipeg alone has developed such former and present star stick manipulators as Winkler, Murray, Simpson, Dutton, Johnston, Loughlin, Irvin, Frederickson, Somers, Murdock, Hay, Oliver, Shepard, Couture, Starr, Blair and Chuck Gardiner.

Western Leadership

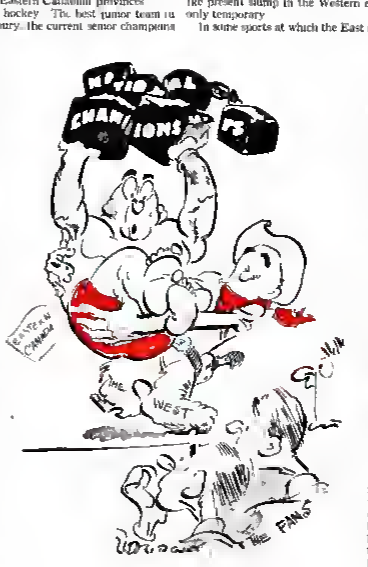
IT IS ALSO a matter of record that the 1932 all-star professional team closed by Eastern sport observers included Gardiner, Shore and Johnston, and thus on all Western defense was the prevailing selection. We might also remark that when New York Rangers and Toronto Maple Leafs played off for the world's professional championship in 1932, the two master minds directing the play were Lester Patrick of British Columbia and Dirk Irvin who learned his hockey in Winnipeg.

Soccer asserts Western superiority even more decisively than does hockey. The current national champions are citizens of Toronto, but in the past ten years teams from Nanaimo, Winnipeg and New Westminster have won the Canadian title on seven occasions. Surely, in the light of this record it cannot be said that Eastern soccerites are basking in more than fleeting sunshine.

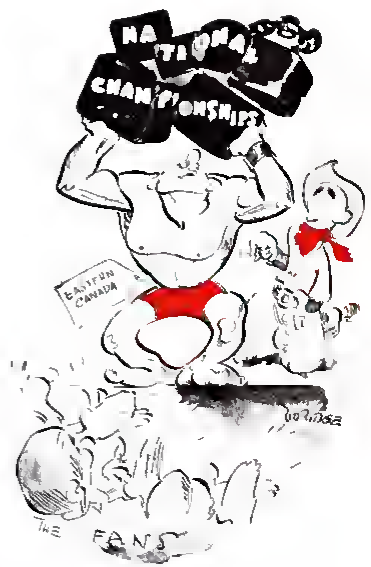
How about track and field athletes? Aren't the runners, jumpers and weight throwers from Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax much superior to the contestants from the last Great West? The prevailing impression is that the East has "the class," but perhaps things are not as they seem.

In the last four Olympic games, less than one-quarter of the track and field team has come from the four Western provinces. Is it not surprising then that despite this numerical inferiority, every individual victory obtained by Canada since 1920 has been the result of a superb effort by a Western Canadian? In 1920 Earl J. Thompson won

Continued on page 40



. . . Young Mr. West may upset him.



If the Eastern big boy gets too cheesy . . .

Montville Boy Makes Good

By LESLIE McFARLANE

THE IDEA, *naturellement*, was conceived in the fertile brain of Oscar Plouffe. He developed it, rounded it into shape, perfected it and gave it to Montville in all its beautiful simplicity.

As a consequence, the engineer of the late local gaped from his cab in bewilderment as the train pulled into Montville that winter afternoon. For the platform was crowded. Now the population of Montville is not large but neither is the station platform, and when every man, woman and child in the village is apparently seized by a simultaneous impulse to meet the same train the result is a mob scene of no mean proportions.

"A wedding, perhaps," told the engineer to his fireman as the train came to a stop.

"But no," exclaimed the fireman a few moments later. "They are all getting on the train!"

The engineer promptly swallowed his chewing tobacco. You could not blame him. It was, you comprehend, a veritable exodus.

One might have thought Montville had received word, on the best authority, that the village was marked for destruction by earthquake that very night, and that the good folk were sensibly fleeing from the wrath to come. One might have thought that. I say, had it not been for the hilarity that prevailed. Pushing and scrambling, laughing and chattering, with smiles on their faces and expectation in their eyes, they left Montville as if this departure was the most joyous occasion of their lives.

There was Pierre Labonne, the notary, dignified as a bishop and immaculate as a bridegroom, exhorting every one to be calm. There was Mayor Lilivert, with his spouse and all the little Lilliverts. There was Adolphus Tantivy and Hippolyte Jolivet, one-time owner of that famous pinto cow, Celinie. There were Mademoiselles Celestine, Joanne and Alphonsine Jolivet. There was the wealthy Hermidas Tessier and old *Grandpère* Poupet and M. Doucet, and Aristide Perrault. Nearly every one was there. Scarcely a handful of people had been left in Montville.

Ah, but this was a proud moment for Oscar Plouffe! It was his idea, and Montville had responded nobly. All, that is, save the bedridden, some of the infants in arms, the town constable and that old skinflint, Gabriel Patvin, dealer in hay and feed.

And when the coaches were jammed, when the conductor came out of his daze long enough to sing out, "Be-oard!" it was Oscar Plouffe who really gave the engineer his orders. He waved grandly to the popeyed man in the cab.

"Let us proceed!" he boomed.

And they proceeded, with Oscar Plouffe puffing triumphantly as he clambered up the steps. Montville cheered. Montville was going to Montreal.

UP IN THE smoker Oscar Plouffe sat like a plump and benevolent potentate. Never had there been such a crowd on the late local. Every seat was occupied. The aisles were crowded. Such chattering, such laughing, such a hubbub of excited conversation you never heard before. And in the smoker such a reek of shag tobacco you never breathed.

Naturally the conductor was taken up with curiosity. Inevitably he sought information from Oscar Plouffe.

Through the fog loomed the round placid face of the junkeeper as he sat there hugging a mysterious parcel. Graciously he explained the affair to the conductor.

"Montville goes to the hockey match in Montreal."

The conductor was more puzzled than ever.

"Ah, yes," he said. "Canadiens and Boston, eh? But why? I have never known Montville to show such an interest."

"We go to cheer for Adelard Touchette," said Plouffe proudly.

The conductor scratched his head.

"Touchette? Who is Touchette?"

A rumble of indignation in the smoking car. The hardy men of Montville were shocked. What a doll of a conductor! A man of travel, and he had never heard of Touchette?

Old Phileas Trudel sputtered through his whiskers.

"Perhaps, M. Conductor, you have never heard of Les Canadiens?"

"Certainly I have heard of Les Canadiens. But nevertheless—"

Oscar Plouffe raised a fat, restraining hand.

"It is because of Touchette," he explained, "that we of Montville prepared this excursion. We took up a subscription, enough to pay all expenses. An affair of the community, you understand. Everything is arranged to the last penny. Touchette, you understand, is one of us. He was born in Montville. He played hockey on the little rink behind the schoolhouse. He worked in the grocery store of M. Trudel."

"My store," proclaimed Old Phileas, his chest swelling.

"And now," concluded Oscar Plouffe magnificently, "this very night he brings honor to Montville. We go to cheer for him. He achieves fame. Tonight, M. Conductor, this native son of Montville plays as a substitute on the right wing for Les Canadiens!"

The conductor was properly abashed.

The reason for the unprecedented exodus from Montville was made clear.

A boy who has risen to the dizzy eminence of substitute right wing for Les Canadiens is not to be regarded lightly in the province of Quebec.

SUCH CONFUSION such an uproar when they reached Bonaventure, that ancient, red brick monstrosity which was nevertheless so grand to the innocents from Montville. Such excitement! Old *Grandpère* Poupet was lost within three minutes and the most incredible anxiety prevailed until the short-sighted old gentleman came hobbling hastily out of the ladies' washroom amid shrill outcry from that sanctuary. Then three of the Jolivet boys, who had gone in search of *Grandpère* Poupet, were nowhere to be found, and it was not until ten minutes had passed that Oscar Plouffe discovered them outside the station in the middle of a traffic tangle that had sent threescore street car motormen, taxi chauffeurs, truck drivers and constables into tears of exasperation. But at last the delegation was rounded up.

Through it all Oscar Plouffe remained superbly calm. It was magnificent to see his generalship. And then when he had guided them outside, a grand gesture and

"*Voilà!*"

There with horses stamping, bells jangling and fur-coated drivers all in readiness were twenty sleighs. A score, no less, all ordered in advance by that genius, Plouffe. Such a roar of appreciation! How had Oscar Plouffe guessed that many of the ladies had viewed with apprehension the prospect of a journey in a Montreal taxicab? And then the squealing and guffawing and scrambling and crowding as Montville was wedged into twenty sleighs! They will tell you it cannot be done. The answer is that it was done. Oscar Plouffe must have figured it all out by cubic measurement, for the twenty big sleighs held Montville exactly with one boy hanging precariously over the side.

But there yet remained a final touch. When Oscar Plouffe decided that Montville should do honor to Adelard Touchette, substitute right wing player for Les Canadiens, he left nothing undone. Climbing into the head sleigh, he untied the mysterious parcel that he carried. He unfolded the contents and there, before the amazed and admiring eyes of the crowd, he stretched out a tremendous streamer, a veritable banner, with scarlet letters a foot high. It was attached to the sleigh that all the world of Montreal might read the patriotic legend

"*Vive* Montville!"

A great cheer went up. And then with a snapping of whips, a musical clamor of sleighbells, with wails from the babies, yelps from the ladies, giggles from the young girls, shouts from the men, with laughter and shrieks and babel beyond description, the procession moved off.

"To the *Forum*," ordered Oscar Plouffe, settling back among the fur robes. Caesar would have given the same order with the same air.

"Yes, sir!" said the driver with respect. He was a burly, hard-bitten man not given to meekness, but he recognized a great man when he saw one.

And *Grandpère* Poupet waved his cane at the traffic cop on the corner and whooped shrilly

"*Vive* Montville!"

Now of all the Montville folk who crowded gaily into the Forum that night few were more excited than that pretty Mademoiselle Margot Trudel. Nineteen years young, looking like a child at her first Christmas tree, dimpled, bright-eyed. Mademoiselle Margot was, ah, how shall I say it?—like a beautiful sediltz powder. No, I am not proud of that simile and I lament the inadequacy of my prose, for it is well known that a sediltz powder looks color. But at least it sparkles, at least it bubbles charmingly, at least it has a freshness that suggests a spiritual picture of this eager girl as she hugged her father's arm and ecstatically awaited the appearance of Adelard Touchette.

You have guessed it, of course!

In the days when young Adelard Touchette played hockey on the rink back of the schoolhouse, in the days when he worked in the grocery store of Phileas Trudel, in those days he was the devoted slave of Margot. He was a snub-nosed, black, haired, freckle-faced youngster, and if Margot believed he would be a great man some day, it is certain that no one else in Montville shared that belief. A boy and girl affair, but make not a joke of that, *mesdames et messieurs*, for you will know that the first passion of the young has its own delicately flaming beauty. When Adelard Touchette went to play hockey in Quebec he went with the warm kisses of Margot on his lips.

This, then, was a night of nights for the daughter of Phileas Trudel. In mid-season her lover had been summoned from the team in Quebec to replace an injured player of the great Canadiens. He would make his first appearance in the big league. Adelard was to have his opportunity at last.

Small wonder Montville was proud!

Phileas Trudel was telling *Grandpère* Poupet, who was deaf and wouldn't have listened anyway, that he had always predicted great things for Adelard Touchette.

"The moment he came into my store and said to me, M. Trudel, will you give me a job? I said to myself, Here is a lad who will make his mark in the world. Often after he had been playing hockey I would take him aside and say to him, Adelard, you do well, but you have still much to learn. Now, when you shoot the puck—" And Phileas drowned away, finally, digging his elbow into the ribs of *Grandpère* Poupet. "Was I not right, hey?"

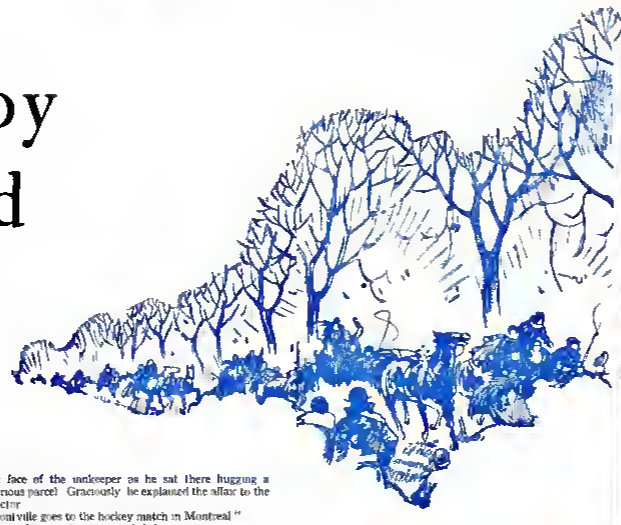
The ancient jumped, looked at him blankly and piped

"Of a certainty, Phileas. Of a certainty. This is a very large rink."

Margot smiled. She was remembering the times her father had predicted that the lazy, young villain of a Touchette would come to no good end because he wasted his time playing hockey when he should have been working.

And now the good folk of Montville, in the fine seats procured for them by that master strategist, Oscar Plouffe,

Continued on page 34



The crowd let loose a spontaneous roar of joy.

Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE

And then he sat down—sat down squarely and ingloriously.

AVALANCHE

(CONCLUSION)

By Robert E. Pinkerton

Illustrated by C. Vaughan

It seemed that the roar itself would crush him.

BLACK NIGHT gripped the cabin and beat the sea. Marion Bruce believed that even the mountains must shiver before the blasts.

First came the darkness. Again it was complete when Eric blew out the light.

"We can't have a fire with the rest," he said.

She heard the door open and close and knew he was gone and when she followed to the shed she felt that she had stepped into an inferno of liquid pitch.

The float roared and swayed terrifyingly; the wind threatened to tear the cabin from its support of logs. She could not see, but could she distinguish any sound except that of the storm.

Eric was gone. She had no idea where or why. She did not know what risks he might meet on those roaring timbers. She thought only that he would be lost out there in the breaker night, and leave her to go to death alone.

Her eyes strained against the darkness and her ears against the roar. The eerie light of phosphorus in the troubled water began to glow. Sheets of white fire drove through the air, and a black square she guessed meant the nearest section of the boom.

Then Eric returned. She knew it only because his body shut off the glow of the phosphorus, and she put out her hand.

"Get your skirt off," he shouted. "Did you bring breeches? Jeff's oilskins will help. Come inside."

"But what happened?" she insisted in the comparative quiet of the closed cabin.

"We're adrift. Get into those pants. I had sections and float house inside the boom sticks, and a chain parted. We haven't a chance. Marion Bruce, and you could have been aboard the *Faraway*."

"I would rather be here," she answered simply. "What will happen next?"

"We're headed up the inlet. If the logs hang together long enough, we'll bring up against a cliff and try to batter down a mountain. But boom and float will go to pieces before then."

"Your gas boat?"

"It was outside the boom, close in behind the point where it wouldn't rub too much. It didn't come along. I can't find the rowboat."

Marion was busy getting into riding breeches and a wool shirt and warm jacket. Eric groped in the darkness for Jeff Thatcher's oilskins and held the coat for her. He tied Jeff's sou'wester securely on her head.

"We never had a chance, you and I," he said huskily. "We've had the most glorious days together, three of them, and they have always ended in disaster."

"But we had them," she cried. "And Eric, I don't believe anything can whip you."

His arms went out for her in the darkness, and a terrific shock threw her into them. Eric reeled against a wall, then sprang to the door.

"Come on!" he called. "We're on the beach."

He took her hand and led her out into the darkness. The float crashed again, and both went to the plank floor of the shed.

"I counted on the wind carrying us off shore," he shouted "There's a point below here, and a cove behind it. Lie still."

She heard him pawing about in a corner of the shed. A rope dragged across her feet. The float shivered beneath her as it struck, and she confidently expected that it would fall apart.

"We're touching the shore," she cried. "Can't we get off the float?"

"No chance. It's a straight wall of rock. And, Marion! Will you mind if I leave you alone here?"

He crouched beside her. His wet hands felt for her face, then gripped her shoulders.

"It is this way," he said. "We are bumping along the cliff. We may go to pieces any minute, and that's the end. And we may hang together. It's not far. The shore falls away at the point, and we'll be swept out into the middle of the inlet. It is at the point that I am going to leave you."

"You mean you will swim?"

"I'll take a light line. If I make it, I'll drag a steel cable ashore. If I can make that last, and it holds, the boom will swing around the point."

"If it doesn't?"

"I'm ashore and you're headed down the inlet on the logs."

The storm could not drown the anguish in his voice. Marion struggled to her feet.

"It's our only chance," he said. "You could never swim in this sea."

"You'll make it," she cried confidently. "Hurry!"

MARION felt the rope dragging past her feet, and she was alone in the storm. The float struck repeatedly. On one side was the glowing silver fire of the sea, on the other the black cliff. After what seemed an interminable time Eric returned.

"I've laid out the cable," he said. "Hope it doesn't kink or catch on a switch. You'll have all you can do to hang on."

"Are we far from the point?"

"Most there, I think. The logs and the cabin are chained together. I did that first thing. The cabin acts as a raft, and the logs help to break the seas for us. We'll—"

The float was lifted by a great wave and flung against the cliff. Marion was hurled through the thin shake wall of the shed. As she scrambled to her feet she felt a plank bit beneath her.

"Float's gone to pieces!" Eric shouted when he reached her in the darkness.

He picked her up and ran recklessly over lunging, tangling timbers. His calike bit into a huge cedar in the boom, and he stopped and set her down.

They were exposed to the storm now. Water stung Marion's face, and half of it was salt spray. The wind came in gusts against which she could not stand, and the log leaped and turned. She could not keep her footing with smooth solid. Again Eric picked her up.

"Cabin's gone," he shouted in her ear. "Big stick in the next section. I'll take you to it."

He staggered and stumbled in the darkness, ran over surging logs, finally reached his goal. The boom was crashing against the cliff.

"Chains can't stand much of that," Eric said in a lull between blasts. "But I've got to go. Lie down and hang on. It's our only chance."

The great log, ten feet in diameter, rose and fell, crunched and thudded against its fellows. Icy rain and cold spray soaked Marion's clothing, but she did not feel it. Her whole being was devoted to lying aspraw the log and clinging to it with arms and legs and body.

Eric came back and sat down by her head. He removed his calked shoes, knotted the laces together and gave them to her to hold. He took off his oilskins and top shirt and wrapped them about her, tucked them in.

"I'm going now," he shouted close to her ears. "Must be near the point. Don't move. You can't help."

She felt his hand on her shoulder, just a swift pressure, and she expected him to speak again. But in a moment she knew she was alone.

In sudden anguish she called Eric's name, and the wind drove it back down her throat and drowned it in bitter salt spray.

The motion of the logs became more violent. Marion felt an increasing power as the big timbers thudded against each other. The great cedar on which she lay rolled terrifyingly, swooped and fell. And Eric was swimming in that sea.

Marion lifted her head, and salt spray blinded her. She turned it, and from beneath the shelter of the sou'wester she caught a glimpse of streaming silver fire on one side and of black darkness on the other. Eric, she knew, was somewhere beneath that clean wall, struggling in the great seas, fighting shoreward. If he could know where shore lay!

The great log swooped up, swooped down. It weighed tons, and it was a chip. The wind ripped at her, and sometimes the blasts came like a club. A night of which she had never dreamed possessed the world. She remembered the thunder of the cedar which Eric had felled as being only a zephyr; its express train rush as the swish of a toppled sapling. Here was power which no man could thwart.

And Eric Ware was seeking to do so. Marion remembered how he had guided the forest giant in its fall. He had removed the log from the *Fara way's* stern so he would pull a sliver from the earth. He had carried her across the heaving timbers of the boom when she could not stand. Somehow she believed, Eric Ware could do anything.

The storm beat upon her. The black night engulfed her. Spray and rain reached through to her numbed skin. The huge logs pitched and rolled with increasing violence. And yet she lay there with a strange sense of security. Eric would save her. He must. She could still feel that last touch of his hand on her shoulder.

A new movement came to the log on which she lay. It began to pitch as well as roll in a peculiar serpentine movement. Solid water rolled the length of it and threatened to tear her loose.

Then the log ceased to roll. Even its pitching became less violent. She became aware that the terrifying thuds against the cliff had ceased. And as if she had stepped inside a building, Marion felt a sudden cessation of driving rain and spray. She lifted her head, wiped the salt from her smarting eyes, and saw the silver glow of gale-torn waters almost within reach.

"Marion Bruce!" came Eric's voice, and the fierce anxiety in it lifted her to her knees.

"Lie still," he called when she had answered.

THE MOMENTUM of the boom had swung it around the point when the steel cable tightened to the strain, but getting the logs up to the beach was a question of sheer man power and ingenuity.

Eric toiled desperately, for he knew how cold and wet Marion must be, but it was half an hour before he had worked the sections to shore and made them fast temporarily.

Marion did not move. She could not. She was numb. Eric came walking across the great timbers in his bare feet and carried her ashore.

"Did you sou'wester blow off?" he asked, as he set her down.

Numb as she was, Marion laughed. "What a silly question!"

"It is not so silly," he said. "There is a hole in the lining. I tacked a few matches in there when I tied it on your head. Thought it would be the driest place."

"They are still there, though. I can't imagine their being dry," came painfully, through chattering teeth.

He advised her to dance and swing her arms. She heard him crashing through brush.

A half hour later they stood beside a big fire beneath an overhanging rock. The ground was dry. Rain did not reach them, and near by was a quantity of dry driftwood. Their clothes steamed. A short distance away the storm roared.

"Did you have a hard time reaching shore?" Marion asked.

"Not bad," he answered.

"Don't be modest, Eric. I am entitled to that story. I wasn't very happy after you left me."

"It was so close," he said. "That I sang the first line of the Sword Song when I touched the beach. At least, I thought of singing it. I would only have bubbled salt water. And right now I'd be a lot happier if we had some food."

"You're not fair, and I'm not hungry."

"You will be before we are out of this. Sometimes these sou'easters last two or three days, and we can't move until someone finds us."

He kept the fire booming, and built a bed of dried leaves for Marion. The heat brought an overpowering drowsiness. She remembered the roar of the storm in the blackness beyond the fire; she remembered smiling at Eric. And then it was dawn.

The fire still burned, but its crackle was undisturbed by the beat of wind and wave. Beyond the flames, Marion could see clouds twining lazy fingers in the forest slopes. She arose to find her clothing dry. Eric's steel shod feet rasped rocks on the beach, and then he parted the brush and stood before her.

Marion did not speak. Her warm smile vanished. Never had she seen so bleak and drawn and terrible a face. Its very savagery held her dumb.

For a long time Eric stood staring at the flames, warming his hands. His expression did not change. At last he spoke.

"I found the rowboat."

Marion laughed hysterically.

"It was swamped," Eric continued without looking at her, and in the same empty voice. "I had put the oars under the seat. Still tied to the boomsticks. And the boom chain didn't break. I found it hanging by the ring. The toggle had been shipped."

His tone was savage now. He stared at the flames. And then without looking up, he said:

"You would have been pounded to jelly. All those logs loose. Against the cliffs."

"Eric!" she pleaded. "What are you talking about?"

"It was my fault," he continued. "I should have watched. But I didn't believe any man."

Marion found she could not speak. She did not know what he meant. She only knew that some terrible thing had happened, and that in Eric Ware had been unleashed a force more ruthless and more devastating than the gale which had died in the night.

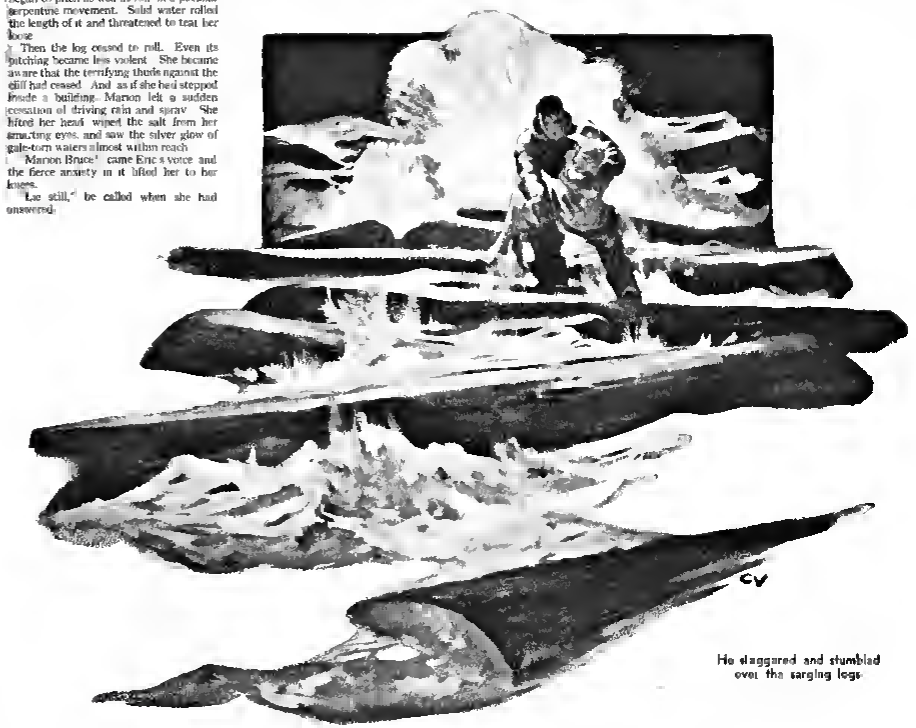
"Come on," he said. "I'll prove it to you. I should have guessed it last night."

He turned toward the water but she did not follow.

"Eric," she said, "tell me what you mean."

"Taylor Hughes," he answered without looking back. "He cut no loose last night."

Eric had bailed out the rowboat. He was standing beside



He staggered and stumbled over the surging logs.

it with a stern look when she reached the rocky beach.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I'm sure now," he said. "I will be absolutely so when I go back to the point where the boom was."

"But he wouldn't do such a thing."

"He did."

Marion did not get into the boat. She stood looking at Eric. His expression had not changed, and she felt that behind it was a ruthless determination which would carry him anywhere.

"But nothing happened," she said. "He failed."

"You're wasting breath."

"And he's gone now."

"That's what I don't understand. The *Faraway* left before he could have done it. But I can follow him."

THE LAST did not need an explanation. Marion shivered. This was not the Eric Ware who had come aboard the yacht to strike Taylor Hughes with open hands.

"You can't talk me out of anything," he said. "I don't care about myself. I'm willing to take my chances. But to cut you loose in that gale!" He knew what would happen. He knew a log boom would not hold together. He knew you would be mashed to a jelly against the cliffs up the inlet. He knew it, and he did it, and I'm going to kill him."

Marion had known what was in his mind but the words stunned her.

"Do you think it was easy to leave you on those logs last night?" he demanded savagely. "I felt sure I could get to shore. But I wasn't sure I could make the cable last or that it would hold. I wasn't sure the boom would stay together until I could swing it into the shelter of the point. I'm going to kill Hughes."

"Eric," she said, "you spoke of our three glorious days together. We can have three thousand days like them. Are you going to spoil all that?"

"You can't talk me out of this."

"Last summer when I asked you to keep your hands off him, I was wrong. But I am right now. You can't do this to our selves, Eric. You haven't the right to do it to me."

He swept an arm up the inlet. Do the far there the mountains rose straight from the sea, a mighty wall of rock.

"This is where you would have struck," he exclaimed. "Hundreds of tons of cedar would have crashed into that cliff, and they would have ground you to a pulp. I'll go mad if I let myself think about it. Get into the boat. I'm going down to the point. I'm going to be absolutely certain Hughes did this. I am going to show you, so you will have no doubts. And then I am going to Seattle to find him."

Marion hesitated, and then she saw a chance in what he had said. A broken boom chain would prove Eric was wrong.

A heavy sea lodes quickly in the twisting inlets, and scarcely a swell remained from the violence of the night. Eric rowed, standing, pushing on the oars, and Marion sat behind him. They rounded the point, and before them stretched the high cliff against which they had been hurled in the darkness and the storm against which the cabin float had been crushed.

A little beyond a mountain thrust a shoulder into the inlet, and in a cove beneath it the logs had been moored. Almost at once Marion saw the gap left out.

But Eric did not row toward it. A boom stretched out from shore, and at the end of the last stick there was an empty anger hole to be seen.

"This is where the *Faraway* tied up," Eric said. "This is where the toggle was slipped through."

He rowed on to the rocky beach.

"That isn't all," he said. "I had made the last section fast to there with a steel cable. If that cable had broken one end would still be fast in the boom. It isn't. Here."

The boat had grounded, and he stepped out and lifted a heavy twisted steel cable from the water. One end was fast to a great splinter of rock on shore. The end in the water had a spliced eye.

"Had a shackle in this eye," Eric said. "There it is," and he pointed at the bottom beneath the clear water. "Hughes unscrewed the pin, then slipped a toggle in the boom."

"But perhaps the pin broke," Marion said.

"All right. I want to convince you. That was a new shackle and heavy. If the pin had broken the screw end would still be in place. It isn't. The pin was unscrewed. Maybe we can find it."

He peered down from the boat, but the water deepened quickly.

"Anyhow, Hughes would have tossed that away," Eric said after a moment's search. "I'll show you."

He worked the shackle into shallow water with an oar and lifted it out, handed it to Marion and explained how the pin was screwed in.

"Perhaps it was twisted out by the action of the waves," Marion suggested. "The logs were in constant motion."

"Never in a few hours," Eric retorted. "I made that fast just before dark last night. No. Either one alone would not be enough. But that toggle slipped through the hole in the boom stick, then the pin unscrewed—two things like that don't happen. Hughes cut me loose last summer. It's a specialty of his. I should judge. And we went adrift just a few minutes after the *Faraway* left last night."

MARION did not comment. She was convinced and she did not wish to be. She fought against conviction, yet she knew she could not argue against his knowledge of the tools with which he worked.

Her one hope lay in the fact that Taylor Hughes and departed in his yacht, that days must elapse before Eric could overtake him.

"We'll go aboard the gas boat," Eric said. "Dave and Harold haven't come back from Chance Cove, but their shack will be open and they'll have plenty of grub."

As he rowed out around the boom he stopped and pointed.

"What I was afraid of last night," he said. "Must have happened when the gale was on and we didn't hear it."

"What?" Marion asked as she stared up the inlet.

"Landslide. See all that stuff floating? Mangled trees. Hundreds of them. Must have been just above the Secret Inlet entrance."

"But the storm is over now."

"And the snow is still up there above the clouds. A change of temperature might loosen something, or a patch of moss finally give way. And it may be blowing hard a few thousand feet up."

He rowed on and helped Marion aboard the gas boat, made the rowboat fast astern.

"She seems to have weathered it all right," Eric said after a hurried inspection. "I'll start the motor. No need of our staying here when there is a warm shack and food only a few miles away."

He went down into the little cabin. Marion heard the snap of a priming cup. She looked shoreward, tried to visualize the quiet water and rocky beach as the scene of the night's turmoil. Now it was only a dreary, uninteresting cove beneath the dreary, low sky, with broken rocks at the water's edge, then a steep slope rising on either side of a straight wall of granite. Brush and boulders cluttered the base of this small cliff, and as Marion's gaze swept carelessly along it was halted by a thin streamer of smoke.

Nothing had ever brought such terror to Marion Bruce. It numbed her. She could not move. She could not alter the strained and hopeless expression of her face.

The motor started, and its open exhaust bombarded the cliff. Nerves snapped and Marion leaped to her feet. She saw Eric staring at her from the cabin. She tried to break away from his gaze, and could not. She tried to smile to laugh, to talk of anything, and she only knew he had read her thoughts. Swiftly he stepped on to the deck.

Marion too looked shoreward. She, too, saw the startled face of Taylor Hughes above the brush.

"Eric!" she whispered, but he only strode to the stern and bent to unlasten the row boat.

MARION stepped across the deck and locked Eric's hands. She struck his face with her clenched fists.

"You are mad, Eric Ware!" she cried. "You are wrecking two lives. Do you want me to hate you?"

"You would have been pounded to a jelly," he said in a strained voice. "That soft body! I'll go mad thinking about it."

"Do you want me to hate you?" she repeated fiercely. "Do you want me to go through life knowing you are in prison, or that you were hanged? Don't I mean anything to you?"

I told you that if Hughes came up here he had to play according to my rules. He played, and he lost. Now he'll take his medicine."

Eric arose, and they faced each other. His expression has not altered. A mad light still blazed in his eyes.

"All right," she said quietly. "But first you must take me away from here. Taylor Hughes can't escape. Take me down to Dave Bartlett's cabin. And don't come back after me. Don't ever come near me again."

She strained with all her strength to make her voice harsh, and she wanted only that he should take her in his arms. The thought flashed that, after all stress and the manifestation of titanic forces had been deep rooted in all their contacts. The falling of a forest giant, the first conflict with Taylor Hughes, the gale—all were a part of Eric Ware's life of his nature. It was his power and his competence, his vigor and indomitable spirit that had drawn her to him. It was not for her to define the limits of that vigor or that spirit.

Marion knew that her opposition and her threats were only a further test of his strength. She felt somehow that she had already lost. He was staring at her without softening.

The motor, which had been whanging away with its deafening noise, coughed, spat, died.

"I forgot to open the gas line," Eric said in an empty voice, but he did not start toward the little cabin.

Both heard in the stillness that followed the last clamorous echo of the motor, heard a faint murmur that was like a soft breeze in the cedars.

Yet it was not like any sound that had ever come to Marion's ears. It was soft and faint, barely noticeable, and it carried a note of terror and of terrible might. Instinctively she looked up the mountain side.

The girl saw only the steep slope, thick brush, the first tall trees rising into the clouds.

"Avalanche!" Eric whispered. "Straight above us."

He leaped for the cabin door.

It was no longer a murmur, that sound up in the clouds. It grew to a roar with frightful rapidity. Marion stared upward, and could not reconcile the peaceful scene, the lazy fingers of the clouds caressing the forest, with the awesome thunder above. The motor started, and its mechanical din was only a whisper.

Eric Ware sprang to the deck and cast off the lines. Marion shouted, and he gave no heed. She grasped his arm and pointed shoreward. Taylor Hughes had leaped out from the brush and was looking upward.

"Seconds!" Eric answered the plea in her eyes.

"We should try!"

The avalanche itself answered her. It was a mighty thunder, and a waterfall of fabulous volume, the blast of a typhoon and the simultaneous falling of a thousand giant trees. The roar of it boomed across the narrow inlet and doubled back from the opposite mountains—overwhelming and appalling. Eric kicked on his clutch—twisted the wheel, and water churned under the gas boat's stern as he jerked open the throttle. He headed out into the inlet, but he was looking back and upward.

Eric Ware knew what was happening up there above the peaceful scene above the clouds. Starting with a loosened boulder or bit of rain-soaked and snow laden moss and earth slipping from a precipitous slope thousands of feet above the sea, it had begun slowly, unimpressively.

But with each yard of progress came added weight and faster descent. Small trees withstood those first shocks, but not a little way farther down. Great pieces of frost-riven granite were loosened. The earth slipped free in sheets.

Continued on page 38

—Drawn for Maclean's by Lloyd Price.

"Place it where it won't be conspicuous, Dawson!"

Fort Pelly, Assiniboine River.

THE WANING HERDS

By NORBERT WELSH, as told to Mary Weekes

PART FIVE

NEVER in all my buffalo chasing did I get hurt by buffalo, nor do I know of any other hunters that were ever attacked. In the race the buffalo were too frightened to stop for fight. Sometimes wounded buffalo would make a dash at me, but I would let fly and knock him down. A man had to be quick with his gun.

A good buffalo horse knows what he is about. Always when I got on my buffalo runner he started to hope to dance, he was so glad to run—*le-galion*.

Always before starting on a buffalo hunt the hunters in my brigade got on their knees and said a little prayer.

We liked to shoot the buffalo cows because they and the fattest and tenderest meat, and in the fall and winter they had the best hides. The two-year-old steers were fine for their hides. We shot these in June and July, when they were fat and profitable for pemmican. The furs of the old buffalo steers were poor. The hair was too coarse. In the fall we shot nothing but cows. They were fine for pemmican and dried meat, and their hides were fine as well. We were very particular about choosing our animals.

In the spring of 1868 we went back to Fort Garry. I sold 200 robes at $19 a robe. Other furs—badger, wolf, skunk and so on—fetched me about $12 apiece. In all I got $5,000 for my furs. Each man in the brigade had his own business. We carried gold or paper money. Sometimes we had a red cotton handkerchief full of bills. I often thought of putting money in the bank, but always I wanted for a bigger haul. I was becoming a more important trader all the time.

I started out again this year with an outfit worth $2,000. Up to this time I had been using Red River carts, but now I was making money and getting stylish.

I went to James MacKay at St. James, a parish near Fort Garry, and bought ten carts from him. They were Red River carts, but had been made in the States, in St. Paul, in the style of a wagon. They had only two wheels, but were lighter, stronger, and looked neater than the old Red River carts that I had been using.

MacKay told me they were worth $50 apiece, but he did not want to sell them because he had bought them to send all over. He was a trader, mail carrier and business man. I asked how much he would take for ten. He asked me how $40 apiece would catch you. I counted out $400 and asked him to bring them.

By Jove! He told me I was the right kind of man to deal with, adding that the barefoot boy was getting on. In St. James they used to call me the barefoot boy.

I sold my old carts to other traders for what I could get—$5, $10 or $15 apiece. Now I had a swell new outfit.

It was after freeze-up when we reached Round Plain. The buffalo were beginning to get scarce. We did not get many. We returned to our wintering ground. Unfortunately there was about all the buffalo we got all winter. We would see one now and again, but the big herds and disappeared. The Indians came near to starving that winter. We were all right because when we got to Round Plain we bought a lot of provisions for the winter from the other traders—pemmican, dried meat and fat. As the winter progressed, we sold a good deal of it back to them.

The Indians went away in all directions, wherever they heard there were buffalo. The old Indians were great story tellers, and when I wasn't busy I used to visit in their camps and listen to their wa stories. There were many stories told, too, about the old Hudson's Bay posts. One of the men who had worked at Fort Edmonton told me about the death of John Rowand, chief Hudson's Bay factor of that post.

Rowand was before my time, but he was one of the principal factors in this country in that day. I knew his son well. I had worked for him for four years at whose is now Silver Heights, Winnipeg, when I was a boy. John Rowand was a very wicked man, hasty, quick tempered. His son, John, was always scrapping with the hired men of the company, and one day he was getting the worst of it. One of the employees ran into his father's office and told the old man about it. The old man came running out, shouted to his son, "Can't you do better than that?" and fell dead.

Now it seems that the old factor had always expressed a wish that his bones should be buried in England. Rowand was a big man. He weighed about 300 pounds. However, his wife and sons decided to have the bones sent to England.

They called in an old Indian named *Ka min-a-couch* (old hum to cut the only to pieces and boil the bones. They gave this old Indian three horses and five gallons of Hudson's Bay rum to attend to this work. So the old Indian took his glass of rum, then he took his knife, sharpened it properly and cut the old factor to pieces, took all the bones out of the flesh. The men at the post made a coffin, put the flesh into it, and buried the coffin at Fort Edmonton just beside the old fort.

Now *Ka min-a-couch* got two big Hudson's Bay copper kettles, put the bones into them, added a lot of lye, and boiled them until there was nothing left but bare white bones. The whole family gathered and had the bones placed in a coffin. Then they shipped the coffin to old Fort Garry, to the chief factor there, who placed it in a York Boat, which took it to York Factory, where it was placed on board a boat bound for England. After leaving port a great storm arose which lasted for five days. The crew came to the conclusion that John Rowand's spirit was haunting them. He had been a tyrant in life, he was still master in death. They decided to pitch his bones into the sea. This done the storm died down.

I did not have more than seventy-five robes to take back to Fort Garry that spring, but I had some other stuff. I just covered expenses, but I sold some goods left.

When I took account of stock, I could not, of course, put it down in writing, as this is what I did. I would figure up how much goods I had taken out, how many dollars worth. Then I would estimate how much I had sold, and how much I had left. That year I had seventy-five robes. They would bring me, I figured at least $1,000. Well, I've got some other furs that will bring me, say about $500. I always reckoned the stuff I had to sell lower than the price at which I sold. Then I'd balance the

Indian graveyard, Lebret, 1885.

two things together I've got so much goods, and I've got so many furs Well I'm not in the hole yet

Massacre of the Blackfeet

I DIDN'T take such a big outfit the seventh year still I had fully $2 000 worth of goods The brigades kept going to Round Plain because it was a lucky place The buffalo used to winter there more than at any other place They were near water and had a fine wintering ground It was sheltered in the north and open in the south

We went out and had a good hunt and came back We didn't do much business that winter The buffalo had gone south again Very few were seen on the plains I had a poor winter as far as business went

When there was no hunting the Indians kept themselves amused by holding dancing parties or going on the warpath The Blackfeet were their hated enemies, and they fought them every chance they got

Tac cau pe ka-ma i kash "Tying Knot" who belonged to Black Bear's band, told me about Pointed Cap, who led a band of Crees against the Blackfeet

This is how an Indian chief invites his Indians to go on the warpath If he wants to do it in the right way he takes a fine new red Hudson's Bay blanket, and a fathom of red Hudson's Bay cloth two yards covers his horse with them wraps a black blanket around himself and leads the horse around the camp singing his war song That is his invitation to his braves to follow him

Now this Pointed Cap assembled about eighty five choice warriors to make ready to travel to the fork of the Red Deer River and the Saskatchewan to make war on the Blackfeet. Pointed Cap was not a chief but headman of a big tribe of Crees who had an encampment near Edmonton They went off As usual a day from the fighting ground they stopped and made provisions for so many days They killed buffalo and got ready Pointed Cap sent two of his warriors out to scout — find out how far they were from the big Blackfoot camp

The scouts returned at the end of the third day and reported that they had found a big Blackfoot encampment of 100 tents. Pointed Cap said that they would crush them down that there would be about one camp apiece for them Next morning they started They camped within five miles of the Blackfoot encampment where they could see all the tents and horses

Now these Crees did not attack in open fight but crept upon the Blackfoot camp unawares They started their raid at the break of day and got all the tents down but one Father Lacombe was in that tent He called out to the Crees to have mercy on the Blackfeet whom they had taken unawares One Cree savage called to Father Lacombe that if he put his head out of the tent he would get his brains blown out

Tying Knot said that Father Lacombe could not stop them They killed nearly all the Blackfeet men, women and children about 500 They completely destroyed that great camp They took scalps horses and even lodges with them and returned to their camp at Edmonton They did not touch Father Lacombe Years afterward when Tying Knot got blind he told me that his blindness was a punishment from God He had become a Christian. He did been too cruel he thought to the Indians whom he had killed. He had tortured them terribly Father Lacombe reported that the Indians had fought like dogs

Well to return to our hunt it was a quiet winter The great buffalo herds chased by the hunters had gone south into American territory It was too far for the half breed hunters to follow and besides they were not allowed to cross the line Only the Indians were allowed to hunt on American territory Toward spring the herds came back to their grazing grounds Still the buffalo were now practically gone from the Canadian plains.

In the spring we went back to Fort Garry I sold my robes and furs for $2 500 My profit was only $500 I didn't cover expenses Still I was travelling and it was a good life

The next year in July, 1870, we started from Fort Garry and made for Batoche The only crossing on the South branch of the Saskatchewan River was at this point Batoche so we made for it. It was the narrowest point in the river

When we got there we made a ferryboat of our own. We took two big buffalo hides and soaked them properly then we stretched them on the ground and sewed them together with sinew Now we got two large logs and hewed them down on two sides to make them lighter Over these logs, which were held apart by crosspieces, we stretched the buffalo hides and lashed them tightly This size of this raft when finished was twelve feet long and ten feet wide When the skins got dry we rubbed buffalo tallow into the seams to make them watertight The tallow acted like pitch We melted the tallow by holding it in our mouths We let the raft dry for a day after filling the seams before using it

Now we attached heavy Hudson's Bay cord lines to our barque and one man swam the river with them We ran our carts one at a time on to this ferryboat and the men on the opposite bank pulled the raft across We pulled it back We must have had 200 carts It took us three days to cross them Then we unlastened the hides and kept them for future use

When we got across the river we went on to the Hudson's Bay post at Fort Carlton to see if we could buy some provisions as ours were getting low The buffalo were getting scarce and we could get no pemmican at this post But the factor gave each family a little allowance which was good of him He showed no partiality We stopped there for two days. At the end of that time we started for the plains to look for buffalo for a time without success.

We travelled southward for two days along the North branch of the Saskatchewan River toward Battleford We met a little bunch of buffalo. Those who had buffalo runners got on their backs and raced after the quarry An old Indian rode up to me after I had shot one buffalo He told me he was camping near there and had nothing to eat I told him to gurap off his horse help me skin the buffalo and I would give him half The old fellow was proud and glad. His name was *Cha-chetck* "Stutter" We stopped there that day

The next day we got to Battleford *Noot-na-to-ste-pee* the Indians called it. Then we went farther west and reached Sounding Lake The next morning a man galloped up to our camp. We were getting buffalo now I had been in two races and my share was twelve We were skinning buffalo and drying and curing the meat when this rider who was Gabriel Dumont, came

Dumont asked to see the chief of our brigade Charles Trottier He had come to ask if he could join our camp Trottier asked him how many families there were in his brigade. He told us that there were two half breed families, and about twenty-five families of Indians We had heard that Dumont's brigade had the smallpox Trottier told him this and asked him why he didn't tell the truth speak like a man Dumont replied that Trottier had not given him time to explain that only the two half breed families did not have smallpox

Trottier agreed to let Dumont and his two half breed families join us in two or three days, if they hadn't developed the disease in that time but not inside the camp They must camp at a distance and in the meantime a guard would be kept over them. This was done Trottier called a meeting and selected some headmen to keep guard.

The whole brigade arrived and wanted to come into our camp Our chief ordered us to take our guns and back him up We were ordered to shoot the first man that came near our camp

We kept Dumont's brigade half a mile away from us. But the beggars would come at night and wash their running sores in our spring water. Dumont was no kind of a leader I don't know how he got his name as a leader He could not control his Indians

Well, our chief called a meeting and we decided that we would dig four wells one at each corner of the camp. The soil was sandy and it was easy to get water We got the wells dug and at night four men were appointed to guard each well

At the end of the third day—the two half breed families were to be admitted to our camp in four days one of Gabriel's relations, a sister's child died of smallpox Now we could not let them in at all

The Indians in Dumont's brigade had lots of furs and buffalo meat, but we daren't trade with them We gave them a few things that they needed tea sugar and tobacco—but we could not afford to give them goods for nothing

There was nobody to do anything for these Indians. No doctor. They had black smallpox Some days there were ten or twelve deaths. It was painful to see them One day I visited their camp on horseback Of course it was warm being summertime, but they lay all uncovered Horrible cramps drew their bodies up until they rested on the tips of their heels and the tops of their heads They died in agony In one way these Indians were not to be pitied because they had brought this disease upon themselves We heard out that they had come upon a camp of Blackfeet suffering with this disease had raided it and carried away their women and children.

Now we had stopped there for quite a while and had got pretty well loaded up with pemmican and dried meat that we had got ourselves. There were about twenty five or twenty-eight families in our brigade so Charles Trottier said that we had better go back to Round Plain to get rid of Dumont's brigade We did Soon after we reached our wintering place a message came from Batoche from

Continued on page 38

Mr. Taxpayer—It's Your Money That's in the Railway Hole

SIX MONTHS AGO the Duff Transportation Commission, after a year's intensive study, brought down its report on Canada's Railway Riddle

Five months ago the Government, through Senate Leader Meighen informed Parliament that it was not wedded to any particular clause in the legislation embodying the Duff recommendations It invited the utmost freedom in the offering of amendments and suggestions It passed the buck

Two months ago President Beatty of the Canadian Pacific Railway announced flatly that the Duff recommendations were not acceptable He urged amalgamation of the C P R and the C N R under one management

The pre-election slogan of Prime Minister Bennett was "Competition Ever, Amalgamation Never!" On January 23rd Mr Bennett forecast that the cure "whatever it might be" must inevitably be "painful.

This month Parliament has reassembled, and the indications are that party politics or what is known as political expediency, will continue to prevent definite action

The newspapers of the country many of them bound by party thongs, have done little to marshal public opinion

The only progress shown has been growth of the losses of the C.N.R., many of them foisted on it by the political and contract grafters of dead decades.

Losses on the Canadian National Railways during the past ten years total approximately $449 976 000. In that period, Federal income taxes from individuals amounted to $249,274,000—less than half the deficits of the Government railways Corporation income taxes during the same period amounted to $341 164,000. In all ten years of income taxes, business and individual, netted the Government of Canada $590,438 000 and all but $40,862,000 of that sum has been offset by the deficits of the people's railway

How long can it continue?

Definite action may be painful but it cannot be more painful than the burden of debt that is crushing business and the individual taxpayer Granting the difficulties, it is obvious that continued dodging of effective action must result in irreparable disaster What that action shall be is the business of Parliament but Parliament must get a move on. The Forgotten Man, the Taxpayer, alone can compel it If every taxpayer took sufficient interest in his own welfare and in the future of his children to write his member demanding in no uncertain terms that action of some sort be taken without further delay, there would be action.

Why not try it?

Maclean's Magazine March 1, 1933

Lenten Soups · Friday Soups

They're strictly vegetable

Four delightful choices for the family table any day!

When meat is withdrawn from the diet, a glorious, savory soup is more eagerly welcomed than ever. It's so cheerful, so good to eat, so nourishing and satisfying! The four Campbell's Soups illustrated here contain no meat in any form whatsoever. They are enriched with golden creamery butter instead. All the wholesome garden goodness of finest Canadian vegetables And to serve them as Cream Soups, simply add milk or cream as the label directs. Order a supply today.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

TOMATO SOUP

When the juice-laden, ruddy Canadian tomatoes are ripened to their sunniest sweetness right on the vines, we pluck them and make them into Canada's most popular soup Campbell's Tomato Soup! You'll love its sparkling flavor. And it is so healthful!

PEA SOUP

Peas are among the most nourishing of all foods In Campbell's Pea Soup you enjoy the extraordinary outcrop of tender peas, creamery butter and delicate seasoning blended with a skill that brings all their delicious, refreshing flavor to your table.

ASPARAGUS SOUP

Tender, succulent asparagus—the pick of Canadian gardens—gives a rich, flavory goodness to this soup. Daintily garnished with asparagus tips, it has a creamy deliciousness that is making it an outstanding favorite everywhere it is served.

CELERY SOUP

In this soup you get all the delicacy of flavor and the tonic goodness of selected celery from the finest garden spots in Canada. Campbell's Celery Soup is a favorite everywhere.

EAT SOUP AND KEEP WELL

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

The Munitions Traffic as a Menace to Peace

Continued from page 9

not only in that country but in the enemy nation also. If it is said that Germany is arming herself and the mysterious increase of German armaments is exaggerated French munitions also benefit from the rumor. The big munitions interests thus have a common interest in maintaining belligerent sentiments and in spreading sinister news through the medium of the press. If an armaments campaign is desired in France means must be found to circulate alarming rumors in the German press.

After the speech of M. Jouhaux the Belgian minister Vandervelde was quite justified in adding

Big guns international control is necessary if we are to have disarmament. Without such control, especially in non-democratic countries, violations of international obligations will inevitably occur thus creating a permanent international menace.

The big munitions industries, then, are united in their interests particularly if they are situated in hostile countries. The growth of one implies at the same time the growth and prosperity of the others. By their very nature these industries are obliged to make mutual agreements and to act in accord preserving always, however the appearance of enmity. It is not only a question of patents but of great fortunes involved in the same type of production. Frequently competing and hostile manufacturers go upon coming to an understanding upon a common programme.

Commercial Deals Prolong War

BEFORE THE WAR since the war and worst of all during the war the big munitions industries have often made contracts of which the public was ignorant. We have seen the great English and French houses making deals with the German firms for the furtherance of trade in Switzerland in Holland and Denmark. We have seen witnessed the spectacle of the German houses furnishing the British and French with certain materials and basic supplies which they lacked and on the other hand of the French and English firms replenishing Germany with copper nickel and cyanamide for the manufacture of special types of arms. The great Swiss company Lonza specialized in these exchanges between belligerents.

Immediately after the war the British Admiral W. P. Cowell published a book which made a profound impression although the papers which were linked with the war industries did their best to keep its revelations dark. He declared that all efforts during the war to establish control over certain operations were fruitless, and that certain commercial deals had the effect of prolonging the war considerably. Revelations no less serious from very grave in light in certain lawsuits which cropped up in Germany after the war and in the *Journal Officiel* of France which published in full, particularly on January 25 and 31 1919 reports of parliamentary discussions.

Even M. Viviani who was president of the Council of Ministers at the outbreak of the war was obliged to intervene in the discussion and to make the following statement in regard to certain transactions with the German house of Krupp:

"The letters which have been confiscated from the homes of the accused and which are now in my possession, raise the question of whether the accused did not maintain connections with Germany right up to 1914. If my memory is not at fault which had the following results:

(1) That they delivered ferro-silicium.

(2) That at the request of Krupp they kept this stock of ferro-silicium at the gates of their factory so that in case of mobilization it would be almost immediately at Krupp's disposal.

(3) That they prevented the French agents of the company who were in Germany from consigning this ferro-silicium to Russian agents, which is to say that they deprived our allies of war supplies which they might have needed.

(4) That they foresaw that they might have to annul the contract in deference to super patriotism as in the classic case of a strike. But it may not consider it necessary to do so in the case of a war between two countries only—so much so that if the war had been merely between Germany and France or Germany and Russia the contract would have remained in force.

M. Viviani likewise denounced the culprits, but their position and their influence easily produced their acquittal, which this former Prime Minister deplored publicly.

The great munitions ministries usually deal with one client only: The State. They must therefore rouse public opinion to emotions and fears which will justify large expenditures. It is this which impels the munitions industries to work on the press for the purpose of maintaining a state of anxiety in the nations.

Whether they are actually financial or whether they merely give the appearance of being so the big munitions industries have the same interests at stake. If the French press, truthfully or otherwise, talks of secret armaments in Germany the legitimate anxiety which is awakened causes France to increase its own armaments and also induces Germany to arm. Frequently fantastic tales are launched and believed solely for industrial ends.

In order to have the best types of arms and the best models the countries which buy armaments do not fail to encourage competition between the countries that are producing them. This causes a solidarity of interest through the very fact of competition. Until 1914 one could find Creusot in French uniform and Krupp's German ones working side by side in Russian plants.

By military reckoning, a war without victory is a useless war. This explains the traffic in certain commodities, during the war between France and Germany and Britain and Germany and if the revelations of Admiral Cowell were a surprise to the general public they hardly had the same effect on statesmen.

According to the statistics of the League of Nations, the countries which export arms are, in order of importance: Great Britain, which commands about a third of the world traffic, the United States, Germany, France, Italy and in lesser proportions, Switzerland and Belgium. The principal importing nations, if one ignores the British dominions are Japan, China, Mexico, Roumania and Poland. The League statistics however are often incomplete or inexact because the Costs no figures do not tell the full truth. It is difficult to determine precisely what should be counted as armaments. One does not know whether guns sent into a given country are destined for hunting or for war nor whether such a product as nyanamide is to be used for military or agricultural purposes. Everyone is interested in concealing the truth, the importing as well as the exporting nation.

The most efficient method of promoting armaments is to create a panic. One stresses the warlike preparations of a neighboring country simply with the object of agitating for an increase in armaments which would not otherwise be justified. Press campaigns against foreigners are frequently launched for the sole purpose of building up armaments within one's own country. Before the war the famous interpellations of the German deputy Schmidt in the Reichstag concerning the supposed superiority of French machine guns had no other aim than to induce Germany to arm herself more thoroughly.

Gunmakers Dictate Treaties

THE SITUATION in America is well known. In Europe the great munitions trusts are the Vickers-Armstrong group in England and the Schneider-Creusot group in France. The Vickers-Armstrong combine controls other large companies in Holland, Spain and Finland, as well as the Mitsui interests in Japan. The Schneider group controls almost all the European countries which are politically dominated by France. In Poland Vickers figures side by side with Schneider in the Polish war supplies situation. Everyone knows the achievements of that mysterious figure Sir Basil Zaharoff in promoting the great munitions industries before and after the war. Numerous books have been written about him, none of which have ever really explained the strange rôle which this Levantine has played in European politics.

By their very character the big munitions industries are obliged to reckon with the trend of public opinion. We know what influence Krupp had in the German press before the war; today we are familiar with the tremendous influence which Creusot and the *Comité des Forges* exert on the French press.

During the reign of Wilhelm II the influence of Krupp in Germany was all powerful. Excellent relations with the Kaiser assured Krupp of an actual monopoly which no one dared dispute. The attempts of the Ehrardt firm in Düsseldorf to undermine Krupp by means of the quality of their cannons combined with very low prices, were as fruitless as the later attempts of Thyssen. All the press controlled directly or indirectly by Krupp, continued to agitate for increased armaments.

If one makes a careful study of the 1919 and 1920 peace treaties one will see that all the great, irreparable mistakes which now menace the peace of Europe and which constitute the true obstacle to peace of any kind were committed under pressure from the iron industry allied with the munitions industry. I have proved this assertion in several of my books.

While these internal policies were being pursued, the big financial powers in control of munitions aided almost everywhere reactionary nationalist and fascist movements within the various states. As president of the Italian Council of Ministers I was able to observe that the munitions industries not only incited public opinion to dangerous military adventures through the medium of their hired press, but that they also subsidized reactionary movements within the State.

In 1919 plans had been made for an Italian military expedition into Georgia. It was a fantastic scheme which would have precipitated a war between Italy and Russia, and which would have brought us no possible advantage. The expedition, however, was all ready to set out when I became head of the Government and, on the very next day, disbanded it. As a result I was attacked with great violence and it was said that I was a defeatist ready to renounce my country's interests. The war industries then subsidized the Fiume adventure and later still financed or partly subsidized the Fascist movement.

The same situation has now arisen in Germany. The centre of German reaction has for some time been Adolf Hugenberg whose whole career has been spent with Krupp. Before the war he was the real head of the house of Krupp and even after he resigned he continued his connection as the prime mover in a *consortium* linking the interests of the iron industry with those of the munitions group.

The Hitler movement in Germany was produced primarily through the influence of Fritz Thyssen, Hugenberg and their associates. The recent revelations of the Dortmund *General Anzeiger* surprised no one. If events have untrue intentions and if Hitler has out-stripped Hugenberg it is merely because one never knows what may happen when trends of opinion and political agitation are involved. Hitler no longer represents a programme. He is merely a symbol of discontent. Germany has had to endure unjust and humiliating conditions imposed upon her by the terms and application of the peace treaties and she is disturbed and dissatisfied. Hitler is opposed to all the world, he is against the treaties against France, against Parliament, against the Constitution. He is anti parliamentarian, anti-democratic, anti-French, anti-Jewish. He is, quite simply, merely anti. That is to say against everything. In a country where everyone is discontented it is easy to rally an army of discontent.

At every international conference I have seen side by side with the military elements, experts who were merely directors or agents of the iron and munitions industries. I was not at all surprised to observe that frequently the military folk, doubtless in perfect good faith, were merely mouthpieces for the ideas of the experts.

Maintenance of Anxiety

ALL INDUSTRIES tend to develop by products. It is essential for the munitions industry to arouse emotions and promote conditions productive of war. If it tends to tamper with the press, it is simply because with the help of the press, it can work upon public opinion and create fears which will result in the growth of armaments. In the past, up to the opening of the previous century war was limited in intensity and scope because it was conducted by small professional armies. Kings had no need to take any one's opinion into account and they set their armies in the march whenever they pleased. Modern war, however, is general and hyperbolic. It is constantly becoming more and more destructive and more and more specialized. It no longer calls for millions but for billions. It is a form of war in which every one mobilizes, a war of populations against populations. In democracies, and with the spread of popular education, one must, if one is to force people to take up arms, publicize the idea of danger, propagate anxiety and inflame emotions. To menace a people with danger, to make them believe in the existence of danger, is at the same time to promote armaments.

This fact—even if they are unaware of it solidifies the interests of the military elements with those of the munitions industries. Often secret diplomacy which is more than ever secret just now does the rest. It seems as if one were doing a service to the industry of one's own country if one can secure a commission for armaments. Often the diplomats, when ignorance is indicated, give the impression of not knowing what is going on.

No one can say that the extent of the armaments traffic and the figures given by the League of Nations are remote from reality. But what is really easy is to see in certain news which circulates through the press and the news agencies in the activities of all the parties of reaction the influence of an industry whose very existence depends on the maintenance of a spirit of anxiety and distrust.

What is the remedy, and is there in fact any remedy?

The various parliaments often have a limited sphere of influence and are unaware of what is happening. Formidable forces free of any control are at work. They disturb public opinion and are shaping events which may disturb the peace. Is it possible to regulate the munitions traffic through the agency of international industrial agreements? Is it possible to control in all nations, the expenditures of the munitions industries particularly where their subsidies to the press are concerned? Without some such action distrust and agitation will increase. We shall never arrive at a genuine reduction of armaments, and we shall even, without willing it, be preparing for future wars.—*The End*

X-rays show yeast actually strengthens intestines, doctors explain

DR. WM. ENKLAAR
of Amsterdam, declares

"I always recommend *fresh YEAST for sluggish intestines*"

THINK OF IT! A simple food—an ordinary addition to your daily diet . . . *that doctors say is more effective than shelves full of laxatives and pills!*

Why do physicians so strongly advise fresh yeast in cases of constipation, indigestion, etc? That was the question put to Dr. William F. Enklaar, founder and head of the world-famous "Enklaar Clinic" in Amsterdam, Holland.

Dr. Enklaar said —

"Constipation will vanish without any bad consequences whatever to the system, if fresh yeast is conscientiously used. I recommend its use always for constipation." Fresh yeast, he explains, "gives a normal stimulation to the intestinal . . . movement without the slightest irritation." Its use, he adds, "is not habit-forming."

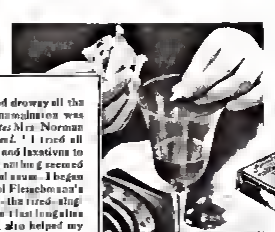
Eaten regularly, three cakes a day — before meals, or between meals, and at bedtime—Fleischmann's Yeast has an astonishing effect in cases of intestinal sluggishness. A food, it actually "tones" and strengthens the "tired" intestines.

In addition, yeast softens the clogging wastes that accumulate daily in your body . . . helps your body pass them off easily and regularly.

Begin eating Fleischmann's Yeast today—and see how quickly your whole health responds. Headaches occur less often—eyes brighten—appetite returns. You feel your old self again when elimination becomes regular!

Why don't you *prove* what Fleischmann's Yeast will do—in your own case? Write for free booklet on Yeast for Health. Dept. MM-3. Standard Brands Ltd., 802 Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

"I felt tired and drowsy all the time and my complexion was very bad," writes Mrs. Norman Dick of Montreal. "I tried all sorts of laxatives and laxatives to pep me up — nothing seemed to get at the real cause. I began eating 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day — the tired-sluggish feeling didn't last long after that. Yeast also helped my husband. What the doctors say about it is right!"



Here's how the famous Dr. Brunet, of Paris, describes a typical response to yeast treatment:—

"A young will," he writes, "who was to become a mother, was operated on wholly unnecessary distress from constipation. It was impossible to prescribe purgatives and laxatives. . . . I was glad to see when by means of fresh yeast the intestinal sluggishness was achieved."

Important — Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil wrapped cake with the yellow label. In a yeast in its fresh effective form—rich in Vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors recommend! Eat it plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water. At grocers, drug stores, restaurants and soda fountains. Add it to your diet today!

Now Made in Canada Fresh

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT SALT AND MY TEETH?

Your Dentist

will tell you these facts about oral hygiene

REGAL TABLE SALT free running

WINDSOR SALT—bag salt in handy package.

The film which causes discoloration of the teeth is composed largely of bacterial growth entangled in the mucous secretions of the mouth. The use of Salt as a dentifrice restores the natural whiteness of the teeth by affording the maximum assistance to the tooth brush in the removal of this film. Salt harmlessly removes phlegm on the surface of the mouth, relieving catarrhal conditions. Salt contracts the cells of the gums, causing them to decrease in volume and to become firm and hard. The action of salt penetrating deeper than the mucous layer produces a deep-seated effect, resulting in a clean, healthy mouth.

This is all any dentifrice or mouthwash can do. Salt helps Nature ward off the attack of mouth ailments. Windsor Salt does all these things perfectly.

WINDSOR IODIZED SALT Prevents goitre.

Mail Coupon for Special Booklets 41

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED, WINDSOR SALT SECTION, WINDSOR, ONT. M1
Without obligation please send free booklets. ☐ Salt for Dentifrice, Gargle and Mouthwash. ☐ "The Romance of Salt" containing scores of special uses for Salt.

Name _____
Address _____

C-I-L CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED

"PUREST and BEST"

WINDSOR SALT

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED
WINDSOR SALT SECTION, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The Killing of Monica Quayles

Continued from page 7

"I let myself in. I have a latchkey I went into her room just as usual and there she was lying dead."

"Why didn't you call for the police?"

"I was too frightened" the young man confessed. "I'm not very strong. I get nervous fits. When I saw her lying on the floor I couldn't bear it. I just ran out."

"You're sure you didn't shoot her yourself?" Gossett persisted.

Cunningham burst into a stream of incoherent denial. Gossett watched his face and listened.

"If you didn't kill her," he asked, "can you think of anyone else who might have?"

"How would I tell?" the young man gasped. "I knew none of her friends."

"It was your revolver, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but I gave it to her a week ago. She said that she felt frightened at night sometimes."

Gossett glanced at the clock and sighed.

"If you had yourself in trouble about this business I should send for Littledrake," he advised. "He's the best criminal lawyer I know."

The young man gripped the back of his chair as he swung round. Ghastly fear shone out of his eyes. He was white almost to the lips. His hands were twitching in agony.

"I didn't do it," he called out. "I didn't kill Monica. How can they arrest me?"

He collapsed, and his unofficial visitor slipped quietly away.

A CORONER'S INQUEST was held upon the body of Monica Quayles. There were only four witnesses of any importance, the first of whom was Hannah Miles, the housekeeper and sole domestic of the dead young woman. She gave her evidence clearly but with some natural reluctance, and she kept her head sympathetically turned from the ghastly faced young man who was seated between two officials of the court. She did not admit him into the house that afternoon because he had a latchkey of his own, but she watched him enter her mistress's room. She admitted that he was in a state of great agitation. She heard the sound of loud and angry voices; she heard the shot, and within five minutes of his arrival she saw him rush out of the house, throw the revolver into a small shrubbery, jump into his car and drive off. Mr Cunningham, she thought, had always been very fond of her late mistress, but he was of an inconceivably jealous disposition. She admitted reluctantly that there were times when her late mistress had secretly received other guests.

She was followed by Inspector Grinan, who produced an anonymous letter of the usual type addressed to Ernest Cunningham Esquire at Malvern Court, containing a brief record of visits paid to the deceased by various men. That letter had been found by the side of the dead body, as though the young man had forced it upon her attention. The revolver with which the deed was done, and from which only one bullet was missing, bore the initials E. C., and the bullet from the discharged chamber corresponded in every way with the one by which Monica Quayles had been killed. The other two witnesses, the chauffeur and a passer-by, merely testified—the former with thoughtful reluctance—to the distracted appearance of the young man and the fact that he was carrying the revolver when he left the house. Cunningham, when arrested, appeared to have been half stupefied with drugs and drink. He vehemently protested his innocence but could give no coherent description of the tragedy.

The coroner's summing up was merely a matter of form. The jury, without leaving the box, found that the deceased had met her death through a bullet wound inflicted by Ernest Cunningham. The verdict was, in short, one of willful murder against Cunningham.

Detective Inspector Grinan and ex-Detective Gossett left the court together. The former, according to his custom, paused to light a cigarette.

"That," he remarked, as he caught up with his companion, "should be a case after the chief's own heart. There is circumstantial evidence enough there to hang any man and a perfectly convincing motive to clinch the matter."

"It seems a snip," Gossett agreed.

"A snip of the rope for Mr Ernest Cunningham, I imagine," the inspector rejoined. "Can I give you a lift anywhere?"

"If you're going back to the shop I'll come with you if I may. The chief told me I might have the run of the place and there are some records I should like to look up."

"Come along and welcome," the inspector invited. "It's a department I don't often visit myself, but I daresay it has its uses."

Short of a miracle, Gossett confessed, "I don't think it's going to do me any good."

GEORGE LITTLEDRAKE was a busy man and he rather grudged the quarter of an hour which he knew he must give to ex-Detective Gossett, who was next on the list of his waiting callers. He welcomed him pleasantly, however, and installed him in a comfortable chair.

"Sorry about this poor young chap Cunningham whom you advised to send for me," he began. "Nothing to be done, of course. I am briefing Julius Read with Pennington for junior. Can't do better than that for him, and I understand there's plenty of money."

"You look upon the case as hopeless, I suppose?"

The lawyer looked at his visitor in surprise.

"Well, my dear fellow, of course it is," he answered. "He's just the type who would deny everything frantically at first and then come out with a confession when it's too late. As a matter of fact, his chauffeur would swear that he was half tight and would swear that he didn't take the revolver with him, which of course would do away with a murderous intent, but even then I don't think it would help him a tinker's dam to plead guilty. The case is too flagrant. Don't you think so yourself?"

"I suppose I do in a certain way," Gossett admitted. "Still one gets queer hunches sometimes. The young man doesn't seem to me as though he'd have the courage to go and shoot a woman in cold blood when he must have known that there was no getting away with it. However, I don't want to take up your time, Mr Littledrake. You'll be seeing him now and then, of course. There's one thing I did want you to ask him. Does he know much about Mrs Miles, the housekeeper?"

"Scarcely anything at all," Littledrake replied. "Naturally I don't believe in leaving a stone unturned, as I've asked him that already. She's over sixty years of age, she was a stranger to Monica Quayles when she took the position, but had the most excellent references, and she seems to have had no interest in life except doing her work and doing it. I should think extremely well. She was always perfectly civil to Cunningham, but they scarcely ever met."

"You've considered the question of her having let another man into the house, I suppose?" Gossett enquired.

"My dear fellow, it's untenable. Both the back and the front doors are open to public observation, and do you suppose if anyone else had been seen about the place we shouldn't have heard of it at once? Besides, the way she gave her evidence was altogether unconvincing, and there are numberless little points we won't go into now which are dead against such a theory."

"It does seem rather far-fetched," Gossett acknowledged. "A man's life, though, however loose a lot he may be, is a big thing, Littledrake."

"Don't we realize it in my profession?" the lawyer replied. "I make it my chief object in a case like this not to leave a stone unturned. The Crown is perfectly satisfied with its case, and I'm a lawyer, not a detective. If you want to make any enquiries along any other lines, Gossett, I'll guarantee your expenses, but I tell you at once that I'm convinced it's hopeless."

Gossett rose to his feet and shook hands.

"I'm afraid you're right," he admitted.

THE SPANIARDS, in their devotion to a somewhat bloodthirsty sport, have at least sufficient sporting instinct to adopt a lukewarm attitude toward a bull fight in which the animals concerned are hopelessly outclassed. The English public, which frequents the famous murder trials, has never learnt this same spirit. It likes a killing for its money. After hours in the stuffy court and the occasional patches of dullness, it wants the final thrill, it likes its victim thrown to the sacrifice. Therefore, although the odds freely offered among the white bewigged gentry in the front of the court at the trial of Ernest Cunningham were at least a hundred to one on his conviction, the court was still packed from floor to ceiling and the usual hundreds of pairs of greedily libidinous eyes hung on the face of this slim white-faced man twisting about in the dock with the air of a caged animal. The final thrill they knew was a certainty!

The case for the Crown was presented almost scornfully. It was not until the great Julius Read himself rose to cross-examine the principal witness for the prosecution that anyone was conscious of a new sensation of interest. Sir Julius had suddenly the air of a man who had something lurking underneath his silken tones and his pose of gentle consideration with this elderly and most respectable witness. One or two in the well of the court, people of quick perceptions, remembered the telephone messages that had been streaming in during the last half hour, remembered too the entrance of a weary looking man with strong features but tired eyes, a man who had been found a place at the solicitors' table next the luminous lawyer for the defense and who, during a brief interval, had been admitted to a conference with the great Julius Read himself. Others had noticed something even more significant—a penciled note passed by his lawyer to the prisoner himself, who was standing with dazed eyes fixed upon his counsel. The latter was unaccountably silent for several moments after he had risen for purposes of cross-examination. Mrs Miles indeed would have lift the box but for the kindly restraining hand of the policeman.

"Mrs Miles," the great K.C. said at last, and his tone was gentleness itself, "you were in service with the deceased lady, I believe, for about one year?"

"A little longer than that, sir."

"You name to her, as my learned brother for the prosecution has elicited, with the highest of characters?"

"There has never been any question as to my character, sir, so far as I know."

"Quite so. You gave us to understand I believe, that the prisoner was a stranger to you?"

"For the first time this quietly spoken responsible woman seemed to hesitate. There was a faint sensation of interest in the court—mutterings of the passion to come.

"I had never seen him before I came to take service with Miss Quayles."

There was a change in Julius Read's tone. He leaned slightly forward. Every word he spoke now reached the farthermost corners of the court.

"But you knew who he was. You knew that he was the young man who had seduced your daughter three years ago and had lived with her until he transferred his affections to the deceased."

Then there was a shiver, a rustling of half-spoken words and half-drawn breaths. The woman in the witness box clutched at the ledge in front of her. Her face was suddenly grey.

"You must answer my question," the counsel said sternly and this time there was a stab in his voice. "You knew that Ernest Cunningham, who was visiting Monica Quayles day by day, was the man who had betrayed your daughter. You knew that Monica Quayles was the woman for whose sake he had deserted her."

The witness's hand groped for the glass of water which stood by her side. Her fingers shook so that she could barely carry it to her lips. She set it down.

"Yes, I knew that," she acknowledged faintly.

There was a strange sound of voices in the court. It seemed as though everyone was speaking at once. It was quite half a minute before order could be restored. Then again the silence became momentous.

"I am sorry Mrs Miles, to have to ask you this question. I myself know but I warn you to tell the court. Where is your daughter at the present moment?"

The pilloried woman seemed incapable of speech. The barrister's gesture was one of scornful compassion.

"I will put my question in this fashion. Is your daughter now an inmate of the Wandstead Lunatic Asylum?"

The woman's voice came back to her. There was the fury of a demon in her face as she pointed across the court to Ernest Cunningham.

"She's where that hound sent her!"

Again the sea of voices was beaten back into silence only by threats to clear the court. Julius Read was in no hurry. He waited calmly and patiently. When he spoke there was no mercy in his tone or in his words.

"And therefore, Mrs Miles, because the prisoner at the bar was guilty of the seduction of your daughter and because it was the woman you served, Monica Quayles, who had supplanted her, you murdered your mistress and hoped that the young man there who had wronged you would hang for a crime he never committed."

"He deserved it. God knows he deserved it!" she screamed and collapsed helpless in the arms of the policeman who had rushed to catch her.

THE REST of the proceedings were purely formal, but Ernest Cunningham, although he was not a popular criminal, had to wait four hours before the crowds would let him leave the court.

Julius Read took Littledrake and ex-Detective Gossett across to his rooms in the Temple. He produced tumblers of an especial sort, whisky of great age and a syphon of soda water. His arm rested almost caressingly upon Gossett's shoulder.

"Gossett, my friend," he declared, "you've given me absolutely the most thrilling moment of my life."

"And pretty well of mine," Littledrake echoed. "I'm not claiming one atom of the credit for this. I never doubted but that Cunningham was guilty. I never saw a gleam of hope anywhere. I don't wonder at the Crown thinking its case was overwhelming. Circumstantial evidence and motive both there. I can't think what made you persevere, Gossett."

Gossett took the longest drink he had ever taken in his life.

"After all," he said as he put his tumbler down half empty, "there were no complications. Either Cunningham was guilty or the woman knew all about it and was playing false. The more I've seen and heard of Cunningham the more I dislike him and yet somehow I didn't believe him guilty. Very well. I explored the hundred to one chance. I went for the woman. Every one of her references was genuine. She's been in two places over fifteen years. There's never been a thing against her. Yet I wasn't convinced. I was almost giving up when I got Grinan to let me see the envelope of that anonymous letter. That corresponded with a packet I found in the flat. I took the letter to a handwriting expert. He compared it with Mrs. Miles' account

"Why bird alive! . . . There's no secret to that!"

No little bird ever told them—but millions of women know that Fels-Naptha gives clothes a fresher, breezier fragrance. And they know there's nothing mysterious about Fels Naptha's ability to do it.

The reason is that Fels-Naptha gets *all the dirt* out of clothes. It removes every trace of greasy grime as well as the loose surface soil. It makes things look clean and *smell clean!*

Fels Naptha does this because it brings two helpers to the washing task—unusually good golden soap and naptha, combined by the special Fels-Naptha method. And that means *plenty* of naptha to every big bar—so much, in fact, you can smell it plainly.

Working together, briskly but gently, these two helpers roll the dirt out of clothes. The work is done quickly. And it is done easily, without hard rubbing. Without wear-and-tear on clothes.

There's glycerine in Fels Naptha, too—and that's good news to hands. For glycerine, you know, is the soothing base of many hand-lotions.

Another nice thing about Fels-Naptha—it works beautifully under all conditions. It will give you a sweet, white-clean wash any way you use it—in tub or machine, in hot, luke-warm, or cool water; whether you soak or boil.

Change to Fels-Naptha

Ask your grocer for a few bars of Fels-Naptha today—try its *extra* help. And as you take your wash from the line, bury your face in the clothes and see if you, too, don't say "Um-m! m! these clothes smell nice and sweet!"

© F. F. F. & Co.

THREE IMPORTANT POINTS ABOUT FELS-NAPTHA
1—It's fine for boiling or soaking clothes
2—It's gentle to hands
3—*Naturally golden*, it makes clothes beautifully white

"The quarters I save on Colgate's help me weather the storm"

Buy Colgate's the first time *just for economy's sake*—that quarter saved. Then, discover that it cleans teeth better than any preparation you've ever used, at any price. Discover that—though its makers offer no extravagant promises, make no wild claims—it does for you all any toothpaste can do. And—having enjoyed its flavor, its cleansing powers, its low price—just ask your dentist about it. Here's what he'll probably say: "Colgate's? I should say so. Does all any toothpaste can do . . . cleans teeth thoroughly and safely. I've been advising it for years and years." You try Colgate's—once. Feel the fresh, wholesome cleanliness of your teeth and those extra quarters in your pocket, too. You're a Colgate user for life!

MADE IN CANADA

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Coun. and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

2678

books and found a marked similarity in the capitals. I discovered a bit of the cart ridges in a drawer of the murdered woman's bedroom—not the room in which she was found. This seemed to indicate that Cunningham was telling the truth when he said that he had given her the revolver, and that he had not brought it with him that day. I found out that Mrs. Miles used to take a day and a half off every three months when she was in service with an old-fashioned family in Hinley Street to go to Wandstead. I saw the girl she visited there, even took a snapshot of her. I took it to the theatre there and the rest was easy. Everyone recognized it. It was the girl whom Cunningham used to take home from the theatre every night before he met Monica Quayles. Some months after Cissie Miles had been certified insane her mother took service with Monica Quayles. The rest is horrible to think of. But it is one of the most complete and devilish schemes of revenge on the part of a distracted mother which one can possibly conceive.

"What a fiend of a woman!" Littledrake murmured.

A clerk entered the room and whispered to his master. Julius Read listened gravely.

"A message from the hospital," he confided to the others. "Mrs. Miles has been there for two hours now and they say she's raving mad. She'll never have to stand her trial."

Gossett set down his glass empty. He was anxious to get home to his wife.

"The whole thing," Littledrake summed up as they parted, "goes to prove how wise you were, Gossett, to have left the Yard. Men like you are needed outside. Scotland Yard has only one job, and that is to hunt for criminals and prove them guilty. The defending lawyer like myself is on the other side, of course, but a lawyer is not a detective. Gossett here, for instance, had a hunch that the man was innocent. I've talked to Cunningham for hours at a time and I would have laid a hundred to one that he was guilty. Bring me a few more cases like this, Gossett, and I'll squeeze you into the firm."

"Let me have the briefs for them," Julius Read promised as he shook hands, and, etiquette or no etiquette, I'll divide my fees with you."

CYNTHIA wore blue for the night of the celebration, blue the exact shade of her adorable eyes, crêpe de Chine with a floating scarf. Gossett, who he rarely used tails, a white tie and a white waistcoat. They were really rather an unusually good-looking couple.

"Cynthia, my dear," her husband said as he raised his glass, "you are indeed my inspiration. You can tell your friends that I am no longer a policeman. A lawyer has very nearly offered me a share in his practice, and a barrister is only too anxious to divide his fees with me."

"You dear, clever man," she murmured.

"And wasn't it nice," she added with a little sigh of content, "I was at the Meadows this afternoon—the doctor's wife, you know—and he insisted upon my playing bridge at his table and his wife made me sit next her at tea? They were all so interested to know that you had started a new business on your own account."

"Very kind of them. I'm sure," Gossett murmured with a twinkle in his eyes.

"You haven't told me about the fee yet," she reminded him.

He felt for his pocketbook. She beat expectantly upon the table with her hands. Very slowly he pulled out an unmounted photograph.

"What on earth is that, Malcolm?" she demanded.

"Dearest," he confided, "I am a contemptible man. I wanted to bring you the cheque to-day, but I wanted also to cash it. I nonchalantly proposed the cheque photographed, then cashed it, banked the money, and here we are."

He stretched it out in front of her. She read it until her voice faded away in wonder.

BARCLAYS BANK

November the seventeenth.

Pay to the Order of MALCOLM GOSSETT FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS STERLING

CUNNINGHAM

"Malcolm," she gasped. "It can't be true! Have we all that?"

"Every penny of it," he assured her.

"Just for a fortnight's work!"

"It is also," he reminded her, his eyes straying back for a moment to the crowded court, "the price of a man's life."

Cynthia looked cautiously around. They were dining very early as they were going on to a theatre, and their table was in a secluded corner. No one was looking. Her hand stole out toward him. He bent his head. She kissed him on the lips and Malcolm Gossett was very happy.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of detective stories by Mr. Oppenheim. The second will appear in an early issue.

The Cost of Keeping Clean

Continued from page 8

Then you have your equipment for the eradication of insects—fly swatters, insecticides, fly paper and so forth. The minimum cost, in homes where an effort is made to deal with this form of uncleanness, is fifty cents per year.

The average life of a broom in a Canadian home is eight months. Last year 3,467,180 brooms were sold. The annual cost to you is seventy cents. You spend at least sixty cents on various brushes used in your campaign against dirt.

Another small but essential item is polish used to shine things up about the house. Polishing floor wax, furniture, brass, silver and stove polish together, the total expenditure last year was $2,501,691. Your share is one dollar per year.

The last item in this class of equipment includes carpet sweepers, mops, oil mops, etc., which cost on the average $2.50 per year.

The cloth aprons, stiff outsides the rubber variety and total sales of both last year ran to $398,344. The cost to you was not less than sixty cents.

The sale of gloves in Canada is colossal. Last year, excluding practically all leather gloves, 9,013,612 pairs were bought. It is reasonable to suppose that one pair of cloth gloves is used each year about the average home—cost fifty cents.

The War on Whiskers

ONE OF THE larger items in the cleanliness budget is shaving. There can scarcely be any question of the propriety of including this item in the list. In Canada 3,092,253 males must either shave or grow whiskers. It is a fact that whiskers, on the average, will grow 5½ inches in a year. To keep Jack Canuck's face clean costs money. Last year $920,976 went for shaving soaps and creams. That works out at about thirty cents apiece. Of course, large numbers of Canadians use ordinary soap. There is still plenty of room for expansion in the shaving soap industry. Sales of razors totalled $10,830 and the cost was approximately $380,000. The total purchase of razor blades was 15,600,304, which is about five blades per head. The answer must be that the straight razor is still popular in some districts. Averaging things up, an item of ten dollars per year does not seem too much.

The corresponding expense for your wife and daughters is in ten items—perfumes, toilet waters, cologne water and lotions, creams, face powders, talc powders, earlier powders, lipstick, compacts, other cosmetics. The so-called cosmetic urge ran to $13,306,386 last year. There are 2,862,587 females in Canada over ten years of age—the dividing line chosen somewhat arbitrarily—so the cost, per capita, approximates $4.64. The average home certainly spends $9.28 to beautify the person of its chatelaine and her daughters.

Just in case you are interested the largest item is for face creams, $1,834,492. Next comes face powder, $1,449,240. Perfumes are third and talc powders fourth. The lipstick, notwithstanding all that is said about it, has not yet come into general use. Expenditures last year were only $133,764.

As for toothbrushes, as stated the total sales last year were but 785,592 and the cost $212,767. If we all use toothbrushes, then they are lasting on an average twelve years. As for toothpaste, the total purchases ran to $1,598,348, which works out at one tube per person every eighteen months. But the cost of toothbrushes to you was certainly not less than fifty cents, and of toothpaste a dollar, or $1.50 in all.

Toilet brushes are a mere bagatelle. Total sales were 811,356 brushes and the cost $354,379. An item of two cents covers the average.

Shoe shining is another item. Last year $620,218 of shoe polish was sold which works out at a little better than five cents a head of population. Many people of course, prefer to wear their shoes "straight," others, particularly the wee folk, don't wear shoes at all. But those who do and keep them shined, pay on the average $2.50 per year for their cleanliness and vanity.

Going down cellar, we find the electric or gas heater. These were sold last year to the number of 32,657, worth $392,727. Estimating the cost to you on the basis of depreciation and repairs, because the expense of heating water will be dealt with later, the heater in the average home comes to a dollar per year.

Textiles are an essential in the business of cleanliness. Industries in Canada, as in every civilized country, are founded upon this human need. There are the various kinds of towels, table linen and handkerchiefs. Last year 47,533,143 towels and 2,506,532 lace cloths were sold. This means that the 2,501,000 dwelling houses of Canada were entitled on the average to twenty three towels apiece. The catch in it is the paper towel, which is in wide use in urban communities, and further, the substantial purchases of textile towels by hotels, railways and clubs. Paper towels sold last year ran to $500,000. Making every allowance, the average Canadian family buys four towels, hand and bath, and two face cloths per year. Only 303,900 fully manufactured dish towels were sold, but many housewives prefer to make their own. It is estimated that the average householder buys ten dish towels per year. The cost works out at three dollars for hand and bath towels, fifty cents for paper towels, thirty cents for face cloths and three dollars for dish towels—a total of $6.80.

The cost of table linen naturally varies widely but few families get by without an expenditure of ten dollars per year.

Only Two Hankies Per Nose

THE FACTS with regard to handkerchiefs are interesting. Last year 15,853,792 hankies were spread around among more than 10,000,000 people which is less than two per head. This should be good news to the handkerchief industry. Obviously there is room for increased sales, because vast numbers of Canadians don't use handkerchiefs. The annual cost to you is placed conservatively at a dollar.

All this linen requires laundering, and the mushroom growth of the laundry business affords ample proof that most housewives don't attempt to wash their own towels and table linen. Last year our laundries did a business of $15,120,782 which works out at $1.50 per head. Country people of course don't patronize laundries this runs the expense of the average urban household up to twenty dollars.

For the reason that people are not sensible enough to wear washable clothes, the dry cleaning industry is another drain on your pocket book. Dry cleaners, last year, netted $3,431,000 which spread over the 1,279,670 urban homes works out at a trifle under three dollars each. Obviously many homes never call in the dry cleaner, and a charge of ten dollars per year is not excessive to the average urban householder. Of course this also covers clothes pressing.

But the largest item in the whole bill of cleanliness is your bathroom. The whole purpose of the bathroom is to enable you to keep clean. The capital cost of the room in itself is a very large item. In addition there are the fixtures. Last year $487,373 manufacturers' price, was spent on bath tubs, and slightly more than that on toilets and other fixtures, or in round figures $1,000,000. In the average home the bathroom—capital cost and fixtures—runs to $75 per year at least.

A somewhat similar item is sinks and laundry tubs, which took $3,049,810 out of the public's income last year. And while speaking of laundry tubs, there is the puffing item of $359,230 for clothes pins. You can bulk bath at two dollars per year.

Which brings us to the matter of hot water. Everyone likes hot water, and for some purposes of cleanliness it is essential. Every time you open the hot water tap you are opening a hole in your purse. Many men waste hot water while shaving, preferring to let the water run. They probably double the cost. If you are careful and don't try to wallow in the wash basin, two gallons per day should be sufficient for washing. A bath runs to thirty gallons, and the average Canadian may be presumed to indulge not oftener than once a week. Dish and clothes washing requires about 100 gallons per week. You can figure it out according to your family. But taking an average family, the cost can be arrived at in this way. Water is delivered from the water mains at an average temperature of fifty degrees. When you speak of hot water you mean water heated to 160 degrees. Fuel experts at Ottawa tell you that it costs about one-third of a pound of coal—or the equivalent in other heating media—to raise one gallon of water from fifty to 160 degrees. Coal sells for about four ten dollars per ton, so that the total cost of heating water per year for the average family is $49.50.

No charge has been made for the labor of housekeeping. If you keep a servant the cost, including food, is certainly not less than $240 per year. If you do the work yourself you are entitled to figure your time at thirty cents per hour. Housekeeping experts calculate that the housewife's time spent in house cleaning is worth $200 per year.

Then there are odds and ends. One haircut a month is indicated with an annual outlay of $3.50. The haircuts for your wife and daughter may be overlooked. If you have a car it costs you money to have it washed. Unless you do, you can scarcely keep clean yourself. Then there are the "invisible" items which come out of your taxes, and less personal items such as paint, food wrapping and so forth.

The total bill for articles used in cleaning of one sort and another exceeds $70,000,000 a year. Add in the cost of services, fuel and the other indirect items, and the amount spent by the average middle class city home works out at something approximating $400 a year.

These days, that's a healthy slice of any man's income.—*The End*

AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT

If you have received notice that your subscription period is nearly exhausted, this is to remind you of the necessity of sending in your renewal order at once.

With literally thousands of new buyers and new subscribers for Maclean's every month, even our occasionally increased press-run seldom leaves us with any copies for subscribers who have neglected to renew.

To make certain of the continued receipt of your favorite Maclean's, your renewal order should be mailed to us promptly when you receive the "expiration" notice.

Here's the one shave cream for *quick, cool, smooth shaves!*

MEN! Now you can shave and know your face will both feel good and look good! Palmolive Shave Cream actually softens and soothes your skin. The result is a closer, cleaner, quicker, far more comfortable shave.

If you have never tried Palmolive do so now! Send for 10-day supply. 86 out of every 100 men who make this test remain our steady customers.

Palmolive Shave Cream brings you these features:

1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times

2—Softens the beard in one minute

3—Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face

4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving

5—Time after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

"When something better than soap lathes it, we'll use it!"

MADE IN CANADA

MEN! Ask your wife to give you the low-down on olive oil as a real skin balm. None chances to her she cares for her skin with Palmolive Soap. What's good for her skin *must* be good for yours.

FOR 10 SHAVES

and a can of Palmolive After-Shaving Talc

Insert your name and address, and mail with 4c in stamps or coin to Palmolive Dept. MCL-3, 64 Natalie St., Toronto 2BC.

[Please print your name and address]

The Future!

Are You Preparing For It?

MANY men and women, with earning years now behind them, must exist for the rest of life on the proceeds of their savings.

Many more, now earning, will reach the same stage a little further along life's journey. Even the youngest income-producer should think that far ahead.

How shall the funds then in hand be used to secure the greatest possible return—(a) **with a guaranty against shrinkage, (b) with freedom from investment problems, (c) with certainty to the end of life?**

There is just one answer, provided no part of the original fund needs to be passed along to other hands at death . . . ***buy an Annuity from a strong life insurance company.***

For a man sixty years old, The Prudential guarantees an annual payment equal to 9.25 per cent. of the purchase price. For a man at age 65 the figure is 10.07 per cent., or at age 70 it is 12.9 per cent. For a woman the percentage is slightly less (female annuitants live longer than males)

The idea is adaptable to individual needs. You can purchase with present funds an income to begin some years hence, perhaps making further purchases later as you are able. Two persons can buy a joint income to continue to the survivor after the death of the first.

Our Retirement Annuity policy enables you to secure these advantages by spreading your purchase cost equally from now to the age you choose.

Get Yourself an Annuity

Let us suggest a plan to fit. Ask any local office or Agent.

Branch Offices in all Leading Canadian Cities.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President — HOME OFFICE, Newark, N. J.

Fog

Continued from page 15

then crawled to a sitting posture. He felt his chin. He looked up and saw Gustave Bonfils towering above him. Paul Gaspard was not a coward. He had gone to school in the States somewhere and knew something of boxing. He wasn't a small man. He was almost as tall as Gustave. He rose to his feet. Gustave hit at him again, and he felt into Gustave's arms. They clinched. The room was in an uproar, everyone was standing on chairs. They got a good view of the two men. It was no use to call the *gendarmes*. This was the people's day. They never interfered unless it became serious. They paid no attention to a fight like this.

Gustave and Paul were in the middle of the room. Gustave looked like a great tree his legs spread apart and his arms held out somewhat clumsily. Paul Gaspard moved here and there. He was attempting to box Gustave. It didn't last long. Paul Gaspard hit at Gustave. It was done very quickly. Gustave jumped forward and caught Paul by the arm. He pulled him toward him, grabbed him around the shoulders, lifted him above his head and threw him on the floor.

Paul Gaspard didn't move. No one said a word. Emile Boulanger, the doctor, came forward. He knelt by Paul Gaspard. He felt his pulse, opened his shirt and listened to his heart. He felt Paul's legs and arms, and probed between his ribs. When he got through with Paul he looked at Gustave.

"You might have killed him," he said.

Gustave Bonfils crossed himself. He had almost killed a man. He would go see Father Chardron. He strode across the ballroom. People made way for him.

The *Palais de Justice* was crowded the following morning. The proceedings did not take long. Gustave Bonfils was convicted of assault and sentenced to one month in jail. That didn't worry Gustave much. He had had his desire fulfilled. He had danced with Sadie Carnot and, above all, he had kissed her. He was all by himself with no one to support. It would seem additional work for Joseph Eloquin, the remaining pilot at St. Pierre. That was all. Gustave Bonfils went to jail for one month. It was the governor's sentence.

MONSIEUR JACQUES FAGES, the governor of St. Pierre, was plainly worried. He paced up and down his study. He could not sit still. Every once in a while he would stop and listen and would gaze at the ceiling above him. His lips moved unceasingly. He made the sign of the cross repeatedly.

The door to the study opened. The governor whirled at the sound of the opening door. Father Chardron stood in the doorway. The governor paled. They had apparently sent for the priest. They were going to prepare her for death. The priest held a little satchel in his hand. That was it. Father Chardron had the Holy Oil. He had come prepared to give Extreme Unction. The last rites of Holy Mother Church. Cold drops of perspiration appeared on the governor's brow. Madame Fages must be very very ill. The governor motioned the priest to a chair. He could not speak. He walked to the priest and took his cloak. The cloak was damp and misty. It smelt of fog. The governor laid the garment on a chair in front of the fire. He did not ask the priest a question. He had no need to. He wished to save Father Chardron the trouble of saying something reassuring that they both would know was false. He walked to the long window that faced the harbor. The atmosphere outside was as grey as the governor's own thoughts. The harbor was blanketed in a long, thick, dull grey fog, not the light grey kind that eddies and swirls with every puff of wind. It was heavy, motionless, impenetrable, forbidding. It lay sullen and damp over the harbor and the whole village. It might last for weeks. Yes, it had been known to last for months at a time.

Once again the door to the study opened. The governor did not need to turn to know who it was. He spoke without turning.

"Take a seat, doctor."

Father Chardron left the room. The priest hurried up the stairs. He had need to be quick. Dr. Boulanger had shaken his head as he had passed on his way out. The priest crossed himself. He muttered an *Ave Maria*. It was too bad. The governor and his wife had been married four years. This was their first baby. Apparently it would be the mother's last.

The governor finally turned to the doctor. He did not speak. Just raised his eyebrows questioningly. The doctor shrugged his shoulders. They were indicative of finality. The governor passed his hands through his hair. In the half light of the afternoon his face was gaunt and drawn.

"There is nothing we can do *monsieur le docteur?*"

Dr. Boulanger did not reply at once.

"There may be a chance, a slight chance, *monsieur le gouverneur*. An operation may save her life."

"Then operate doctor. Operate."

"But *monsieur le gouverneur*, I am no surgeon. It would be foolish for me to attempt it. Worse than foolish. If we had a surgeon here we might save her."

"How long do you think she can live, doctor?"

The doctor shook his head.

"A day maybe. A few hours. Perhaps a week. There is no telling."

"A week you said?" The governor was lost in contemplation. He stroked his chin. Then he was all action. He pulled a bell cord hanging from the wall. A faint tinkle could be heard in some distant part of the house. There was the noise of running feet. A man stood in the doorway.

"Yes *monsieur le gouverneur*. You called?"

"Quickly, Louis. When does the *Belle Isle* leave Montreal?"

The man called Louis was lost in contemplation.

"Today, monsieur. I believe. She left this morning."

The governor groaned.

"Too late. Name of a name, too late!"

The servant walked to a desk in the room. He opened a drawer, took out a leaflet—a steamship timetable. He scanned it hurriedly, then raised his head.

"No, *monsieur le gouverneur*. I am mistaken. She sails today at midnight."

The governor snatched the leaflet from the man's hand. He in turn glanced at the printed column.

"Look *monsieur le docteur!*" the governor exclaimed holding the leaflet so the doctor could read. "We may still be in time."

Dr. Boulanger did not even glance at the leaflet. He ran to the governor's desk. He wrote hurriedly for a moment or so.

"Take this to the Western Union, Louis. Quickly."

THE S.S. *Belle Isle* nosed down the St. Lawrence. The pilot had been dropped at Father Point. It was nasty weather. Not a breath of wind. The river rose and fell in a long swell. The steamer plunged heavily into the sea. She was deeply loaded. Fifty thousand cases of Scotch whisky, a thousand drums of fuel oil and fifty sacks of mail for St. Pierre. She wallowed in the trough as if in distress. A dense fog shrouded the sea. The *Belle Isle* had little more than headway. Captain Deslauriers was navigating with extreme caution. From the bridge he could not see the nose of his ship. The fog cut off any view onward from the forward hatches. Every few minutes or so the *Belle Isle's* foghorn wailed a deafening blast. Captain Deslauriers, shrouded in his oilskins, paced the navigating bridge. It would be a dirty trip. Little or no sleep for him. For three, four, maybe five days he would be compelled to stay on the bridge. If the fog was like this in the St. Lawrence it would be thick as pea soup in the Gulf and on the Grand Banks. Rotten luck. He didn't like it.

An hour before sailing he had received his final orders. "Make St. Pierre as quickly as possible. If necessary, under forced draught." The owners of the *Belle Isle* had a contract with the French Government. The *Belle Isle* carried mail from Montreal to St. Pierre. The wife of the governor of St. Pierre was dying. A famous surgeon from Montreal was on board. He had come on board at the last minute. He was going to St. Pierre to operate on the governor's wife in an attempt to save her life. The company wished to please the French authorities. Hence the order.

Captain Deslauriers was in a quandary. It would be sacrilege to push his ship forward in weather like this. He had passengers on board. He owed something to them. His own safety and that of his crew did not count for much. That was the law of the sea. The unwritten law but binding never-theless. The same law which forbade the captain to leave a sinking ship until the last of his crew were safe.

The following morning the *Belle Isle* was in the Gulf. The fog was thicker. Cautiously Deslauriers pointed his ship's nose south-then east. He crept down the Gulf all that day. By nightfall she was in the Gut of Canso. The Gut was narrow. Within half a mile, on port or starboard was land. A swift current swept through the narrow channel. If he were out in few degrees on any point of the compass, ten minutes steaming would pile him high and dry. He could not reduce his speed. He had to increase it. The current ran at the rate of about five knots an hour. He had to counteract the current. The day wore on. He passed through the Strait of Canso the next morning. Then into the Atlantic. The *Belle Isle* swung north. She was far behind her schedule. She was in the open ocean now. Captain Deslauriers thought of his own wife safe at home, then he thought of the governor's wife. He pulled the speed indicator. The needle in the engine room swung to "full speed ahead." Captain Deslauriers called for his chief officer. Heads together they bent over the chart. They mapped out the course. He clapped the chief officer on the back. "I guess I'll turn in. Call me if you're stuck."

THE GOVERNOR of St. Pierre held a cable between his fingers. His hand shook. His face was ashen. For the last six days his wife had wavered between life and death. For the last six days the sisters at the convent had prayed for her.

Monsieur the doctor had said that it was a miracle. The *Belle Isle* had been far behind schedule. Held up by fog. She had just arrived. It was all little. He read the wireless. He had received it that morning a few short hours ago.

"Regret delay. *Belle Isle* held up by fog. Have to five miles off St. Pierre. Doctor Messier Montreal aboard. Absolutely impossible make port. Fog too thick. Dare not take chance. Regrets. Deslauriers."

He had sent for Joseph Eloquin. He and Gustave Bonfils were the premier pilots in St. Pierre. The only pilots to whom the steamship companies would entrust their ships. The other pilots and fishermen were good enough for the rum runners. Eloquin and Bonfils were the only capable ones.

Eloquin had flatly refused to go. He did not know where the *Belle Isle* lay. The seas were mountainous. The "pell-mell" would never live in such weather. He had a wife and children. He was sorry.

The governor did not urge him. He felt the wisdom of his remarks. The governor never thought of Gustave Bonfils. He had sent the man to gaol. In St. Pierre that was a disgrace a man never lived down. The governor sat before his study fire. He was in a daze. The fire had turned to ashes. He was aroused by the rustling of a woman's dress. He did not turn. He was too weary, too despondent.

"*Monsieur le gouverneur!*" It was a woman's voice. The governor turned his head. Sadie Carnot stood near his desk. She did not wait for him to speak. "*Monsieur le gouverneur.* We heard the *Belle Isle* is lying off St. Pierre. Sister Ste. Rose sent me to find out why the doctor has not come."

"*Mademoiselle*, the doctor will not come. He cannot come."

"But why *monsieur le gouverneur?* I do not understand."

"It is too foggy, *mademoiselle*. The captain does not dare make port."

"And the pilots?"

"Ah, the pilots. I cannot ask Eloquin to go, *mademoiselle*. He has a wife and children."

"But, but—" Mademoiselle Carnot blushed then continued. "But what is the matter with Gustave Bonfils?"

"I cannot ask him to go, *mademoiselle*. I cannot expect him to go. I have just sentenced him to gaol."

"But, *monsieur le gouverneur!* A life—your wife's life." She hesitated all confusion then continued. "Two lives are at stake."

"Do you think he would go?"

"Do I think he would go! Why *monsieur le gouverneur*, I do not know him well, but—" she laughed somewhat merrily—"I'm certain Gustave Bonfils would do anything. Sit down *monsieur*, and write me a pardon. Quickly."

The governor hesitated for a moment then did her bidding. Sadie Carnot tucked the paper in her bodice. She left Government House and walked quickly in the direction of the gaol.

GUSTAVE BONFILS coasted down the trough of the sea. Then he commenced to climb. Up—up—up! A fraction of a second passed on the wave crest a swift descent into a green void then the process was repeated all over again. The seas, flecked with foam, resembled a series of valleys and mountains. Mountains endowed with life. Hills that moved menacingly to engulf one. The "pell-mell" always seemed to slide away in time. Just in time. Another second and tons of water would have smashed the craft to matchwood. It was a game of hide and seek. It was all or relent-less. The man and the small motorboat resembled a stag, the seas a pack of hounds in pursuit. A pack of hounds whose muzzles dripped foam. A pack of hungry, maddened animals whose bay was a deafening continuous roar. Above it all the long lining like a pall. The fog and the seas intermingled. They seemed to be interwoven.

Gustave Bonfils stood in the stern of his "pell-mell." The one-cylinder motor put-put-putted in perfect rhythm. From where he stood he could see the propeller whipping the brine to a foam in the propeller box. The seas towered above him on either side. The fog cloaked him in a shroud. He swayed lightly with the motion of the boat. One hand was on the tiller. In the other he held a tin horn. From time to time he raised the horn to his lips. He blew a blast. Only the seas with a snarl answered him.

For hours he had held his course due west. That had not brought him any result. Now he was moving in a wide circle. It was dangerous work. He was not always meeting the seas head on. Every once in a while a wave caught him broadside. The small boat spun like a top. The propeller whirled in the air. A quick swing of the tiller pulled the boat into the sea. A second of suspense and then the "pell-mell" slid down the long green hill to the valley below.

He had almost abandoned the quest. He was tired. Chilled to the bone. The quest for the *Belle Isle* had not been so easy. How a girl could pull a man around her finger! A week or so ago she had ripped his lace. He had fought with Paul Gaspard over her. Had almost killed him. Had been locked in gaol for that. Disgraced. Then a few short hours ago she had come to him. Asked him to go out and bring in the *Belle Isle*. No one else would go. The governor's wife was dying. There was a surgeon from Montreal on board who had come to try to save her. He had gone. He knew it was suicidal. What matter? He couldn't help thinking of Sadie Carnot. She had such

To save teeth you must fight film

DAY BY DAY film endangered their tooth. Day by day film was allowed to accumulate. Particles of food caught in its sticky wall became in turn the breeding place for thousands of germs of decay. Hourly these germs did their work. Finally film won. And another tooth was doomed to come out!

What is this film?

What is this film that robs us of our teeth? A slippery, sticky coating formed by the *mucin* in saliva. It stains teeth yellow. It catches bits of food which soon decay. Yes, but that is not all! Film contains millions of tiny germs.

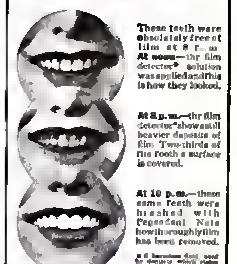
Some are cocci shaped, grouped in clusters. These are *decay* germs. As they live they give off *Ferzymes* that produce lactic acid. This lactic acid dissolves tooth enamel just as other acids eat holes in wood or cloth.

Other germs are linked with "trench mouth"—still others with pyorrhea.

"What must I do to fight film?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because a tooth paste is only as good as its polishing material—not one bit better. The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as polishing materials in common use has gained wide recognition. Remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use it without fail twice every day and see your dentist at least twice a year.

See how rapidly film forms on teeth



These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 p.m. At noon—by film detector* solution was applied and film by film they looked.

At 8 p.m.—the film detector showed a heavier deposit of film. Two-thirds of the tooth surface is covered.

At 10 p.m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

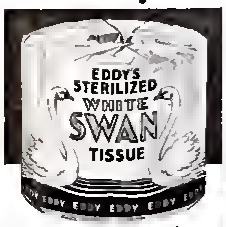
* A film detector dissolves film so that it can be seen and felt. Ask your druggist for one.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE IS MADE IN CANADA

Safer

because they're Sterilized



Economical . . .

because there are more sheets per roll

Eddy's Toilet Tissues are produced under conditions which ensure safety. Made from the finest logwoods and with water which has been thoroughly filtered and sterilized, they are clean, germ-free and chemically pure.

Eddy's Toilet Tissues are available in three grades. "*White Swan*" rolls contain 750 sheets of soft, snow white tissue, in a dust-proof wrapper. White Swan is also made in "Recess" size for built-in fixtures. "*Dreadnought*" rolls contain 7 ounces of creped tissue, and "*Navy*" rolls contain 700 sheets of soft, sanitary paper.

Sold by druggists, grocers and departmental stores everywhere

Made in Canada

EDDY'S

Sterilized

PAPER PRODUCTS

The E. B. Eddy Company Limited
HULL, P.Q.

pretty eyes and possessed such white teeth.

Gustave Bonfils shook his head. What foolish thoughts! He had to find the *Belle Isle*. He just had to find her. That was all. The governor's wife was dying. He knew that wasn't the reason. It was Sadie Carnot. He had to find the steamship and bring her in. The latter would be easy. Finding her was the difficult task.

Then he heard it. Far away in the fog. A long dismal moan. Gustave swung his boat's head in the direction of the sound. He held the course for ten minutes. There it was again. For another ten minutes he held the same course. He heard it somewhat clearer. He raised his tin horn to his lips and blew. He shut his motor off and listened. Once more the sound came to him through the fog. He leaned over the engine. Pushed the switch in. Gave the fly wheel a turn. He put-putted in the direction of the *Belle Isle*.

OLD EUGENE CARNOT was quite happy. He was perfectly contented. Father Chardron had just finished the baptismal ceremony. Gustave Bonfils, the younger, was not as contented. He had screamed somewhat shrilly when Father Chardron had poured the holy water on him. He should have been quite proud. *Monsieur le gouverneur* and his lady were his godfather and godmother. The governor leaned over to *monsieur* Carnot. He whispered in his ear:

"Our little Sadie and your young Gustave would make a fine couple!"

Yes, *monsieur* Eugene Carnot was very happy.

Montville Boy Makes Good

Continued from page 19

were making as much noise among themselves as all the rest of the spectators. There had been no little amusement when they came trooping to their seats, and a wave of laughter when that proud banner had been unfolded to reveal its inscription, "*Vive* Montville." But the "millionaires"—those haughty leather-lunged occupants of the cheaper seats—had recognized hundred souls. They had paused for a moment in their chant of "*Les Canadiens sont là*" and burst into a hearty roar of welcome:

"*Vive* Montville!"

And Oscar Plouffe, rising, cupped his hands to his mouth, filled his lungs and bellowed:

"*Vive* Touchette!"

Whereupon the "millionaires," without the faintest idea of what he meant, howled courteously the echo:

"*Vive* Touchette!"

Programmes were fluttering like thousands of tiny flags. Touchette? Who was Touchette? A gentleman in a beaver coat appealed to Plouffe across the aisle.

"Pardon sir but who is Touchette?"

Plouffe beamed on him.

"A son of Montville, sir. We are his townsfolk. He is playing tonight as a substitute on the right wing and permit me to tell you sir that it will not be long—"

"That is strange," interrupted the gentleman. "I do not find his name on the programme."

Oscar Plouffe, who had been too busy to look at the programme which was to be a souvenir of an occasion that would shine in the history of Montville, whisked it from his pocket. He looked. He frowned. Then, with a jaunty air he shrugged:

"It is doubtless a mistake of the printer."

BUT it was not, unfortunately, a mistake of the printer.

When the red-shirted Canadiens skated out on to the ice, Montville let loose a roar of welcome and eagerly scanned the skimming figures seeking the sturdy, bullet-headed Touchette. But in vain.

Touchette was not with the team. He was not on the ice. Montville took refuge in excuses. Touchette was late. Touchette would appear presently. But everyone was puzzled, disappointed, apprehensive. And when the game began with Adelard Touchette neither on the ice nor in the players' box, gloom settled down upon the delegation from Montville.

"But what has happened?" demanded Mayor Lillivert. "We come to see Touchette. Where is Touchette?"

"Yes," piped Adolphus Tantivy. "Oscar Plouffe has arranged this excursion at great expense to us all. It is incredible. I am stunned. We are all made to look ridiculous. Where is Touchette? And where, in fact, is Oscar Plouffe?"

Oscar Plouffe had deserted his delegation in this black hour. The game began and Montville regarded it sourly. The rink roared with cheers for the fleet Canadiens, rang with anathemas against the redoubtable M. Shore and his Boston crew, but there was not so much as a peep out of the glum little group from Montville.

But Oscar Plouffe had gone into action. A little pale, a little shaken, he was tugging at the elbow of a bored young man in the press box.

"Sir—I beg your pardon—a little information—it is about Touchette—Adelard Touchette—is he ill?"

The bored young man looked at him.

"It tell the world," he said. "He's about the sickest kid in Montreal right now."

"Is it—is it serious?" spluttered Plouffe.

"Well, they're sending him back to Providence for a rest cure so he can get in shape to tackle Schmeling."

The bored young man looked languid and jotted a note on a pad as Morenz streaked down the ice like a hawk from the skies, split the defense, drew out the Boston goalie and slammed the puck into the net. The Forum exploded. After a while Plouffe was able to make himself heard.

"Rest cure? Schmeling?"

"You'll find Touchette in the dressing room. He socked the couch on the nose before he ever got a workout. I think he's a mental case myself. Goofy as a gopher."

This, as the ghastly truth sank in, was probably the blackest moment of Oscar Plouffe's life. He had organized this excursion, he had brought the people of Montville a hundred miles to Montreal—and Touchette was not to play for the Canadiens after all. The young dolt had socked the couch on the nose and was to be sent back to Providence in disgrace! The great excursion had been for nothing.

"We shall see," muttered Plouffe.

Doors never remain closed to Oscar Plouffe. How he obtained access to the dressing room, how he contrived to confront the wretched Touchette who sat in lonesome misery beside a water bucket, how he learned the story of Touchette's downfall is a matter best known to himself.

"It was a joke, M. Plouffe," muttered the culprit. "I have been a fool. I am ruined."

"A joke? You struck the couch on the nose as a joke? You have a strange sense of humor," said Plouffe gravely.

"They play jokes on most young fellows when they join the team," explained Touchette. He was more rugged, more thickset than Plouffe had remembered him, but there were still freckles on his nose. "The players said to me: 'Be on your guard against a big fellow who will try to make a fool of you. It is his practice to tell new men that he is the coach and to give them orders. Pay no attention to him. He is merely a loafer who has nothing to do with us.' So I resolved that this loafer would not make a fool of me. When he came into the dressing room and said 'Do this' and 'Do that,' I said: 'No, you big loafer, I shall take no advice from you.' And what with one word leading to the next one we both became excited and I hit him on the nose." Touchette groaned. "And he was the coach after all."

Plouffe shook his head thoughtfully as he regarded the despairing Touchette.

"There are more than a million people," he observed, "on the Island of Montreal. With so many to choose from—if you must hit people on the nose—hah! Well, it is necessary that there be action immediately. Montville must not be disappointed."

And he bustled away.

THE FIRST PERIOD was over. The Canadiens were leading by two goals, the loudspeakers were belching sweet music, the Forum was echoing with the great hollow roar of the crowd, and the citizens of Montville were muttering with wrath.

"Where," demanded Adolphus Tantivy, for the nineteenth time, "is Oscar Plouffe? He has made fools of us. Certainly an explanation is owing!"

"Such an expense, this journey," growled M. Tessier. "One can imagine how the people of Champeau will laugh when they hear of this."

Mayor Lillivert winced. The rival town of Champeau would never permit this catastrophe to be forgotten.

"One envies Gabriel Potvin," he said. "He had sufficient intelligence to remain at home and hear the game by radio, at no cost whatever."

As for Margot Trudel, she was trying to pretend that she had a cinder in her eye. The poor child was heartbroken.

Down in the office of the management of the Canadiens, the worthy Plouffe was under full steam. A fortunate meeting with an executive of a brewery with which the *Hotel Vendôme* did business had done the trick. An introduction in the right place, and now Plouffe was battling right nobly for Touchette for Montville.

"I have brought nearly two hundred people to this game. We have travelled a hundred miles. The affair has been managed at great expense, for we are not wealthy folk. We are assured by the newspapers that Touchette will play. And now we are disappointed. Gentlemen, I appeal to you, for the sake of my friends. If any of you come from a small town you will realize our emotions. As for Touchette, he assures me it was a mistake. He wishes to apologize—"

The coach, who was present, waved a negligent hand.

"That's okay," he said. "One of the boys told me all about it. They were ribbing the kid. I should have got wise. But you see, Mr. Plouffe, he took a poke at me. That's bad for discipline. Now, as a matter of fact, the kid isn't being sent back to Providence. We couldn't let him play tonight, but that was to throw a scare into him, teach him a lesson—"

"But the punishment!" said Plouffe. "falls upon these good people who have paid for their seats and travelled a hundred miles. The boy has had his lesson, I assure you. What harm will there be, when your team is already leading by two goals, to permit him to play for a little while? Gentlemen, on behalf of Montville—"

Oscar Plouffe can be very compelling at times. It is generally agreed in Montville that the hotel professor's gain was the legal profession's loss when Plouffe chose his life work.

Shortly before the beginning of the second period he puffed his way down the aisle back to his seat among the melancholy folk of Montville. But Plouffe was not melancholy. His round face glowed with triumph.

"M. Plouffe," yelped Adolphus Tantivy, "we have been waiting for an explanation. You have brought us here at great expense, on your solemn promise that Adelard Touchette would appear tonight with Les Canadiens. It is outrageous—"

"M. Tantivy," said Plouffe calmly, "my promise is never broken. Touchette will play. I have arranged it."

Montville gasped. Margot Trudel sat up.

Continued on page 37

GREATLY REDUCED IN PRICE

AC·THE QUALITY SPARK PLUG

AC Prices of AC spark plugs have been reduced greatly . . . 75c now buys the correct AC plug for any engine—the finest quality spark plug ever produced—the same AC spark plug that is chosen *above all others* by car company engineers for the majority of cars built today. Get a set of new AC's now, at the lowest price in history for any spark plug that carries car-maker endorsement. Dealers everywhere sell and install AC spark plugs.

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY · ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

· MADE IN CANADA ·

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF SORE THROAT — LISTERINE!

When your throat feels tight, "itchy," or sore, gargle with full strength Listerine every two hours.

You will be delighted to find how often such pleasant treatment brings relief.

Listerine cleanses the inflamed tissues and kills germs clinging to them.

Harsh mouth washes, so powerful they may irritate tissue, should be avoided in the treatment of throat trouble, since they aggravate the condition rather than improve it.

Simple sore throat is often one of the symptoms of a cold. It is Nature's warning that the germs that cause or accompany a cold have entered through the mouth and lodged in the throat prior to traveling upward to the nose and head passages.

Gargle twice a day for Colds

If you would fight colds, gargle with full strength Listerine twice a day. As you know, many colds are caused by germs multiplying by millions in the mouth and throat. When Listerine comes in contact with such germs, it kills them outright. A reduction of bacteria ranging up to 99% has been shown by tests.

Scientifically conducted experiments have shown that those who gargled with full strength Listerine twice a day did not catch cold as frequently as those who did not gargle with it. Such findings are corroborated by the experience of tens of thousands of men, women, and children.

Moreover, Listerine, used at two-hour intervals, will often check a cold and keep it from becoming serious. Such results are due to the fact that, while Listerine kills germs, it does not irritate tissue. Remember that factor of safety when purchasing a mouth wash. Lambert Pharmacal Co., Toronto, Can.

Effective and SAFE GERMICIDAL YET NON-IRRITATING

PRODUCED IN CANADA

Continued from page 34

eyes shining, cheeks glowing. *Grandpère* Poupet uttered a shrill cheer. Clamor broke forth.

What a man!

And now the second period got under way. Sticks clashed, the players skimmed over the ice sheet like swallows, the crowd howled, goalies leaped and slid, the puck sped lighter and thitter, men crashed to the ice. Boston attacked furiously. The Canadiens defended their net stoutly. And at last, during an offside face-off, when three of the Canadiens trudged off the ice for a rest, a sturdy bullet headed youth in a red sweater leaped eagerly out on to the ice and skated over to his position at right wing.

The great banner was raised on high.

"*Vive* Montville!" they roared.

Grandpère Poupet brandished his cane.

"*Vive* Touchette!" bellowed Oscar Plouffe. It was a small sea of sheer bedlam. And as these doughty "millionaires" realized the situation, they rose to their feet and welcomed the newcomer with a roar.

"Vive Touchette!"

Margot Trudel flung her arms about her father's neck, half strangling him, and wept with excitement and joy.

"Let go! Let go, *ma petite!*" he begged. "They are playing. I cannot see."

Great was Montville's pride in that glorious moment as young Adelard Touchette took his place with the elect of the hockey world. And as the puck was faced off, young Touchette beamed with pleasure. He waved toward his townsfolk eagerly, he sought the pretty face of Margot Trudel.

WHAM!

The puck dropped to the ice. The centres battled for it, the disc flew across to the grinning Touchette's feet and found him all unprepared. A Boston forward swept in with the speed of a runaway locomotive. Touchette woke up, made a feeble stab at the spinning rubber, missed, danced wildly for a second, and then sat squarely and ingloriously upon the ice.

No more inglorious début could be imagined!

And how the crowd laughed. There was a veritable thunderclap of mirth. That little sleyslance of Touchette's, terminating in his undignified downfall, could not have been bettered by the most acrobatic comedian of the movies. Coming so close upon his great reception, it had the essential virtue of contrast. It was sublime. It set the mob into hysterics. They choked, they yelled, they wept, they laughed.

The laughter, however, was mercifully brief. For the Boston forward who had made Touchette look so ridiculous had sailed in to make Hainsworth jump like a jack rabbit to block a burning drive. And in the next instant the Boston forwards were buzzing around the cage. The Canadiens, perhaps a little shaken, a little upset by Touchette's humiliation, and the unholy explosion of laughter, were forced back. Players were piled in a heap around the net. The red light flashed.

A Boston goal!

Oscar Plouffe sat down, breathing heavily. He felt ill. All Montville felt ill. All except *Grandpère* Poupet, who yelled like a veritable redskin, under the impression that Touchette had inaugurated his big-league career by scoring a goal against Boston. No one took the trouble to enlighten him.

"Well, sighed Plouffe hopefully, perhaps he will do better next time."

But Touchette did not do better next time. Not satisfied with making himself ridiculous before thousands of people that miserable youth skittishly proceeded to humiliate Montville.

Many looking had passed through the hands of the coach, and he had not benched Touchette instantly. He would give the boy a chance. But the temperament of Adelard Touchette was of a sensitive nature. Laughter, ridicule, the terrible knowledge that he was to blame for that Boston goal, shattered his confidence, broke his morale, left him a shivering wreck.

Stage fright!

He took a pass at his own blue line and stumbled away with the puck. He faltered, lost the disc, regained it, plunged on down the ice until he met the oncoming Boston wing. Touchette was rattled. He should have passed the puck, to his uncovered centre. He tried to evade the wing clumsily. The puck was taken from him and another Boston rush was on. The Boston forward was sent flying on his ear at the defense but that didn't help Touchette.

Again, the Canadiens took advantage of a penalty to launch an attack. They swarmed back of the Boston blue line. Touchette plunged valiantly and foolishly into a mob of struggling players, and emerged like a disorderly customer from a tavern. He packed himself up from the ice not in front of the Boston goal and then—miracle of miracles—the puck came skimming out of the mêlée.

It clicked smartly against his stick. The goalie was lying sprawled in the net. The pride of Montville gaped. He looked at the puck, he looked at the goal. The crowd shrieked.

In the nick of time with two Boston players plunging toward him, with the goalie scrambling desperately to his feet, Touchette realized that destiny had presented him with the opportunity of a lifetime. Hastily he shot—and sliced the puck ten feet over the net into the back screen!

Oscar Plouffe, utterly crushed, buried his face in his hands.

Margot Trudel wept openly.

Montville groaned unanimously.

The cheers of the crowd changed to howls of exasperation.

Touchette was benched.

And Oscar Plouffe, with bent shoulders, muttered desolately to himself: "I shall never live this down—no, not in three hundred years."

A few minutes later Boston tied the score. The name of Adelard Touchette was a byword and a hissing in the Forum. People looked at the delegation from Montville as if to say: "So this is the breed that produces such unspeakable dolts as that Touchette!" No one dared hold up that once-proud banner, but everyone wished heartily that the thing was out of sight.

At the end of the second period Oscar Plouffe disappeared very rapidly.

THEY had paid for their seats, and the train did not leave until midnight in any case, so the delegation from Montville remained for the third period. But if ever an excursion party radiated dejection, gloom and downright despondency... it was that lugubrious group. They came they saw, they were humiliated. They were not cheered by certain rabid enquiries from humorous folk wanting to know if Montville had other natural resources aside from hockey players.

What did it matter to Montville that the Forum had not seen such hockey all season as the hockey that raged in that final period? Boston had come from behind to tie the score, and the teams battled furiously to break the deadlock. Swift stirring rushes down the ice, grim, hard-fought defense play, crashing body checks, electrifying scrambles around the nets—the period hit a terrific pace from the outset. The Montville folk regarded the spectacle without enthusiasm.

Oscar Plouffe his fat face a little anxious but by no means as gloomy as the occasion warranted, sat beside Margot Trudel. He patted her shoulder.

"There is yet a chance," he said consoling her. "I had a little talk with our young friend. And with the coach. He is not a bad fellow, that coach. Perhaps even yet..."

But the minutes went on. The teams played themselves into exhaustion. The score remained tied. Adelard Touchette remained on the bench. Adolphus Tantivy audibly expressed the opinion that he would do well to crawl under it.

And then suddenly, the miracle! With two of his players suffering injuries, with others sagging with exhaustion, the coach gave Touchette another chance. With five minutes to go, he leaped out on to the ice, his jaw set, his mouth grim, without a glance at the crowd. No, there was no stage fright about Touchette now. He had eyes for only one man in the rink had that man was the Boston goalkeeper.

Montville gasped. Montville surged with new hope. Montville saw Touchette take a pass, they saw him heading manfully toward the Boston net. Fresh and eager, deaf to the roars of the crowd, he sped to the blue line like a whirlwind, evading his weary check, racing in on the Boston defense. He headed toward that goal as if the defense did not exist. Hitchman stepped squarely in his path. Down went Touchette, spread-eagled on the ice. Up he came again, whirled round into a corner and stole the puck from under the very nose of a Boston player. Out he came again, doggedly, with one purpose in his mind. He sidestepped, swooped in... He shot!

PITY the Boston goalie. No one could have followed the course of that puck. No one could have seen it. One cannot see a bullet in flight. Fortunate indeed for the goalkeeper that he jumped the wrong way in a foolhardy attempt to stop that terrific drive for the puck would assuredly have gone right through him.

But yes! Do you not understand? Touchette scored.

Not only that, but while the rink was still thunderous with acclaim, while the good folks of Montville were shrieking deliriously, while the game had still a minute to go, he took the puck from back of the Canadien net, raced down the ice at 100 miles an hour, split the defense and let loose another of those wicked, those incredible shots that seemed impelled by dynamite rather than by human arms and wrists—a shot that would have knocked the goalie's head right off his shoulders if it had not fortunately missed him and whizzed into the net. Ah, magnificent was Touchette! The crowd turned a collective back somersault, drew in its breath and then let loose a spontaneous roar of joy that was heard—one understands on excellent authority—as far away as Dominion Square.

And, blandly smiling upon the mob of howling maniacs that had once been a dejected delegation from Montville, with Margot Trudel clinging to his neck, with *Grandpère* Poupet pounding somebody's bowler hat into wreckage with his cane, blandly smiling, I say stood Oscar Plouffe.

For it was Oscar Plouffe you must understand who had made this triumph possible. A great psychologist that Plouffe. A man of deep understanding and infinite resource. Stage fright? There is a cure for that. Give the victim something else to think about. But Oscar Plouffe's part in that affair was not realized until some time afterward, when Adelard Touchette, the hero of the hour, came striding up to his admiring townsfolk. He paid scant attention to their rapturous acclaim. Grimly he sought out that pretty Margot Trudel.

"Now," he said fiercely, "perhaps you will cheer for him again."

Margot stared at him, uncomprehending.

"Cheer for him? For whom, Adelard?"

"For the Boston goalkeeper!"

"But I do not understand," faltered Margot. "Never did I cheer for him."

"I know all!" declared Touchette dramatically. "When M. Plouffe came to me at the end of the second period and told me that the people of Montville were disappointed in me, I said to him: 'And Margot, is she disappointed, too?' He laughed. 'You have not heard them?' he said. 'You have not heard that the Boston goalkeeper spent the summer near Montville? Of all your old friends, she is the only one who tonight cheers for Boston!'"

Touchette glared at her.

"So you would cheer for him, ha?" he said. "You have wasted your breath tonight, my fine young lady."

Margot gasped.

"But, Adelard! The Boston goalkeeper—I do not know his name. I never saw him in my life! Why, M. Plouffe himself can tell you..."

But Oscar Plouffe had discreetly disappeared. *The End*

SO ASHAMED OF MY SHABBY RUGS!

But WHY LET RUGS WEAR OUT?

**Genuine Ozite will save them!*

Rugs *always* wear out just where it's most embarrassing! Bald spots appear in front of favorite chairs or near doors—right where everyone can see them!

But it is easy to *prevent* these spots if you act now. Simply lay your rugs over Ozite Rug Cushions. You'll eliminate signs of wear for many, many years to come! And you'll give your rugs a quiet softness that is positively thrilling... All without costing you a penny, because Ozite more than *saves* its own low price.

*Some imitations may down into lumps and HURT rugs! Insist on *genuine* Ozite. Write in Canada: SHUTTLEWORTH, OZONIZED GLASS, ANTI-TB SATISFY.

Ozite RUG CUSHION

Look for the name Ozite impressed on every cushion

OZITE PRODUCTS CO., LTD.
121 Collin St., St. Jerome, Quebec
I have sent me FREE a small sample of OZITE Rug Cushion. Also send free booklet "Facts You Should Know About the Care of Rugs and Carpets."

Name
Address
City Province

INSIST ON ASPIRIN

Because ...

Anyone can take Aspirin—as often as there is any need—for it is perfectly *safe*.

Aspirin tablets will not depress the heart.

They dissolve so rapidly that you get amazingly quick relief from the pain.

They dissolve completely; leaving no coarse particles to irritate your throat or stomach.

No disagreeable taste or odor to these tablets; and no unpleasant after effects. Why experiment with other remedies, or other forms of relief when you've a headache, a cold, neuralgia, neuritis, or rheumatism?

Tablets Aspirin

Aspirin is a trademark registered in Canada.

Avalanche

Continued from page 22

After a hundred yards the accumulated mass, weighing untold tons, was sweeping all before it leaving an ever widening strip of white clean granite

THE MIGHT of the avalanche was gargantuan. When it struck the giant cedars on the lower slopes it hurled them down like hay before a scythe. The huge trunks were wrenched and twisted and splintered the pieces ground by great boulders to stovewood size.

Eric Ware knew all this, and he pressed against the wheel as if his strength might increase the gas boat's speed. He pressed with his whole weight but he looked backward.

Marion Bruce could only guess what was happening above the clouds and knowledge was not necessary. The inlet was crammed with thunder now. The roar of it was so tremendous that the cataclysmic nature of the avalanche was broken into her senses.

But she did not look upward. She stared at the still, stricken figure of Taylor Hughes beneath the cliff, and wondered whether chance or unfathomable design had answered his act of the previous night. She wondered if this measureless might had been unleashed to save Eric Ware from himself to save their happiness. She even marvelled that she could think at all in the presence of such inexorable force.

Taylor Hughes remained motionless, staring upward and then it seemed that the very rock itself had crushed him. He flung himself upon the ground. Marion could see him grovel. He beat the earth with his fists. He grasped brush and shook it. The appalling roar reached a culmination and was redoubled.

It held Eric and Marion motionless and speechless, that unbelievably tremendous sound and as they stared as the thunder shook the very sea it seemed that the mountain itself had burst through the clouds directly above Taylor Hughes.

Cedars 200 feet high were engulfed by an overwhelming mass of rock and earth and snow. They were wrenched to slivers and ground to bits by the incalculable force and their fragments became part of the ceaseless wave. Taylor Hughes, a mite beneath that surge, lay still.

Marion tore her gaze from the avalanche for an instant and saw only awe in Eric's expression. The savagery was gone and that unyielding stare. She looked back to the shore and beheld a miracle.

At the top of the little cliff the great bulk of earth and rock and snow and mangled trees split into two torrents. It reared and demanded passage but a granite spur of the mountain remained unshakable. The solid flood was parted directly above the still lady on the beach and two streams roared on into the sea.

The gas boat was now well out. Marion and Eric knew they were safe. A great cloud of snow veiled the foot of the mountain. The gas boat kept on with wide open throttle.

Out from the snow cloud swept a wall of water. Its crest was piled high with twisted tree trunks and branches. Eric watched it.

The debris fell behind and the great wave rolled toward them. Eric spun the wheel turned the bow to meet it.

The little craft reared and lunged over the crest fell into the trough beyond. It reared again on a smaller wave. Eric closed the throttle. The snow cloud settled and revealed a clean mountainside white and bare. It revealed a great mass of debris rising and falling on the swell, and already beginning to disintegrate and spread out.

And on shore it revealed Taylor Hughes, still lying beneath the cliff, still motionless.

The barking of the motor made itself heard in a deathly silence. Again Marion looked at Eric. His face was washed clean of harshness and violence. Beyond him less than a mile away was the *Faraway* coming toward them up the inlet.

Eric looked when she pointed then opened the throttle slightly and the gas boat started toward the beach. Carefully it worked a way through the mangled trees. Eric stepped out on a rock, made the bow line fast helped Marion ashore. Together they climbed to where Taylor Hughes lay face down.

"Are you hurt?" Eric asked.

Hughes did not answer. Eric turned him over and a white face showed behind a black stubble of beard. Eric walked back to the beach filled his sea wester with water and dashed it over Hughes' face.

The man gasped and opened his eyes. The eyes stared wildly and they did not see. His entire body trembled. Eric lifted him to his feet.

"The *Faraway* is coming," the bootlegger said. "I'll put you aboard."

ALL THREE started down to the beach. Still Hughes did not see Marion or Eric. He walked in a trance. His knees shook his hands trembled violently.

"Has he gone mad?" Marion whispered.

"Just scared," Eric answered. "He'll be sane, saner perhaps than he ever was before."

They walked on to the gas boat. Hughes stumbling between them.

"I would have killed him," Eric said. "Just killed him. Jeff Thatcher's Almighty saved him and me and handled the job more beautifully."

He helped the trembling man aboard then turned and looked at Marion.

"I'll never forget this, Marion Bruce," he said. "Never."

They threaded slowly through the wreckage and came alongside the *Faraway*.

"What's been happening?" two men demanded together as they leaned over the rail.

"A chunk of mountain tumbled into the salt chuck," Eric answered. "Just missed your owner."

"Hit the log boom and the shack, eh?"

"No, I took them away. Why did you leave last night?"

"The old man told us to. Said he'd stay with you. Said you were afraid to have the yacht tied to the boom. Said it might tear the boom loose."

Eric looked at Taylor Hughes. The yachtsman's eyes told that he understood but he did not speak.

"Yes, you might have torn as loose," Eric said quietly. "I guess that's all. Get aboard Hughes."

Hughes wavered. His slack lips stiffened, as if he would speak but no words came. Marion had never seen a man so completely broken. He did not look at her, and after a moment his trembling legs took him up the accommodation steps.

"Look like you'd been to hell and back," the *Faraway's* engineer gasped.

"Where to now?" another man asked.

Hughes did not answer but stumbled away to the deck house.

"Seattle," Eric Ware said.

The yacht drew away and soon was fleeing down the inlet. Eric and Marion watched it in silence for a while. At last the bootlegger kicked in the clutch and the gas boat followed. The *Faraway* turned a point after a few minutes. Because of its greater speed and the twists in the mountain-walled inlet, they did not see it again.

Marion stood on the afterdeck behind Eric. She looked back to where the debris of the avalanche littered the sea and to where the raw wound stood out white on the mountainside. The sea stretched on past the entrance to Secret Inlet. Clouds still formed a low roof. The big inlet was like a tunnel grey and desolate and threatening.

But when the gas boat chugged around the point she found the clouds were higher and lighter. Suddenly the sun found a hole and struck through to the sombre green of the forest. A waterfall leaped from the edge of a cliff and shattered itself to billowing vapor in the drop to the sea. The sun found another hole, and picked out the little birthday-cake island the *Faraway* had passed the previous summer, when Marion was alone in the wheelhouse with Taylor Hughes.

She looked at Eric. He stood at the wheel. His shoulders were stooped a little. His head had swung forward. His whole body lacked that expression of vigor and competence.

"I want to learn to steer a boat," she said.

She looked up into his face her own aglow and she wormed her way between him and the wheel her back to it.

Eric stared at her.

"You mean—" he began.

"Silly!"

The word was unnecessary. Her eyes, her parted lips, the swift rush of breath told it all. Both Eric's hands came away from the spokes and he crushed her to him.

The power of the tide of a falling tree of a gale of an avalanche all became puny. She had always known it would be like this when it came. Her face was buried in a rough woollen shirt and the roughness thrilled her.

After a moment Marion saw from the corner of an eye that the gas boat was headed straight for the beach. She laughed happily and closed her eyes.

And after a moment one of the steel arms about her loosened, and she felt the wheel turn against her back. The shore swung away.

"Marion Bruce! Marion Bruce!" sounded in a husky whisper near one ear.

The End

The Waning Herds

Continued from page 24

Dumont asking Trottier to send some rum or alcohol. Alcohol was the only treatment they knew or had for smallpox. They wanted ten gallons.

It appears that after we separated from him Dumont had got into the camp of his father at Batoche where they had smallpox. Trottier came to me and said that since his house was not finished, he could not spare his time or that of his men to take the alcohol. My house was ready. He wondered if I would make the trip to Batoche a distance of forty miles which would take four days there and back. I agreed to go if my wife had no objection.

I started with the alcohol. My they were glad to see me! Some were recovering. Before I entered the camp, I took a big glass of liquor. That was what the doctors advised long ago. They said it would keep one from getting the disease.

The buffalo were disappearing fast and there was not much trading not enough to pay for our outfit. In the spring of 1873 I decided not to go back to Fort Garry but to Fort Qu'Appelle. So I came here to Lebret called after Pierre Lebret, a priest.

When we got here by love we found the people all starving. There was a scattered settlement here as there was around all the old Hudson's Bay posts, of about 400 or 500 people. They were hell breed hunters mostly. These settlers had nothing to eat but dried fish.

We had got word from the Hudson's Bay

Continued on page 40

All cars must someday give what CHRYSLER *gives today*

1933 CHRYSLER SIX SEDAN

DYNAMIC NEW CHRYSLERS FOR 1933 . . . A SPARKLING NEW SIX A SMART, LUXURIOUS NEW ROYAL EIGHT . . . . TWO GREAT NEW IMPERIAL EIGHTS . . . . MASTERPIECES OF BEAUTY AND ACTION . . . . BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENTS IN VALUE

All cars must some day give what Chrysler gives today

Chrysler's advanced engineering gives you NOW the performance, beauty, smoothness and value that others hope some day to equal.

For all cars must some day give that sparkling performance that only Chrysler has today. A way must be found to match Chrysler's flashing acceleration . . . Chrysler's breath-taking speed . . . and the incomparable smoothness of Chrysler's celebrated patented Floating Power engine mountings.

All cars must some provide the safety Chrysler gives today . . . the safety of Chrysler's all-steel insulated bodies and low centre of gravity; of Chrysler's matchless hydraulic brakes—always equalized, always sure; of Chrysler's steadiness and controllability, of Chrysler's double protection safety glass windshields.

All cars must sometime match the practical benefits of Chrysler's hard steel alloy valve seats that insure proper sealing of compression and greatly reduce valve grinding . . . Chrysler's silent-proof Oilite springs that never need lubrication . . . Chrysler's All-Silent transmissions—silent in first and reverse as well as second and high . . . Chrysler's T-slot pistons which will literally outwear the average car . . . Chrysler's Automatic Clutch and Free Wheeling.

Yes, all cars must some day give what Chrysler gives today. But NOW, you can enjoy all these extra advantages and value features only in a Chrysler.

Everywhere you hear that the new Chryslers have stolen a march on the whole industry for value. That's another big reason for seeing them, driving them . . . and *being happier by owning a Chrysler* . . . NOW!

CHRYSLER

THE SYMBOL OF GREAT ENGINEERING

1933 Chrysler Six 83 horsepower 117-inch wheelbase, six body types, $1065 to $1450. 1933 Royal Eight 90 horsepower 118-inch wheelbase five body types $1320 to $1670. 1933 Imperial Eight 108 horsepower 136-inch wheelbase five body types, $1940 to $2210. 1933 Custom Imperial 115 horsepower, 146-inch wheelbase six body types, prices on request. All prices f.o.b. factory, Windsor Ont. freight and taxes extra.

HANDI-TAPE WINS!

Thousands of doctors, nurses, housewives, vote for this new, ready-to-use, band-age for cuts, burns, blisters

● Old fashioned, home-made bandages, for cuts, burns and blisters, are as out-of-date as the horse and buggy. The new intelligent way to protect these small wounds (that might develop dangerous infection if not protected)—is with Handi-Tape.

When you have a cut or burn, you want quick action. That means Handi-Tape. Put on in a jiffy—with one hand in half a moment. Yet it looks like a surgeon's job. Neat, good-looking, healing.

Handi-Tape is ready to use—complete—the 3-in-1 bandage (tape, gauze, either borated or mercurochrome-treated). Now a first-aid convenience that positively should be in every home. (Medicine cabinet, kitchen shelf, garage, golf bag, work bench). Especially useful for children's little wounds.

At your druggists or department stores. Generous box 25c. Or send coupon for free sample.

Made by Bauer & Black, famous surgical dressings house.

TRIAL PACKAGE COUPON

Mail this coupon to Bauer & Black Limited, 101 Spadina Ave., Toronto, for free sample of Handi-Tape.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *Prov* .....

Continued from page 38

Company post at Fort Qu'Appelle, from Isaac Cowie—clerk in charge of the post while the chief factor, Archibald MacDonald, was at Fort Ellice—that no furs brought in from the West were to be taken to Fort Garry. They were afraid smallpox would be carried in the furs.

Well, I had some fine robes. I think I had about seventy buffalo robes and about $200 worth of small furs. Charles Trottier, refusing to believe that the brigades had been forbidden to go to Fort Garry, decided to leave his family at Lebret and go on. I asked him if he would buy and take my furs. They were good furs and I did not want them on my hands. I agreed to let him have the buffalo robes for $5 apiece and the other furs for $150. He was willing to do this, but said that he would not be able to pay me until he came back. I knew he was good for it, so I was satisfied.

I stayed at Lebret for two weeks, then started for the plains again to hunt buffalo and buy up dried meat and pemmican. It was a good trip. I came back to Fort Qu'Appelle with ten carts loaded right up with as much meat as the horses could draw. I had travelled over the plains in the direction of Cypress Hills and Wood Mountain. I sold all those provisions to Cowie for $1,200. At that time meat did not fetch a very good price.

I came back to my camp at Lebret—it was down where the graveyard is now, on the southeast quarter of Lebret cemetery—and asked my wife if she would be willing to go on ahead to our wintering place at Round Plain while I went to Fort Garry for supplies. It was now the beginning of August. My wife started for Round Plain and I for Fort Garry.

When I reached Fort Garry, I settled the few accounts that I had then. I bought $1,000 worth of goods. I paid cash for them and started for Round Plain. We struck some buffalo on the way but finally settled down at Round Plain for the winter.

In the spring of 1872 we were allowed to go back to Fort Garry. I sold my furs but did not get a very big price. Buyers were still afraid of smallpox. I made about $2,000 out of my entire outfit.

In the Cypress Hills

THIS YEAR I took out an outfit of $1,800 from Fort Garry. I had been long enough on the Round Plain. I thought I would take a change, take a trip south to the Cypress Hills, now Fort Walsh. I put up a house for the winter in what was called the Four-Mile Coulee. The Indians called it *Wa-pa-ton-ma-ne-n fa ste*.

It was a fine open fall. About the beginning of December we made a good hunt. Myself I shot over one hundred buffalo. We had good weather to dry and cure our meat.

One day we were busy baling and packing our meat when three Redcoats rode up. One of them stepped up and spoke to me in English, asked me if there was anyone in the brigade who could speak English. I told him that he had the right man. Then I asked him what he wanted to know. He told me that he wanted two interpreters, one that could speak English and French, and one that could speak English and Blackfoot. I told him that I could get them for him.

He told me that he was going out to the Blackfoot camp and wanted to know how far it was. Well, of course, the country was not surveyed at this time, but I told him that it must be about 150 miles from where we were.

The next day Major Walsh called for two men I had picked. He had a good sized troop—about fifty or sixty mounted policemen. When he was leaving Major Walsh said:

"Welsh, I will see you again when I come back from the Blackfoot camp. I want to establish a fort here at the Cypress Hills."

We had now finished our hunt, so we went back to the Cypress Hills, we were about two days travel away, about forty or fifty miles. I selected a place in a big coulee which was called the Four Mile Coulee for our wintering place. There were about sixty families in this brigade.

By-and-by we heard that Major Walsh was back from the Blackfoot country. He came and selected a place about four miles from where we were. We were on the north side of the hills, he went to the south side and built a fort—put up a log building for himself and his men. He stationed himself at this fort.

Soon a big American company came and started a store at Cypress Hills. A man named Baker Clarke was at the head of the company. Another big company also started a store—I forget the name of it. Here were all the traders trying to do business around this post. I tell you it was pretty hard now to get a robe from the Indians or half-breeds. Prices went up. The stores and a greater variety of goods than the traders to offer. Just the same I managed to get my share.

To be Continued

Stars Without Titles

Continued from page 17

the 110 metres Olympic hurdles race and established a new world record. In 1928 Percy Williams, the Vancouver sprint sensation, captured both the 100 and 200 metres races, while Miss Ethel Catherwood, the attractive Saskatoon athlete, won the Olympic women's high jump. In 1932 at Los Angeles, Duncan McNaughton, another Vancouver development, jumped higher than all the rest and broke a thirty-six-year old tradition.

Not only were these five first places gained by Westerners, but other Westerners also made splendid contributions. Cyril Coffee, hailing from Winnipeg, was the best Canadian sprinter on our 1920 and 1924 teams and at one time was joint holder of the world's record for 100 yards. Doral Pilling, Carbston, Alberta, at the time of the 1928 games was the best javelin thrower in America. Jimmie Ball, you will remember, was only half a stride behind the winner in the 100 metres race at Amsterdam. In the 100 metres heat at Los Angeles, three of the twelve semi-finalists were Canadians and two of these three came from the West. The best all-round Canadian track and field athlete for 1933 is likely to be G. W. Sutherland of Calgary.

Thus it seems that, while the East, through greater manpower, may win more team titles, the Westerners do come through when an outstanding individual performance is required.

A like condition prevails in boxing. In most national amateur tournaments the Eastern representatives win most of the titles, but the Westerners who do succeed usually possess superlative ability.

This is noticeably true in professional boxing. The five best known Canadian fighters on the American continent today are Jimmy McLarnin, Billy Townsend, Chuck Devlin, Charlie Belanger and Frank Battaglia. The first three walloping-traders call Vancouver home, and the other two latter stars are citizens of Winnipeg. How they all can fight! Belanger, a member of our 1924 Olympic team, is still officially recognized as the light heavyweight Canadian champion. Battaglia who represented Canada at the Amsterdam Olympic games in the 178-pound division, now weighs 165 pounds at the age of twenty-two and is considered one of the leading world's contenders at his weight. His record of twenty-six knockout victories in thirty fights is proof of his ability.

No less commendable are the records of the three British Columbia glove swingers. In December last Townsend and McLarnin appeared on the same card in a New York ring before 11,000 fight fans who paid $27,000. Townsend beat Andy Saviola, a New York welterweight, in three rounds and in the main bout McLarnin beat Sam Fuller, one of the prominent contenders for the world's lightweight crown. Surely Western fight fans can exact a full measure of satisfaction from the records of such a quintette.

In the allied sport of wrestling, the citizens of Regina can stand up and extol the name of Earl McCready. In 1928 this 230-pound grappler from Saskatchewan's capital city was accorded the privilege of carrying the Canadian standard as the Dominion team marched into the Paris Stadium. In 1930 he won the British Empire heavyweight title and today he is the only native son with an established wrestling reputation and sufficient talent and strength to battle with the best.

Of equal importance with boxing and wrestling, though not so publicized, is the game of basketball and the honor roll in this sturdy sport reads like a Western roll call. For the past seven years the Canadian Basketball Association has conducted men's national championships and in five of those seven seasons the University of British Columbia, the Adanacs of New Westminster and the Tuxedos of Winnipeg, current champions, have conquered the best teams in the East.

Even that record is exceeded by the successes of the Western women. Ever since 1922 the girls have been conducting titular contests, and each year without exception Canadian honors have been retained by the renowned Edmonton Grads. Not only have the Percy Page students constantly won Dominion titles, but just as steadily they have repulsed the invasions of United States teams. The Grads once toured Europe, scored 500 points to forty-seven, and returned undefeated world's champions. Such evidence requires no special pleading to secure an impartial verdict that the shooting stars of Western basketball have surpassed the teams from the East.

Other Notable Performers

WHO IS KING of the six-day bicycle racing world? Unquestionably "Torchy" Peden, the flashy red durable Victoria pedaller, with a record of victories that challenges the best in all the history of distance bicycle grinds, is today the universal monarch of his particular sport specialty.

Where are the best curlers produced? The best quartettes of granite twisters from 1928 to 1932 inclusive were the representatives of Winnipeg clubs. At the 1932 Winter Olympic games, four Canadian rinks each representing a different national district opposed four United States rinks. Canada won the tournament, and the only undefeated rink in that group of eight was the team from Manitoba.

Moreover, Western contributions to Canada's achievements at the Lake Placid Winter Olympics were actually superior to those of the East. The best ski jump made by a Canadian entry was recorded by Bob Lymbourne from Revelstoke. The only Dominion starter to finish the fifty kilometer cross-country ski race was Carl Engstad from Burns Lake, B.C. The Olympic lady, mile dog sled race was won by Earl St. Godard of The Pas, while third place was earned by "Shorty" Russick from Flin Flon. Frank Stack, Winnipeg speed skater holder of the world's five-mile indoor record and United States champion in 1931, won points for Canada in this particular sport.

But the West doesn't have to lead too heavily on its prowess in winter sports, for didn't the University of British Columbia prove its national rugger leadership with its

Continued on page 44

keep costs low with Mobiloil

Ford owners — get the lower operating costs that come when you use this oil — made especially to meet the lubrication requirements of your engine — Mobiloil "AF"! Lower gas and oil consumption, fewer repairs, and longer car life have made Mobiloil the largest-selling oil in the world.

Read what the Ford Motor Car Company says to the Ford Instruction Book. "Proper lubrication cannot be overemphasized . . . Proper lubrication has a vital effect on the life of your car. Only high grade engine oil should be used in the engine. Inferior oils have a tendency to carbonize quickly, also 'gum up' on the piston rings, valve stems and bearings."

Follow this advice from the manufacturer of your car! Start the spring driving season off right — drain and refill with Mobiloil "AF" today — and save money all year!

For transmission and differential lubrication of your car be sure to ask for Mobiloil "C", famous for protecting and quieting your gears.

Tune in on the Socony Vacuum radio program, "The Inside Story of Names that Make the News," every Friday night at 9:30 E.S.T., Columbia Broadcasting System, coast-to-coast.

Mobiloil "AF"

STUDEBAKER PLYMOUTH
HUDSON PONTIAC
DODGE FORD

Where the major portion of car operation is at relatively low speed, such as in city driving and on short runs, the next lighter grade should be used, Mobiloil "A".

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED
Marketers of Mobiloil in Canada

Manufactured by
VACUUM OIL COMPANY INC.

★ THE BIG NEW DODGE "DQ" SIX ONLY $730 ★ PRICED RIGHT DOWN AMONG THE LOWEST PRICED CARS ★

4 Door Sedan

BUILT TO TURN HAND SPRINGS.. ...BUT HIGH-HATS RITZ DOORMAN

LIGHTNING FAST IN 2ND!—Zip . . . it gets away like a streak. Climbs up to flashing speed in split seconds.

★

Safe, simple sure . . . that's what people want in brakes . . . and it's what Dodge gives you. Hydraulic service brakes that work smoothly and positively at the least touch of your toe . . . always in adjustment . . . stop on a dime.

THEY shoved a brand new Dodge Six sideways over the cliff! Down the hill she went, rolling over and over . . . now spinning in mid-air . . . now hurtling over jagged rocks . . . crashing and tumbling to the bottom—more than a quarter of a mile from the top!

And then? Why, except for a scratch or two, she was good as new. Drove away under her own power. Another cold blooded, cruel test for Dodge! And another triumph. How many other cars—at any price—could have lived through such punishment?

What a beauty!

Now watch this sleek new Dodge Six purr smoothly up to the curb. It's hard to believe that this dazzling beauty is the same tough, rough car that proved its mettle on the testing field. See those trim, low-swung lines. Take a look at that smart radiator. Peep into the luxurious salon interior, with its ultra-modern fittings. "It has a personality all its own," you'll say.

Everyone's amazed that such a marvelous car could be produced for such an astounding low price. Only the combined genius of Walter P. Chrysler and the great Dodge organization makes this seeming miracle possible. It's a big car . . . roomy and comfortable. Yet it is priced right down among the lowest priced automobiles.

Speedy . . . powerful . . . smooth!

Wait till you drive it! You've never known anything like it. Speed . . . pep . . . getaway . . . power! Lightning fast in second. Like a shot in high. But it's so easy to drive, so simple to handle! Push her to 60 — 70 — UP! It is smooth all the way. No nerve-wracking vibration with Floating Power engine mountings.

Relax! Let yourself sink into the soft, deep, restful upholstery. Such comfort! You don't have to bother with the clutch. It is completely automatic.* The gears are quiet in every speed, including reverse, free from clash and grind and rattle. Special "Oilite" springs can't squeak. And the body is insulated against cold, heat, and noise.

And what a relief you feel in the super-safety of the new Dodge Six. The Mono piece steel body is strong, secure. Only steel is used for bracing—no joints to loosen. The sturdy, double-drop bridge type frame is ten times as strong as ordinary frame construction. The low center of gravity lets you swing around sharp turns with safety.

Every safety feature!

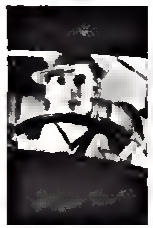
And the hydraulic brakes with Centrifuse drums are always equalized—can't be otherwise. Weather-proof and quick acting, they stop in a flash—with less danger of skidding. Duplate safety plate glass in every windshield—non-glare and shatter-proof.

Think what such a car would have cost you three years ago! Then see this big new Dodge Six. If you didn't know, you'd swear it's an expensive car. It's certainly hard to imagine all this—for as little as $730!

See this amazing value today!

Go to your dealer today. You don't have to buy. Just look this new Dodge Six over . . . drive it . . . give it every test you can think of for speed, comfort, looks, performance . . . think of its economy . . . see how radical new values are being set by Dodge. We'll leave it to your own good judgment—isn't this new Dodge the biggest buy of 1933—or any other year?

**Automatic clutch optional.*



Engine vibration makes the car "jitter"! Hard on ★ nerves, hard on the car

Smooth — no vibration with Floating Power engine mountings.

$730 and up F. O. B. Factory, Windsor Ont. Freight and taxes extra.

SO LITTLE TO PAY TO OWN A BIG NEW **DODGE "6"** MODEL "DQ" *with Floating Power*

Four Door Sedan $800 . . Rumble Seat Coupe $760 . . Business Coupe $730 . . Convertible Coupe $840 All prices F. O. B. factory Windsor, Ont., freight and taxes extra.

Wearwell

ANKLE HOSE

The latest thing in hosiery for the outdoors. The popular range of Wearwell Ankle Hose includes fancy plaids and the new mesh styles, in a variety of smart colourings. Sizes for ladies and children.

Wearwell Ankle Hose is sold at over 3,000 of the better stores.

For smartness, with economy look for the name Wearwell before you buy hosiery

Manufactured by

THE CLINTON KNITTING CO., LIMITED
Clinton Ontario

Continued from page 40

1931 team? Wasn't it the New Westminster lacrosse team that represented Canada at Amsterdam? The best Canadian rowing four in recent years the holders of a world's record for 2,000 metres races, were a Vancouver quartette. The reigning national badminton champions in men's singles and doubles and in ladies singles are residents of Vancouver. Of course it is only natural that the rodeo champions would be such typical Western riders as Pete Knight or "Smoky" Snyder. The junior rugby champions of 1928 came from Regina; the present doubles rowing title holders are Pratt and DeMille from the Pacific Coast; in the 1932 Canadian golf championships seventeen year-old Bobby Reith defeated the gold medalist of the qualifying round.

So it is quite apparent that even in their "darkest hour" at a time when a dozen important national championships are held by Eastern players the Western athletes not only do not invite our sympathy but rather are entitled to admiration for the many outstanding contributions they have made to Canada's success in the world of sport.

Maclean's Cross-word Puzzle

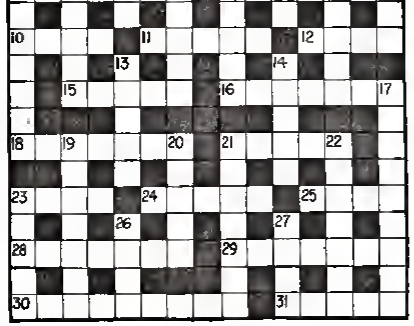
Across

1. This compressed of H_2O makes the locomotive go.
4. Canadian lake.
8. Injurious to health, unpleasant.
9. Cleopatra's Needle, for example.
10. A dainty dish to set before a horse.
11. Drink at this client.
12. Ah, here it is!
15. You can shoot this without a gun, but not on land.
16. A much used letter, repeated.
18. Ontario county. Likewise Scottish.
21. Isn't that sweet?
23. A loud, persistent cry.
24. Rich ones, they say, at Bear Lake.
25. If anyone should call you this, you'd be truly angry.
28. A humble prairie flower beloved by children.
29. If guilty of this you are found, they'll say "Steal a pin, steal a pearl."
30. A common garden herb that yields an aromatic oil.
31. Explains the chemical formula in No. 1.

Down

1. A Canadian port.
2. A love potion.
3. Backward Othello maybe, forward, accommodation for him.
4. A town in Saskatchewan whose people should be weather-wise.
5. What the wind did.
6. Wages, and a tip included.
7. A pair of these look neat when Winnie walks the street.
9. A unit of weight.
13. Grapefruit will do this.
14. Can a horse talk?
17. A unit of our Navy.
19. A somewhat negative place. Divided present in time and space.
20. The general who would rather have written Gray's Elegy.
21. It takes some skill to make this kitchen utensil.
22. Purpose enclosed in what a tenant owes his landlord.
23. Yorkshire for money.
26. A quorum for contract bridge.
27. This bird cannot do this.

Solution of this puzzle on page 52



Selenium is a New Canadian Product

CANADA is adding every day to the store of her mineral wealth. Selenium, with its unique action toward light, has made possible the development of the photo electric cell, the key to television. It is the latest addition to the numerous refined metal products produced in the Dominion, and in the near future will form one of the chief products of the new refinery at Montreal East. While the market for this metal is restricted at the present time the authorities of the Federal Department of Mines state that "further researches to develop new uses for selenium will undoubtedly create a wider market for this relatively new commercial product."

Empire Review

Your breakfast, SIR!

POOLE, the perfect servant, anticipates his master's needs. There are mornings for rashers of bacon, mornings for steaming rolls and coffee, and then, ah well, there are mornings . . .

No matter what the morning, start with a dash of Sal Hepatica in a glass of cold water—and you start with a song. Sal Hepatica cleans the bloodstream, frees the system of poison, relieves headaches, colds, indigestion, rheumatism. Its action is akin to the waters of Europe's famous Spas.

Keep Sal Hepatica on hand for gloomy dawns

Sal Hepatica

Made in Canada
Bristol-Myers Co.
Montreal

PNEUMONIA *often follows neglected* COLDS

Unless checked, the simple cold pulls down the body resistance and frequently paves the way for pneumonia's deadly attack.

The best plan is to treat every cold promptly with Vicks VapoRub. This is doubly important during the next few weeks when pneumonia is at its height. Rubbed on the throat and chest, Vicks acts two ways at once in relieving colds:

(1) Its healing vapors, released by body-warmth, are inhaled direct to the inflamed air-passages.

(2) At the same time, it acts like a plaster and "draws out" the tightness and pain.

This method of treating colds originated with Vicks. Today, the whole trend of modern medical practice is away from needless "dosing."

VICKS VAPORUB

OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Your Boy and His Future—What About It?

That question comes to you pretty often does it? It is going to be a man of business a lawyer a teacher or what?

And the n you realize that he will follow his own bent and that—perhaps a lot

But you can help him. Tell him about the Young Canada Boosters' club and how he can earn money and gain valuable experience. Get him to write for information and a start in business.

Address:

THE YOUNG CANADA BOOSTERS' CLUB
135 Liberty Avenue
Toronto (11) Ontario

SAFETY

Let a sound programme of Life Insurance assure you of financial security in the years after 60.

Write to Toronto for Booklet: "Golden Years"

"A STRONG CANADIAN COMPANY"

EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Brickbats & Bouquets

From a Friend of Peace

May I express thanks and sincere appreciation for the fearless articles you have published by Lieut.-Col. George A. Drew. I consider these exposures of spiritual wickedness in high places to be educational matter of great importance and high value.

I have read the article "Enemies of Peace" in the current issue with as much interest as the article in your issue of August 1, 1931, which now lies before me in a very dilapidated condition having been through the mails to Germany and other countries and returned.

There is no doubt that the publication of Col. Drew's articles will be of tremendous benefit to mankind.—E. E. Thomas, Courtenay, Vancouver Island.

Disgraceful Facts

I wish to say how very glad indeed I was to see Lieut.-Col. Drew's article dealing with the private manufacture of armaments.

By the publication of such contributions, and the consequent dissemination of the disgraceful facts about this trade, *Maclean's* is performing a service of vital import to all future generations.

Long may you be able to espouse such a noble cause that of true peace.—Robt. F. Leggett, Montreal.

Should be Pasted on School Walls

The article "Enemies of Peace" by Colonel Drew is one of the greatest things ever to be put into print. Possibly that is the greatest thing about it: that it was put into print. It should be cut out and pasted on the wall of every school, but it will not be.

Dare you go a bit further and explain a few things about the Beaverbrooks and Rothermeres of the newspaper world, the unseen hands that guide the pen in the writing of those impressive holier than thou editorials of our great and mighty daily journals?—W. J. S., Vancouver Island.

Splendid Articles

Colonel Drew's articles are splendid and "Enemies of Peace" is the best of them all. May he long be spared to give us all this valuable information. Surely all right-thinking Canadians will realize after reading these articles that war like crime does not pay.

Wishing *Maclean's* and Colonel Drew every good wish in the good work they are doing in Canada.—M. Bennett, Mission City, B.C.

March's Persuasive Humor

Usually one doesn't write letters to magazines unless one wants to complain, but this is different. It is to appraise heartily with many chuckles, of Edgar March's gentle, persuasive humor, and to hope that you will include him fortnightly in your pages.—Estelle Fox, Toronto.

Water Supply on Bird Rock

Having been a reader of *Maclean's* for a number of years, I want to tell you it is the best magazine I have ever read. I especially like the articles on the different places in the Dominion.

Having read with great interest about the Magdalenes and Bird Rock, I would like you to tell me how the water supply is obtained and kept on the rock. It is the only thing omitted by Mr. Owen.—L. E. Carroll, Grand Manan, N.B.

In summer the supply tender leaves tanks on Bird Rock, where rain water also is stored. In winter they melt snow. So Mr. Owen tells us.—*The Editor.*

The Gold Standard

Mr. McGeer's article "The Money Matter" is very interesting but he makes a few statements that seem to call for a brickbat. He tells us that the British Government abandoned the gold standard to national exchange in 1925 "and in 1931 the tail went with the carcass." The international gold standard was also abandoned." Farther on he quotes Maynard Keynes to the effect that "Gold has not been the English standard for a century, or the sole standard of any other country for half a century." Would Mr. McGeer please tell us how the British Government managed to abandon in 1925 and 1931 something that has not existed in that country for 100 years?

In dealing with the evils of the gold standard in Canada, Mr. McGeer says: "Were it not for the gold standard, the conquest of poverty might well be within the power of government. Certainly the power of government to relieve unemployment could be exercised without the confiscation of the taxpayers' wealth."

If the abandonment of the gold standard would have such beneficial effects in Canada, how does it happen that there is more poverty and unemployment in Britain today than ever before in the history of the country and all due in spite of the fact that, according to one theory, the gold standard was abandoned in 1925 and 1931, and, according to another theory, it was abandoned 100 years ago?—F. J. McNey, Craigmyle, Alta.

What the Country Needs

I have read the two articles on inflation by G. G. McGeer and I think they are just what the country is badly in need of at the present time.

If you can continue to give us articles like that on national questions then you can truly say *Maclean's* is a national magazine.

I would like to see you put a clamp on such silly stuff as the article, "Managed Currency" by Edgar March.—T. Saville, Hazeldine, Alta.

The Money Question

I have read with great interest the series of articles by Mr. McGeer dealing with money and credit, and look forward to the articles by Mr. Plumptre.

As much as I would like to see some of the reforms put into effect as advocated by Mr. McGeer, I believe you are only doing your duty as a national magazine by devoting a certain amount of space to both sides of the question.

May I commend Lieut.-Col. Drew on the article "Enemies of Peace".—H. Hackett, Shaunavon, Sask.

Benevolent Bankers

Mr. A. F. W. Plumptre's attack on Mr. McGeer in his defense of Canadian bankers and the banking system contains damaging evidence in the eighth paragraph of his article, "The Great Money Muddle" vindicating Mr. McGeer. It says: "Thus the banks were persuaded to use their Finance Act facilities." In this way $35,000,000 in Dominion notes were created by the Government and borrowed by the banks at three per cent. while at the same time the banks lent $45,000,000 to the Government at four per cent." Does this look like our bankers were above doing a neat bit of financial profiteering? First, the Government created $35,000,000 which it loaned to the banks at three per cent., then the banks released the

MRS. DREAR AND MRS. CHEER

Mrs. Drear: Seems like I spend half my life sloving over the washtub and the dishpan. It sure wears me to a frazzle.

Mrs. Cheer: And there's no sense to it whatever. Just get yourself a big package of Oxydol, child, and see how much time and work its extra suds will save for you.

● Use a soap that does *more* work, and do less work *yourself*, that's the modern washing idea—the Oxydol method. Oxydol is a fine, pure soap that speeds up washing because it makes 50% more suds. Its richer extra suds SOAK things clean with no tiresome rubbing—in any water—hard or soft—hot or cold.

Oxydol never balls up or leaves a scum. Its extra suds get clothes snow white in much less time, yet are kind to hands and delicate fabrics. They work instant magic in dishpans too—make dishes and glassware sparkling clean in a hurry, and leave no trace of clinging film.

Ask your grocer today for Oxydol—in the blue and orange bull's eye package. Then see for yourself how much time and work its 50% extra suds will save you.

GUARANTEE

If you do not find that Oxydol makes more and richer suds—that it makes clothes gleaming white—that it makes hard water soft and works better in any water—just turn the package back to the store where you bought it and your money will be returned.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

MADE IN CANADA

Let OXYDOL do the work

THE TRADE MARK

BRITISH CONSOLS

COLLECT THE CARD PICTURES

Adventure

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

• 15c •

C.I.D.

TALBOT MUNDY, author of "Om" and "King of the Khyber Rifles" opens another powerful adventure tale of teeming India and the thrilling exploits of the British Secret Service in his new story "C I D" starting in the March 1st issue of Adventure. Packed with rapid fire yarns from the pens of H BEDFORD-JONES, GORDON MACCREAGH, ARED WHITE and in the March 15th issue F R. BUCKLEY, ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON, GEORGES SURDEZ JAMES STEVENS HUGH PENDEXTER and others here are two tiptop issues. Better have them reserved.

o 1st & 15th of Each Month o

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY
468 Wellington Street West
TORONTO CANADA

money to the Government at four per cent, making a profit of $350,000 in the transaction. Who paid the one per cent? The article by Mr Plumptre says the Government did which means that the people of Canada made a donation to the benevolent bankers of the land to the amount of $350,000. Laugh that one off, Mr Plumptre! I wonder if by any chance Mr Plumptre is himself a banker?—J. R. Halstad, Quatsino, B.C.

Cape Breton History

In the otherwise excellent article on "The Forgotten Island," Cape Breton, an unfortunate error appears. Mr Maclean says, "Only in 1833 did this little island become part of the province."

Presumably "the province" refers to Nova Scotia as now constituted. The political and legal re-annexation of the Island of Cape Breton to the Province of Nova Scotia actually occurred in 1820. The dispatch from the Secretary of State to Sir James Kempt, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, informing the latter that it was His Majesty's desire to re-annex Cape Breton to Nova Scotia was written on August 15 1820 while the proclamation of the Lieutenant-Governor declaring Cape Breton to be an integral part of the Province of Nova Scotia is dated October 9 1820.—Frank A McIntyre, Sydney, N.S.

We Go to High School

I am greatly indebted to *Maclean's*, not only for a high standard literature, but for the helpful articles.

I teach school in a rural district some 100 miles southeast of Winnipeg and eighteen miles from the nearest village.

My high school students read with interest the many interesting and helpful articles. Quite frequently we refer to one or another of them.

I, for one, have no brickbats to give and it is not my nature to give "bouquets" (being a Scot, I suppose). But good luck to *Maclean's*!—I. R. Manitoba.

Grasshoppers for Hens

Mr Jarman of Vancouver, in your January issue, recommends grasshoppers as a poultry food. Having tasted eggs from hens whose diet was largely grasshoppers, I cannot agree with the gentleman's recommendation. These eggs had a most disagreeable flavor. Grasshoppers may be all right, and I believe are, for feeding hens to be dressed for the market but eggs from hens living on live grasshoppers are certainly not fit for human consumption.—C. Vermilyea, Ottawa, Ont.

Flanders Poppy Seeds

I have received a large bag of letters from your readers all over Canada and America making enquiries about an article on the Flanders poppy, and asking me to send seed of same.

Those of us who remained here in Flanders after the war saw the scarred battlefields gradually being covered with Nature's own hand. The poppy was the very first plant to come up and bloom. The battlefields were red with them. Everywhere where the soil was not too wet they were, and in a different shade from the ordinary wild poppy—a rich crimson, blood red—and the extraordinary feature about them is that they have a cross in the centre the shape of the Victoria Cross, mostly black or dark violet. Often the cross has a border of white, occasionally it is all white. The local inhabitants say they never saw such poppies before. Most of the letters I have received from Canada require proof of this. They believe the description of these poppies to be a myth, like the Mons angels but it is not a myth at all.

October is very late to find poppies, but I have found some at the spot known as the Loop. Is there an ex-Canadian soldier who remembers it? I am sending seeds to Canada. As the postage of so many letters amounts to so much I am asking all who receive the seed to send in return a small sum for it. After deducting postage paid, I will hand balance over to our Last Post Committee as per card enclosed and place a wreath to all the heroes of Canada at the Menin Gate on Armistice morning and carry it in procession through the town with the word "Canada" in gold across the centre.—Lawrence E. Brooks, 40 Boulevard du Nord, Ypres, France.

An Irreplaceable Story

I have read "The Waning Herds," by Norbert Welsh, as told by Mrs. Mary Weekes, with a great deal of interest. It is a pity more work of this kind has not been done, as the old timers, the buffalo hunters, will soon have followed the buffalo to the happy hunting grounds beyond the setting sun and with them the memories of those stirring times. You magazine is to be congratulated on securing this series.—J. Grey McKechnie, Regina, Sask.

Sorry, the Photo was Inscribed That Way

In your January 15 issue you show a picture of "Roderic Gates," McGill University. These gates were built to commemorate the memory of Sir Thomas Roddick (not Roderic) who was Dean of the Medical Faculty at McGill for some years.—A. R. C. Montreal.

The Turn of the Year

I'm always glad when winter's turned
The corner of the year
When we can look ahead a bit
And know that spring is near
Can feel a tugging at your heart
To think of sprouting grain
When the days are getting longer
And the sun is warm again

When mother starts to figure up
The hens she's going to set,
And pouring over catalogues
To find the seeds she'll get
And I had brings bits of harness as
To oil it up, and sew
And plants a hundred grains of wheat
To see how much will grow

And when you're watering up the stock
And feed them from the well
They lift their faces to the wind
And sort of sniff and smell

And shake their heads and fluff their manes
And prance a step or two
With little squeals of sheer delight,
You know how horses do

The hens are dusting in the sun
Beside the stable door
Or scratching round among the feed
That's scattered on the floor
The sunrise has a softer look
A sort of hazy blue
And on the fields so deep with snow
The sod is showing through

For spring will come with bath and hope
With sun and wind and rain
The mirage still will paint her seen
Upon the lonely plain
New wheat will deck a thousand fields
New birds will nest and sing,
And we can hope when Winter's turned
The corner of the spring.

—Edna Jaques

You Can Always Get Married

Continued from page 11

"Wales" for the prince. He said he had come to paint some of our beautiful countryside.

"It is very beautiful," I sighed. "Particularly when the moon comes up as Pine Bluff."

"Sounds as if it might be rather good."

"Would you like to paint it?"

He shrugged. "One never knows where he will find inspiration."

"If you would like to drive out and see it, I could take you tonight in my roadster." I didn't think it necessary to explain about it being Nanette's roadster. Why mention her before I had to?

"I don't know what Dick Allenby had planned for tonight," he said rather hesitantly. "May I call you later?"

The moon comes up at ten twenty-one. I watched it last night while a man was telling me a story."

He looked at me thoughtfully.

"In your time you will probably see many moons come up and many men will tell you stories."

Fancy Grant or Willoughby wasting a line like that on me! Needless to say I didn't tell him the story was about fish.

"What is your ideal of a perfect girl?" I asked with grave interest.

He smiled again. "He was always smiling.

"You are a delightful young lady," he said, "and stop at none but major issues, I see."

I wasn't quite sure what he meant by that, so I just gazed at him with my wide-open blue eyes and he went on.

"Every man," he said, "creates his own ideal of perfection. And sometimes even that varies."

Really, I had never heard as much real conversation. I was enthralled. I could have kilted the Allenby's butler when he came out across the lawn. "Telephone call for you, sir," he said.

Glendale leaped off the wall and helped me down.

"I shall telephone you around seven," he said.

AS SOON as he was out of sight, I flew back to the house. I dashed up the stairs and locked the door of my room. Then I looked critically at myself in the full length mirror and tried to imagine any man calling me his "ideal of perfection."

Suppose he wanted to paint me! Everything looked all right, but I couldn't afford to take chances. I went to the scales in mother's room. For my height and age the table said, I should weigh ninety-eight pounds. I took off my clothes and found myself to be ninety nine pounds!

I saw something would have to be done. After all an ideal is an ideal and Glendale was the type who would not tolerate his being marred by a mere pound. As I looked in the glass I could see the very spot where the extra pound was and I knew I had to do something about it. There was still time to catch the noon train so I went down to the telephone and immediately put in a call for the city.

"Nurmi!" I said, when I got the number. "I am coming in on the twelve-o-two and I want you to save an hour for me."

"You for?"

"For a treatment," I said. I didn't like her tone. For some reason Nurmi has never held me in the same respect she has the rest of the family. I suppose the fact that I am the youngest of the lot has something to do with it. (No man is a hero to his valet.) Nurmi used to be our nursemaid and when it became reasonably certain there were to be no more babies in our family Nurmi left us and went into the business of making women beautiful. She lays you on a table and kneads pounds of you.

"It is very important." I told her now. "Mother would appreciate your doing something for me at once." (I mentioned mother because it was she who lent Nurmi the money to set up in business.)

"What is wrong?" she enquired again.

"I'll tell you when I see you. A treatment is five dollars, isn't it?"

"Yah. You sick?"

"No. Nurmi, in case I can't get five dollars together will you trust me until the first of the month?"

She made a reply that sounded something like a snort but I chose to ignore it hung up the phone and went in search of Chet.

"What's the big worry now?" he asked, when I found him at the tennis court.

"Chet, I need five dollars and I've only got two-sixty-one. Can you let me have the rest?" He let me have it, though it was the third time I had asked him for money during the month.

I must repeat Willoughby's admonition," he said with a sharp look as I thanked him and started off. "Don't do anything your grandmother wouldn't do."

"On the contrary," I said. "I shall try very hard to emulate her."

Grimes, who has been our chauffeur for twenty years, took me to the station. He didn't want to do it. Said something about having to wash the cars. But I told him it was a life and death matter.

Promptly at two o'clock I arrived at Nurmi's. She has a cute apartment with what should be a living room rigged up as a treatment room. There is a cabinet where you sit and steam for half an hour. Then she lays you on a white padded table that looks just like an operating table and pounds you to pieces.

I expected trouble with her and I had it. She couldn't see the necessity of my having a treatment and started to argue with me.

"But it is not necessary," she said. "Your mamma she does not know."

"Now Nurmi don't be a crab. You know mother is in Europe. Besides, I have the five dollars."

I was undressing quickly for fear she'd decide not to treat me and grudgingly she turned on the heat in the cabinet. She shook her head when she looked at me.

"You are many pounds too thin," she said. "Beefsteak an omelet an milk you should be eating."

I hopped into the cabinet before she could change her mind, and briefly when I was thoroughly steamed and my face in the mirror above the cabinet looked like a boiled beet she took me out. I had a nice warm shower after which she had me on the table.

An operating table is almost what it turned out to be. She pummelled and pounded me until I was constantly wincing and it took all my strength to keep from yelling out loud. Now massage is massage and a slap is a slap, and if you are on the receiving end you can quickly tell them apart. And when Nurmi came to that extra pound a slap is exactly what she gave me. I nearly leaped off the table.

"Nurmi," I yelled, "is that necessary?"

She looked at me innocently but I knew she had paid me back for the time when I was seven years old and sailed her new Sunday hat with the flowers on it in the lake for a float. I should have liked to rise up and slap her in return but I suddenly remembered the cause in which I was suffering.

It was a relief, however, when the ordeal was over and I got on the scales and weighed 87 and 9-10 pounds. I had achieved perfection or practically, but oh at what a cost (I am not referring to the $5.00.)

While I dressed Nurmi went out into her kitchen and returned with a big bowl of soup and crackers, which I gratefully ate while she plied me with questions about trivial matters like grandmother's rheumatism, father's business and mother's plans for the fall. I answered "yes" and "no" at random letting my mind dwell on the evening before me and the state of almost perfection I had attained. When I got out on the street I bought a chocolate ice-cream soda (twenty cents) and borrowed from Grimes.

"Dad, I've put over the smartest deal of my young career"

"Tell me about it, Son"

"To-day at lunch, I met a chap who solved my problem of how to protect Joan and the baby. It took him just about five minutes to explain the most interesting protection policy I have ever heard of.

"A splendid step, my boy, and you're certainly tackling it at the right time. I wish I'd done the same thing at your age."

"Well, I'm thirty now, and my little family need guaranteed protection the most, right now, and up until I am sixty-five. This policy is for $15,000. It provides that, should anything happen to me before I reach sixty-five, Joan would receive $150 a month, with allotted interest until the date when if I had lived, I would have reached sixty-five. On that date she will receive $15,000 in cash, or if she desires she can have this amount in monthly instalments. Isn't that a corker?

"What happens, Son, if you live to be older than sixty-five, which I hope you will?"

"Well Dad, if I pass age sixty-five, this policy becomes one for $15,000 regular protection, and the premiums are reduced accordingly. Should I die at any time after that, Joan would have $15,000 cash with the option of receiving this amount in monthly instalments."

"It certainly sounds like wonderful protection. What is the cost?"

"Dad, the cost is low — very low, for such a policy. I'm all keyed up about it and I certainly have to thank that Dominion Life representative I met.

"The greatest deal of my young career." Can you look at your "Joan and the baby" and say—"No matter what happens to me they'll be safe? Wouldn't you like to think this over? Let us mail you our booklet—

"Guaranteed Family Incomes."

THE DOMINION LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE • WATERLOO, ONTARIO

DOMINION LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
WATERLOO, ONTARIO Dept. t

Please send me your booklet
"GUARANTEED FAMILY INCOMES"

Name..... Age.....
Address.....

What a SEWING MACHINE NEEDS

Any time your sewing machine begins acting *lazy* it's *clogged*. Then do this: pick out fine lint from the working parts and put in 3-in-One. Run the machine. See the old gummy oil come out! Wipe it off, put in more 3-in-One and see the difference! Use frequently and you'll not have such trouble half as often. 3-in-One is blended to *clean* and *prevent rust* as it *lubricates*. Handy cans and bottles at all good stores.

SLEEP COMES
when you ease the pain

"There! Now that painful old knee joint won't keep you awake!"

"I'll say it you!! Sloan's is a godsend when damp weather starts."

DAMP-DAY PAINS
—stiff joints

Damp weather won't trouble you if you put on Sloan's. Keen joints, wrists, shoulders stop their painful twitching at once. Because Sloan's brings fresh blood to warm and ease those spots. Stiffness goes. Muscles feel young again. You sleep soundly.

Always keep a fresh bottle of Sloan's in the house. Costs only 35¢.

SLOAN'S
World Famous Liniment used by 133 Nations

ON MY WAY down to the station, I stopped to look at the shop windows. *Modes et Transeaux* one sign read and the window held some of the most adorable things I have ever seen. Eggshell silk with real Alençon lace faint pink satin and filmy chiffon. Since I still had a little time I stepped inside.

A slender smart-looking woman with white hair beautifully waved and very red lips came up to me.

"I shall be needing a trousseau soon," I told her, and thought I saw her quick eye dart to the third finger of my left hand.

"Certainly," she said. "Will *mademoselle* be seated?"

A girl brought out a big black book and laid it open upon the velvet topped counter.

"You will want some white of course," the woman said while the girl opened a drawer and took out a nightgown that took my breath away. Chiffon it was, with lace and rosebuds and white satin ribbon.

"There's a slip to match this and a chemise," the woman said. She held the chemise up against me and it was just the sort of thing I with my sophisticated expression, should wear. Something told me it was expensive.

"How much?" I enquired.

"The set comprising these pieces is two hundred and twenty-five dollars. We could have as many sets as you wanted made up. When is the wedding to be?"

"Before October third," I said (October third is the day school opens.)

"Plenty of time." She seemed relieved.

Before I left that shop I ordered 900 dollars worth of stuff. Of course I didn't have the $900, but grandmother always gives me $100 for Christmas and if I could coax her to give it to me now—

I could lay it was a life and death matter. Then I could write Barbara Blandell a good pal of mine at school and the only girl who had unlimited spending money. I could take her into my confidence and borrow the $200 from her. If your family doesn't buy you a trousseau before you are married they certainly can't object to paying for it afterward.

Not that there was much trousseau. I bought the white set for $225 and the other $75 covered a few odds and ends. If I couldn't get any more I should be put to the humiliating necessity of washing my underwear every day while on my honeymoon. But—oh, that white set!

I gave the woman our country address, and told her I would telephone her as I didn't want the things delivered too early. Of course I *did* want them for who knew how soon I should need them? But I would have to get that money from Barbara and grandma.

It was late when I got out and I had to make a mad rush down Peel Street. I had no money for a taxi and I troubled to think how much hung on my catching that train. I tremble even now.

The conductor held the gate open for me as I dashed down the platform, and peating for breath fell weakly into the train.

In the very second seat he sat. He saw me come in, all flushed and breathless, and he sort of moved over to the window and made room for me beside him.

My heart stood still. He was tall, with olive skin and blue eyes and straight black hair, just the type I with my olive skin, blue eyes and straight black hair should marry. He was young too, about eighteen, not like the old men who run after Nance.

As I sank gracefully into the seat, I knew he was acutely aware of my presence. I didn't know what to do next.

I was spared thinking however for just as I got my breath the conductor popped up from nowhere yelling, "Tickets."

I opened my bag and reached for mine. It wasn't there! Desperately, I searched through all the compartments. No ticket. I turned my bag inside out in my lap but no use. It just wasn't there.

"I've lost my ticket," I told the conductor.

He seemed in a great hurry, for the train was crowded.

"Where you going?" he asked.

I told him.

"One dollar and sixty cents," he yelled. It was the most embarrassing moment of my life. No ticket and no $1.60. I saw myself being thrown off the train. It seemed to me it had already begun to slow down. I felt

The boy at my side held out to the conductor a ticket book just like mother's.

"Allow me," he said and what else could I do but allow him?

When the conductor had torn out one of the little tickets and gone up the aisle I thanked my new friend. I asked him his name so I could send him the money for the ticket (not mentioning that he'd have to wait till the first of the month.)

He said phrase not to bother about it. His name, he told me was Hampden Blandell.

MY HEART stood still.

"Not the Hamp Blandell who was nearly taken out of school last winter and sent to his father's ranch out West," not Barbara Blandell's brother?"

He made a funny face.

"I see my reputation's preceded me."

"Barbara said your father wanted you to work harder and get better marks."

I explained to him how I had just lost mother's book of tickets. "And I spent my last twenty cents for a soda before I got on the train."

"I'm glad to hear it was nothing more important than a soda that made you nearly miss your train." His eyes were smiling and very friendly.

"Oh, that was because I spent so much time in the trousseau shop."

"Trousseau!" he stabbed. "It would be just my luck to meet a girl like you when she was buying a trousseau."

There's nothing delicate about mine," I said and realized at once I had said the wrong thing.

"Nothing delicate!" he laughed. "You almost miss a train to buy it, yet there's nothing delicate about it!"

I certainly didn't want him to think I was engaged.

"Sometimes people do things on speculation," I said, and that sounded funny too, after I'd said it.

He looked sharply at me. I seem to have a gift for making people look sharply at me after a few minutes conversation.

"I think I've heard Babs speak of you," he said. "Aren't you Hie Poppy Glassford who organized the party to get out of the dormitory window and sneak off to the junior prom at—"

"Say nothing of that!" I told him. "It wasn't my fault that Sister Assumpta found out and made me call it off."

"Speaking of dances," he said, "my car is parked at the station. Why do you have to go home? Why can't we go somewhere for dinner tonight and we can dance—"

My first engagement that I didn't have to wangle myself! And then I thought of Glendale. What to do?

"I had a sort of engagement," I said.

"Sort of engagements don't count. Suppose he didn't show up? And here you have me—" He was bending his dark head toward me and smiling so that his white teeth flashed like a streak across his olive face.

"I'll go," I said. After all he might be right. Suppose Glendale didn't turn up? (A little in his hand is worth two in the bush.) I borrowed a nickel to telephone home and asked for Chet.

"Darling," I said. "I met Barbara Blandell's brother on the train. I'm going to dinner with him and here's something I want you to do for me. If a telephone call comes from anybody tell him I was suddenly called away but I'll meet him by the rose bower tomorrow."

"Sounds like a song. Whom will you meet by the rose bower tomorrow?"

"The man who will call you. Say I'll be looking forward to it."

"Look here Pops, just where are you going with this Blandell?"

I was compelled to go through the childish performance of coming out of the booth and asking Hamp where he intended to take me. Catch Nance having to report like that. And my own Chet making me!

I told him the place that Hamp said.

"I'll give you till ten o'clock," he said. "You can have dinner and plenty of dancing in that time."

"Chet," I pleaded. "I thought we'd come home by way of Pine Bluff and watch the moon come up. But that doesn't happen till ten-twenty-one. Couldn't I stay till eleven?"

"Oh, I suppose so, if that aren't you rather overworking the moon?"

I laughed and said I hoped not.

"Now remember, Pops, I have your promise. Eleven o'clock."

It seemed the best I could do.

"You have my promise, darling." Little did I think, how that promise would affect my whole life.

WE WENT to the inn for dinner and had plenty of dances. I must say though after Glendale's conversation of the morning Hamp's conduct rather commonplace. He expected to enter university in the fall and he talked so much about football that I'd hardly been for his wonderful looks and the fact that he's a divine dancer I thought have been very much bored. I even began to be a little sorry I had let Glendale down. But I counted on that drive out to Pine Bluff.

For a little while I thought I was going to be disappointed but as we drove into the starry night Hamp abruptly put football out of his head. When the big red moon was just showing over the rim of the earth he slowed down the car. His dark, handsome face was silhouetted against the rising moon. He ran the car with one hand and laid the other over mine. My heart stood still.

"What's this man you're planning to marry, Poppy?"

"I'm not planning to marry any special man."

"Oh no special one. Just any man? Why were you buying a trousseau?"

"Hamp," I said. "Barbara told me all about you last winter. How you didn't want to go to college and about you father wanting to send you to the ranch. Well I want to get out of school too. I'm a home woman, like my grandmother and she married at sixteen. There is a man a much older man and he has an ideal one of his own that he has created."

"And you are it, I suppose?"

I let my eyelids flutter modestly in the moonlight.

"You can't help it, Hamp, if the wrong man falls in love with you."

"What makes him the wrong man?"

"The fact that I don't think he is the right one."

"Then why buy a trousseau for him?" Hamp seemed a little dense.

"I'll never use it." I knew now that this was true. Even if as Hamp thought, Glendale was in love with me, I knew I loved some one else better—some one whose face in the moonlight reminded me of—. "I shall probably go back to school," I said pensively "and live on to be a lonely bowed old woman."

"You don't have to go back to school. As a matter of fact, I don't have to go to university either. Let's elope. Father will send me to the ranch then for certain and you can come with me. I think you are the prettiest girl I've ever seen and we could have a swell time out at the ranch. Let's drive up to town now and as soon as City Hall opens in the morning we can get a license. We were at Pine Bluff and Hamp had stopped the car.

"Kiss me Poppy," he said.

I did and then I had a horrid thought.

"Hamp, I can't elope with you tonight."

"Don't you care enough?"

"Oh more than enough. But I—I promised Chet I'd be in at eleven o'clock. Chet's my brother."

"That's all right. Do you suppose your grandmother asked her brother if she could elope?"

"She didn't have a brother like Chet. And she hadn't promised anything."

Look here Poppy, people don't go about

asking Hamp where he intended to take me. Catch Nance having to report like that. And my own Chet making me!

I told him the place that Hamp said.

"I'll give you till ten o'clock," he said. "You can have dinner and plenty of dancing in that time."

"Chet," I pleaded. "I thought we'd come home by way of Pine Bluff and watch the moon come up. But that doesn't happen till ten-twenty-one. Couldn't I stay till eleven?"

"Oh, I suppose so, if that aren't you rather overworking the moon?"

I laughed and said I hoped not.

"Now remember, Pops, I have your promise. Eleven o'clock."

It seemed the best I could do.

"You have my promise, darling." Little did I think, how that promise would affect my whole life.

WE WENT to the inn for dinner and had plenty of dances. I must say though after Glendale's conversation of the morning Hamp's conduct rather commonplace. He expected to enter university in the fall and he talked so much about football that I'd hardly been for his wonderful looks and the fact that he's a divine dancer I thought have been very much bored. I even began to be a little sorry I had let Glendale down. But I counted on that drive out to Pine Bluff.

For a little while I thought I was going to be disappointed but as we drove into the starry night Hamp abruptly put football out of his head. When the big red moon was just showing over the rim of the earth he slowed down the car. His dark, handsome face was silhouetted against the rising moon. He ran the car with one hand and laid the other over mine. My heart stood still.

"What's this man you're planning to marry, Poppy?"

"I'm not planning to marry any special man."

"Oh no special one. Just any man? Why were you buying a trousseau?"

"Hamp," I said. "Barbara told me all about you last winter. How you didn't want to go to college and about you father wanting to send you to the ranch. Well I want to get out of school too. I'm a home woman, like my grandmother and she married at sixteen. There is a man a much older man and he has an ideal one of his own that he has created."

"And you are it, I suppose?"

I let my eyelids flutter modestly in the moonlight.

"You can't help it, Hamp, if the wrong man falls in love with you."

"What makes him the wrong man?"

"The fact that I don't think he is the right one."

"Then why buy a trousseau for him?" Hamp seemed a little dense.

"I'll never use it." I knew now that this was true. Even if as Hamp thought, Glendale was in love with me, I knew I loved some one else better—some one whose face in the moonlight reminded me of—. "I shall probably go back to school," I said pensively "and live on to be a lonely bowed old woman."

"You don't have to go back to school. As a matter of fact, I don't have to go to university either. Let's elope. Father will send me to the ranch then for certain and you can come with me. I think you are the prettiest girl I've ever seen and we could have a swell time out at the ranch. Let's drive up to town now and as soon as City Hall opens in the morning we can get a license." We were at Pine Bluff and Hamp had stopped the car.

"Kiss me Poppy," he said.

I did and then I had a horrid thought.

"Hamp, I can't elope with you tonight."

"Don't you care enough?"

"Oh more than enough. But I—I promised Chet I'd be in at eleven o'clock. Chet's my brother."

"That's all right. Do you suppose your grandmother asked her brother if she could elope?"

"She didn't have a brother like Chet. And she hadn't promised anything."

Look here Poppy, people don't go about asking their families if they can elope. Either you want to or you don't. I'm crazy about you and we could have a wonderful time out at the ranch. Go ahead, make up your mind to come tonight.

"I've got to be back by eleven o'clock," I said firmly.

Hamp took his hand away from mine and sat up stiffly in his place.

"I don't believe you want to go. I don't believe you care—"

"Do I tell you—" I was getting mad at him. Then I had a bright idea. "Couldn't we elope tomorrow?"

"The thrill would be gone then. It's this spur of the moment thing that makes it so alluring."

"Besides, I haven't got my trousseau yet."

"You could send home for it."

Then another thought struck me square in the middle of the brain. How could I borrow money from Barbara Blandell to pay for a trousseau I should wait eloping with her brother? She'd most certainly want to know why I was going with.

"There are difficulties you don't know anything about."

"If you were really in earnest, you wouldn't let anything interfere."

He was distinctly cross, and I was beginning to wonder if I hadn't made a big mistake by not being at home for Glendale's call. While I sat there brooding, another car nosed in beside ours, evidently two others out to see the moon come up. Waiting for Hamp to get over his crossness I let my eyes dwell on the other car. Then suddenly I started in good earnest for who should be sitting there in the low open roadster but Nance and that little—Glendale.

I fell a faint nausea. Hamp went on with his childish prattle but I didn't hear him.

"Take me away from here—quick," I said and he turned the car around.

"Won't you elope with me tonight?"

"I would, only for my promise to Chet."

"Elopements are like acts of God. They automatically cancel all other contracts." He held my hand tighter. "Will you elope with me in the morning?"

I never heard of anyone eloping in the morning. It isn't very romantic."

"Whose fault is it we aren't eloping tonight?" He was showing signs of getting cross again. "We can pick up in Montreal. That trousseau you're insisting upon."

"Hamp," I said slowly. "I can't elope tomorrow. The trousseau won't be ready."

Hamp's jaws clicked shut with a snap.

"Then we won't elope at all. You don't really want to go. You're just a kid with an idea you like to play with."

"I'm not a kid. I shot back," but whoever heard of a gal taking for a trousseau the childish clothes she wore at boarding school? How could I tell him I couldn't have the trousseau until I borrowed the money from his sister?

We argued all the way home and finally compromised on going on the 10.15 train anyway, me with such trousseau as I could scrape together.

"I'll be in the first Pullman," Hamp said (he lived two stations farther on). "I'll have a chair for you."

I WAS curiously unexcited and unthrilled when I reached home. Perhaps all the rebuffs I had suffered from Nance's men had made me callous. I saw a light in Chet's study. At any rate I had kept my promise to him.

"Two minutes to eleven, old child," I called out.

He opened the door.

"Good gal," he said. "But I'd like to know by what system you work. Here you invite a chap like Glendale—"

"Don't talk to me about him." The perfidy of Nance and Glendale! I saw him and Nance out at Pine Bluff. Not that I care now—"

"I'm glad you don't," Chet said slowly for if ever I saw that strike under—

When I went upstairs I looked in my bureau drawers at the clothes that were supposed to do me for a trousseau. Such a childish outfit. I went into Nance's room and took everything out of the two bureau

Mothers, Mix This at Home for a Bad Cough

Saves $2. So Easy! No Cooking!

You'll be pleasantly surprised when you make up this simple home mixture and try it for a distressing cough. It's no trouble to mix and mostly but a trifle, yet it can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief.

Make a syrup by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water for a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. Get 2½ ounces of Pinex from any druggist, put it into a 16 oz. bottle, and fill up with your sugar syrup. The 16 ounces thus made contains enough of a quart bottle of ready made medicine yet it is the most effective remedy that money can buy. It keeps perfectly and tastes fine.

This simple remedy has a remarkable direct action on the membranes lining the bronchial tubes. It loosens the gummy phlegm and clears the air passages. Thus it makes breathing easy and lets you get a good night's sleep.

Pinex is a concentrate of Norway Pine in concentrated form, famous as a healing agent for severe coughs. It is guaranteed to give prompt relief or money refunded.

A Modern Miracle for the Modern Knitter

MONARCH TWEED
The Yarn that creates Sportwear

Never before have you heard of a Yarn so intriguing that one glance inspires you to knit—You can only realize this when you see MONARCH TWEED—a fascinating nubbed Yarn—different in texture, different in feel, and that knits differently.

MONARCH TWEED comes in colors specially styled for Knitted Suits, Cardigans, and Pullovers, and is at home on the Golf Course, in the Office, and wherever into edmire knitted chic. Seeing is believing—ask for MONARCH TWEED at your nearest Monarch Dealer. Write us if your Dealer cannot supply you.

Monarch Knitting Company Limited T.M.
Dunville Ontario
Clip this coupon and we will mail you a sample of this Modern Miracle, and Free Knitting Instructions for The Four Piece Monarch Tweed Suit and Dress Pattern Pullover of Monarch Butterfly Yarn illustrated above.

Name .....
Address .....

- - - Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

• Go to sleep in a jiffy; try this wonderful, safe, new method

If you lie awake at night, twisting and tossing and yearn for something which will bring you sleep—sweet oblivion—here's news!

Nothing habit forming—no dope—nothing to swallow which threatens increased weight—just a soothing, natural, easy treatment and

9 out of 10 report relief!

Several thousand have now used Absorbine Jr. for insomnia—and 9 out of 10 say it brings them deep, calm, restful sleep.

Here's how to try it. Just before you get to bed, pour a little Absorbine Jr. in the palm of your hand. Then rub it on the back of the neck—with firm, steady strokes away from the brain.

Drowsiness comes quickly

Stretch out to bed. Relax. Breathe with long, slow, rhythmic like a person in slumber. Absorbine Jr. works quickly. Nerves lose their tension. Before you know it, you drift into deep, refreshing sleep.

Let us prove that Absorbine Jr. can do this for you—at our expense. Send in the coupon below and we'll give you enough for a good night's sleep with our compliments. Absorbine Jr. is sold at all drug stores. $1.25 a bottle.

ABSORBINE JR.
(MADE IN CANADA)
for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions.
Used by millions for "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

W. F. Young, Inc.
Lyman Bldg., Montreal
Please send me a free sample of Absorbine Jr.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... Province .....

More than 100 Photographs in

"Thirteen Years After"

by Will R. Bird, M.M.

IN BOOK FORM
(With Additional Material)

At a Price Within Everybody's Reach

No series of articles published in Canada at any time else for that matter has been more warmly received by old sweats than "THIRTEEN YEARS AFTER" Will R. Bird's description of the Old Front revisited. In response to a country wide demand Maclean's has reprinted "THIRTEEN YEARS AFTER" in book form, illustrated with over 100 of Bird's own photographs.

NOW ON SALE

50c STIFF PAPER BINDING POSTPAID

FLEXIBLE IMITATION LEATHER $1.00 POSTPAID

At Your Bookseller's — or Direct by Mail from

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

Headache After Headache

Now She's Free From Them

A woman writes—"I would like everyone who suffers from headaches to try Kruschen Salts. Before taking Kruschen I was barely ever free from a headache. But since I have been taking it regularly I have barely had a headache for which I am very thankful, for headaches can make one feel quite ill. I have been taking that small dose of Kruschen every morning in a glass of warm water before my breakfast, and I feel so well."—(Mrs.) A. E. D.

Headaches can generally be traced to a disordered stomach and to the unsuspected retention in the system of stagnating waste material which poisons the blood. Remove these poisons, prevent them forming again—and you'll never have to worry any more. And that is just how Kruschen Salts bring swift and lasting relief from headaches. Kruschen Salts aid Nature to cleanse your body completely of all clogging waste matter. Start on the little daily dose of Kruschen to-morrow. Then you will very soon have done with headaches.

ASTHMA

Quick, S-O-O-T-H-I-N-G RELIEF

As you breathe while you sleep, healthful antiseptic vapors of Vapo-Cresolene go right to irritated passages—relieving at once, permitting restful, deep, undisturbed sleep. Use this famous 51 year old remedy for Bronchial Asthma, Spasmodic Croup, Whooping Cough, Coughs and Colds. Bronchitis. Distributes the room and prevents spread of infection. Complete directions with every package. At all drug stores.

Vapo-Cresolene

Send for booklet No. 1 Vapo-Cresolene Co. Mitchell Montreal

NOW! BLONDEX IN NEW 25¢ SIZE

formerly in $1.00 package only

"I LOVE YOU"

... he told this blonde

THOSE men fall in love more easily with blondes than with brunettes, I read somewhere. Blondes who have dull faded looking hair do not appeal to men nearly as much as women who have hair radiant, golden and gleaming like sun. Blondex, an amazing special shampoo, gives strikingly lifeless hair the lustrous, golden shades men adore and other women envy. Safe—Blondex contains no dye or harmful chemicals. It is remarkably beneficial to hair, bath and scalp. See how much lighter it makes your hair with wavy, silky softness and radiant golden lights. And here's good news! Blondex is now on sale in this new sun package for only 25¢. Formerly sold only in the $1.00 package. Get Blondex today—see how glamorous and beautiful it will make your hair. At all drug and department stores.

drawers where she kept her best things. I left a note:

"Dear Nance, I had to have a trousseau. You can have my $100 from grandma of Christmas. I hope you will find some one so nice to marry as I have. Keep on trying, Poppy."

Next morning before anyone was up, I took the two bags containing my pitiful trousseau out to the garage and put them in the station wagon.

"I have to go to town on the ten-fifteen," I told Grimes, "so I'll ride down to the station with you when you go for the marketing."

"I gotta go down early," he said.

"I'll go whenever you do. Don't leave without me."

We were all of breakfast when the telephone rang. My excitement over telephone calls was a thing of the past now, so I didn't pay any attention.

Then that lathead Wilkins, walked into the room.

"The Paris Shoppe is on the telephone," he said. "They are asking for authority to go ahead on Miss Poppy Glassford's trousseau."

If some one had thrown a bomb into the room, four people couldn't have started so.

"Wh-a-a-t?" Grandma almost choked over a roll. Nance laid down her fork abruptly and looked at me. Chet's calm eyes pierced through me. I got up with what dignity I could and went to the telephone.

"Poppy," grandma called, "come back here. What nonsense is this?"

"Poppy Glassford," Nance exclaimed. "I knew you were up to something yesterday."

"Don't get so excited everybody," I told them. "There's a mistake somewhere." I threw a withering glance at the fathead carrying a tray out of the room. I suppose he was happy. He had paid me back for the lima when I was ten years old and jumped up from behind the sofa while he was making love to the hammermaid.

Chet followed me into the hall and took the telephone from my hand. He listened a moment, then said:

"The credit is all right, but would you be good enough to hold up work on that trousseau for the moment. Something has developed."

Back in the dining room grandma and Nance were speechless. They went on with their breakfast in silence their eyes fastened suspiciously on me. For once I was speechless myself.

I cast a glance at the hall clock. It was after nine and my elopement was scheduled for 10.15. The king of fatheads came back into the room again.

"Grimes wishes to say, Miss Poppy, that he is leaving for the village now."

"Tell him I'll be out in a moment," I said.

"He says to tell you the station wagon broke down and wish he was moving your bags to the blue car the strap on one bag broke."

I ate an old general grandmother drew herself up.

"Remove Miss Poppy's bags from any of the cars," she said. "Knowing all about this elopement, I suppose her senses were a little keener than the rest." Poppy, I want to speak to you." She rose from the table.

She led the way to the library, and I had to sit there while she said a lot about responsibility, hers and mine. Out through the open window I beheld the melancholy spectacle of Grimes carting my bags back into the house. The broken strap that had been the cause of my discovery dangling along behind him on the ground. I shuddered and turned away.

Grandma's talk was very dry. You would think she had never eloped in her life. I tried not to listen.

I adersland, Poppy, I am not offering this as a reward. I expect you to behave without that.

I came to life at once.

"Chester tells me he is going abroad for a short business trip. He has agreed to take you over so that you may join your parents and return with them later in the season. I am making you a present of this trip upon your solemn promise.

By the time I was not listening. Europe with Chet—meeting dad—I was so overjoyed at the prospect that I was almost thankful I wasn't married.

The telephone rang and Chet answered. He motioned to me to come out into the hall and said, so low grandma couldn't hear:

"Your bridegroom is on the wire."

It was true. I had forgotten about Hamp.

"Where the heck are you?" he demanded. "Where are you?" I asked my polite manner a marked contrast to his surly one.

"I was on the train. When you didn't get on I got off. What's the trouble?"

"Hump," I said, making my voice sound tragic. "I've been apprehended."

"Meaning you can't come?"

"Meaning exactly that. Oh, Hamp, it's all a series of tragic mistakes. I was afraid he'd try to make me elope when I wanted to go to Europe, so I had to make a stand."

"Hamp, the woman always pays. Here I am practically under guard while you are down there free as air."

"With two secondhand railway tickets I'd sell cheap," he snorted.

"That's nothing. I have a secondhand trousseau that'll never be worn." Hamp couldn't know it wouldn't be worn because it would never be paid for.

"If you'd eloped with me last night we'd be married now and on our way out to the ranch."

"Isn't that just like a man? Harping on the commonplace facts of life case while all the fine overtones escape him?

"Don't be childish, Hamp. Think of the romance we almost had."

I DIDN'T think of it long however for when I came back from Europe just before school opened, and was buying my doll looking wardrobe for the new term, the first person I ran into was Barbara Blaisdell.

"Have you heard about Hamp?" she asked excitedly.

"No. What?" I held my breath.

He fell in love with an actress and was planning to elope with her."

"Are you sure she was an actress?" I asked, pleased to be called that.

"Oh yes. She's in some show here in town. Only yesterday when Hamp had the elopement all planned, she married some one else."

"Yesterday! I was aghast.

"Yes. Didn't you see the morning paper?" Barbara laughed. "Seton of Wealthy Family Jilted," it said. "But the part that killed Hamp was, 'Father Claps Him Back In School.' You see the actress was only stringing Hamp and a lot of other kids along. She was forty five.

"Hamp ought to have a guardian," I said.

"That's just what father said. Poppy, it's extraordinary, what a head you have.

I left her in saddened wonder. That fickle perfidious Hamp! As I had been dragged father and you through Europe never long enough in one place to acquire a successor to Hamp—I had imagined him pining for me, maybe even wasting away. But no.

It is October now, and I am back in school. As yet none of my family know that their so-called troubles with me are over.

For I am going to become a nun. I asked Sister Assumpta the other day how one went about becoming one, and she said it could be arranged but perhaps it would be better to do nothing about it until next summer when I finish school.

So I look forward to going my gentle way through life bothering no one, helping all those with whom I come in contact, and letting girls come to me and tell me their troubles, which I shall understand only too well, having been through all of them.

Just the same considering that he practically jilted me, I don't think it would hurt Hamp Blaisdell if he took me to some of the football games this fall. Wasn't I engaged to him once?

* * * * * *

It will be seen . . .
It must be clean!

ARE you embarrassed by an unsightly toilet bowl when guests go to your bathroom? Do you wash and scrub but never get it clean? Try Sani-Flush! It cleans without scrubbing, removes stains and germs. Ugly stains, hard water marks, germs go. Perrigo's dirt shines like new! Even the trap, which no brush can reach, loses all its dangers.

Sani-Flush is easy to use. Sprinkle a bit in the bowl (follow directions on the can)—flush—and the toilet is clean, fresh and germ disappear. Sani-Flush can't injure plumbing!

At grocery, drug, and hardware stores 35c. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada (Also other uses for Sani-Flush—cleaning enamelware, radiators. See directions on can.)

Sani-Flush
CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

Wanted SONG POEMS

CAN YOU WRITE WORDS FOR SONG?

Publishers of over 1,000 songs and Records which have been known and unknown Authors and Composers to submit song poems, songs and musical compositions. Free Examination. Write PETER DERBY LTD., Music Publishers, DEPT. 12B, Denman St., LONDON W.C.2

GET YOUR COUGH BEFORE IT GETS YOU

Now it's just a little hack—but a day or two of carelessness may make it an ugly bronchial cough—tearing your throat—wracking your whole system—threatening your health and your job.

To disregard a slight cough is foolhardy. Don't do it! Science has given us a safe and simple remedy for coughs—Pertussin.

Pertussin soothes the throat irritation and loosens the phlegm in the throat so that it can easily be raised and expelled. Pertussin does not suppress the impulse to cough by means of dope or harmful drugs as many cough mixtures do, and it does not disturb digestion.

All over the world Pertussin is recommended by doctors and druggists for coughs of all kinds.

Pertussin is specially recommended for children's whooping cough and bronchitis. Get a bottle of Pertussin at any drug store.

Write for free trial bottle to Pertussin Limited, 257 Atlantic Avenue, Montreal.

Show-Down or Blow-Up?

Continued from page 18

room, and eats it alone in his cell. The afternoon's work done, supper is secured and eaten in the same manner as the other two meals, after which he is locked in his cell till morning. Lights are out at nine o'clock and he may read till then, but till recently—another boon gained by the riots—the cell lighting was so poor that the prisoner could read only at the expense of considerable eyestrain. No newspapers are allowed in the penitentiary, but magazines and an extensive selection of library books are provided. Classes for those who wish to attend are conducted in the three R's; during part of the noon hour and two evenings hours five days a week, but the penitentiaries are not the educational agencies they might be under a different system.

During the day—till recently—the prisoner was forbidden to speak to a fellow inmate or a guard, unless his work absolutely required such speech. At all times he must conform to rules and regulations, often rendered more onerous by inconsiderate brutal or vicious guards. He has less rights his word is of no value if disputed by a guard, at the word of a guard he may lose good-conduct time laboriously gained. He may suffer a reduction of tobacco or food ration, he may be handcuffed to the bars of his cell in a position that soon becomes torture, he may be thrown in the "hole," a dungeon for supersolitary confinement or he may be flogged.

On Sundays all cells remain locked all day except when the prisoners go to get their food and to attend chapel. Till the recent riots brought a change no exercise was allowed except hell an hour's walk in single file round the yard. Now half an hour to forty minutes with the medicine ball or other similar exercise is allowed. Holidays are days to be dreaded in the penitentiary like Sunday they must be spent in solitary confinement. When Monday is a holiday as frequently happens, the prisoners are locked in continuously except the exceptions above mentioned—from four p.m. Saturday till Tuesday morning.

All penitentiaries are now seriously overcrowded. Prisoners are doubled up in many cells, and others put to sleep in cots outside.

In 1834 the Parliament of Upper Canada passed an act for the maintenance and government of the Provincial Penitentiary opened near Kingston. The following from the preamble is typical of the system largely followed ever since:

> Whereas it many offenders convicted of crimes were ordered to solitary imprisonment, accompanied by well-regulated labor and religious instruction, it might be the means, under Providence, not only of deterring others from the commission of like crimes but also of reforming the individual and inuring them to habits of industry, etc.

Magistrates have not failed to do their share in carrying out those objects. As General Hughes testily declared in his 1927 report: "The halt, the lame, the blind had often the imbecile are sentenced to the penitentiaries at hard labor."

Recommendations Ignored

EACH PENITENTIARY is equipped with a shop. There is plenty of man power, but the amount of useful work available is limited. Year after year General Hughes reports complaint of the policy that will not permit the convict to work at productive labor, thus making necessary so much morale-destroying rock breaking and other useless labor. In his very first report—for 1919—he wrote:

> "The inmates of the penitentiaries are wards of the Dominion Government, and there is no valid reason why goods required for State use and State use only, should not be made in so far as is possible, in the penitentiaries. The Government spends many thousands of dollars yearly, for furniture, furnishing and equipment of all kinds, a small portion of which could be made in the penitentiaries. The revenue derived from this source would enable the institutions to pay each inmate an his discharge or his family, while in prison a small wage."

This recommendation General Hughes repeated with monotonous regularity year after year, but nothing was ever done about it. In 1926 at the instance of Miss Agnes MacPhail, M.P., a resolution was adopted by the House of Commons recommending the payment of prisoners but, although she and other members of the independent group in the House have repeatedly referred to the matter in the interval no more attention has been paid to the wishes of Parliament than had been paid to the recommendations of General Hughes.

Another important recommendation that has been as consistently ignored is that concerning parole. The duty of recommending prisoners for parole rests with the Chief Parole Officer at Ottawa. In order to carry out his duties, he must visit each penitentiary at least once a year and interview hundreds of men. This is most unsatisfactory. It is impossible for any man to learn in such short contacts enough about each of the thousands of inmates to perform so important a service adequately. Nevertheless, in the fiscal year ended March 31, 1931, R. F. Harris, Acting Dominion Parole Officer, reported that 913 persons were released on parole and of these only sixty six or 7.22 per cent had failed in their obligation which is indeed a very creditable showing so far as it goes.

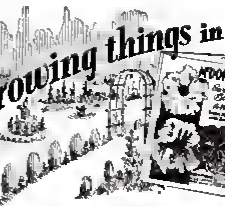
To extend this work and make it still more satisfactory, General Hughes year after year recommended the establishment of a parole board for each penitentiary, and the appointment for each of a parole officer—really a social worker—who would be intimately acquainted with the inmates, would keep in touch with them after release, and advise and assist them to secure work or otherwise become re-established in the community. This is now a matter of regular routine in most enlightened penitentiary systems, such for instance as that of New Jersey but so in nothing of the kind has been tried in Canada.

Then there is the question of the segregation of youthful and first offenders from the older and more crime-hardened criminals. During almost the whole of his term as superintendent General Hughes asked year after year for the establishment of special institutions for this type of offender. Eventually, in 1930 Hon. Ernest Lapointe, then Minister of Justice made provision for the institutions at Collins Bay and near St. Vincent de Paul already mentioned. The intention was to incorporate in these institutions some of the principles of modern penology. Solitary confinement, eating alone, silence, bars and bolts, high walls, were to be abolished.

Investigation Needed

CONSTRUCTION of the Collins Bay institution is being proceeded with first. Prison labor is being used, prisoners having been transferred from Kingston for the purpose. These have been selected mostly with a view to their fitness for construction work and are not necessarily those who will eventually occupy the institution. Among those chosen were the Toronto brokers. They coupled with the designation "Preferred Class," by which the institution was first officially described has given rise to charges of favoritism.

I am not prepared to say that influence political or otherwise might not have been used in having some of these persons transferred to Collins Bay, but that is merely in the way. The widely held view that Collins



send for this FREE Garden Book

The 1933 edition of McDonald's Annual Garden Book, with exquisite illustrations, many in natural colours, is a complete guide to practical gardening. It contains, as well, a complete list of seeds, plants and bulbs, with numerous novelties and many special offers. Your old favourites are here, and many new varieties, some of them exclusively McDonald's.

Bring down your cost of living by growing your own vegetables. Plan a bigger and better garden with the aid of McDonald's Garden Book and McDonald's Tested Seeds—for 57 years the choice of growers all over Canada.

PLEASE NOTE ... McDonald's seeds are obtainable direct from Ottawa only

Kenneth McDonald & Sons, Limited
Dept. B, Market Square, Ottawa, Canada
Please mail a FREE copy of your GARDEN BOOK to
Name
Address B-33

Young Canada Boosters' Club

Invites You to Become a Member

You, like many other Canadian boys, may share in the wonderful privileges of this boys club. Write

YOUNG CANADA BOOSTERS' CLUB
143-153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

40 PIECE JIG SAW PUZZLE FREE

FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY

With this Tricky, Fascinating JIG SAW PUZZLE

Who just doesn't love to do a Jig Saw Puzzle! It's the popular craze—match up your wits against the elusive pieces, as you fit them together to complete the design.

Brocks Bird Seed prepared a striking 40 piece puzzle, in full color, showing the picture of a Canary. That that would be telling, and it's more fun when you don't know the design! Truly it is a fascinating puzzle—hours of fun for the children and for Dad particularly! And it's free for the asking. Just a goodwill gift from Brocks Bird Seed. Send the coupon today.

and a chance TO WIN A FREE CANARY

Closes April 17th. Winners will be announced in leading city newspapers April 29th

150 CANARIES GIVEN AWAY

In addition to your gift for this puzzle absolutely free—everyone has a chance to win one of the 150 Canaries FREE. No money or conditions—merely sending in the coupon and answering the decision. As coupons or letters come in they will be tied in bundles. Then when the Contest closes date is issued a member of Nicholson & Brock Limited, who are awarding 150 Canaries Free will draw at random one coupon from every one of the bundles, until 150 names have been drawn. To each person whose name is thus drawn, Brocks will send, absolutely FREE, a fine singing Canary. Only one name permitted to each house.

MAIL COUPON for PUZZLE
It entitles you to a chance to win a SINGING CANARY

BROCKS BIRD SEED

Messrs. NICHOLSON & BROCK, LTD.
153 George Street, Toronto 1 B17
Please send me FREE the BROCKS JIG SAW PUZZLE as offered, also enter my name in the Draw for a Free Canary.
Name
Address

Now While you have YOUTH

YOUTH is the time of sowing Provide for your old age. Make sure you will never lose your independence. Small sums placed now in the Canadian Government Annuities System and at 65 you will have a dependable guaranteed income which will give you comfort and leisure for the rest of your life.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT

ANNUITIES

Department of Labour, Ottawa

HON. W. A. GORDON, Minister.

Mail this Coupon today POSTAGE FREE

Annuities Branch, Dept. MC-1
Department of Labour, Ottawa

Please send me COMPLETE INFORMATION about Canadian Government Annuities.

Name
Print Clearly
Address

PRIZE AWARD

Addogram No. 13

Owing to circumstances over which we had no control, it is regretted that this Prize Award must be temporarily delayed

It will appear in MARCH 15th Issue.

"MACLEAN'S" PRIZE TRAVEL GAME IS ANNOUNCED ON PAGES 58 AND 60

The MacLean Publishing Company Limited, 153 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ontario

TURN SPARE HOURS INTO MONEY!

Hundreds of housewives in Canada have found this solution to the spare hour problem They use it profitably by pleasant and dignified part time work taking orders for MacLean publications. Even a few hours pleasurable work of this kind will pay you handsomely and help you to buy that sport costume or other summer wear that you may want Some of our representatives earn as much as $100 00 a month

For full information write Local Representatives Department

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
153 University Avenue Toronto Ont.

Bay has been created to pamper or coddle prisoners is absurd Such a view is but a remnant of the old traditional belief that barbarity and inhumanity are necessary in the treatment of prisoners. Collins Bay is an attempt to remedy a few of these age-old barbarities. It is a pity that its prospects have thus been jeopardized For even if it should finally attain to the original specifications It will still be some distance behind the most approved ideas of penal administration.

Another recommendation of General Hughes which has not yet been acted upon is provision for the training of prison personnel Handling human beings is a difficult task calling for exceptional qualities. But as a rule the men who are in charge of our penitentiaries from the highest to the lowest, have received little or no training for their jobs Salaries in most cases are too low to attract high-class men It is also natural that such work should often appeal to those of assertive and overbearing dispositions. When such persons are ignorant in addition, the possibilities for mischief are infinite

It is therefore not surprising that favoritism, partiality hypocrisy abuse of power decent trickery hate and fear are rampant in the penitentiaries. The whole atmosphere is unhealthy from a mental standpoint Instead of reforming it can be said that in the vast majority of cases the inmate leaves the institution a worse citizen than when he entered Hitherto our institutions have been designed to punish, but even such an unsentimental person as General Hughes admits over and over again that the function of a penitentiary should be to reform, and that reformation cannot be attained through punishment

Since the recent riots there is a widespread feeling that the whole penitentiary system should be thoroughly investigated I would go one step further and suggest a thorough examination of our whole penal system It is to be expected that those responsible for a given system will defend it and resist any serious suggestion of change For, after all isn't the suggestion that a change is necessary a reflection on their administration? Quite often we see men deny the need, when advocated from outside of the very changes which they themselves have long been privately advocating

As a direct result of the recent riots, a number of minor but long overdue reforms have been instituted, some of which have already been referred to Others have to do with hair cropping, the issue of tobacco and cigarette papers, letters and visitors and the infliction of corporal punishment. It is a sad commentary on the inertia of the official mind that a riot should be necessary to bring about such obvious reforms If these are now admitted to be advisable, why were they not advisable years ago? Are others equally necessary only awaiting the stimulus of another riot? Who can tell?

The present state of public suspicion and unrest will not be allayed until a complete investigation of our penitentiaries has been undertaken by an independent commission of competent persons. This commission should at the same time, examine methods in vogue elsewhere and recommend a penal system that will put Canada in line with the best modern practice in this vital feature of our social order

Solution of the puzzle on page 44

V	A	P	O	R		A	T	H	A	B	A	S	K	A
A		H		O		N				H		T		N
N	O	I	S	O	M	E		O	B	E	L	I	S	K
C		L		M		A		U		W		P		L
O	A	T	S		F	O	U	N	T		H	E	R	E
U		E		S				C		N		N		
V		R	A	P		D		E	M	O	N	O	E	D
E				U				I						E
	R	E	N	F	R	E	W		S	U	G	A	R	S
		O		T		O		K		H		A		T
B	A	W	L		C	L	A	I	M		L		A	R
R		H		F		F		L		C		M		O
A	N	E	M	O	N	E		L	A	R	C	E	N	Y
S		H		U				E		O		N		E
S	P	E	A	R	M	I	N	T		W	A	T	E	R

BRIGHT EYES LIKE THOSE IN MOVIES

Can Be Yours If You Do As Film Directors Advise

KAY FRANCIS —a Warner star, soon to appear in "The Kiss-Off"

Here's a quick, safe way to gain clear, sparkling eyes like those you admire on the screen. Just apply *Murine* daily as advised by directors of Warner Bros. Pictures, who keep it constantly in the studios for use by Kay Francis Bebe Daniels Joan Blondell Barbara Stanwyck Loretta Young and other famous stars.

An eye specialist's formula *Murine* contains 10 ingredients (no belladonna) which act remarkably to brighten the eyes and clear away bloodshot condition. Get a 60c bottle from your druggist and apply a few drops each night and morning. You'll note an *immediate* improvement in the way your eyes look and feel!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Radio Entertainment

Your radio entertainment will be so much better if you are a reader of THE REVUE—the great new radio publication which is sweeping its way to popularity with Canadian radio listeners.

The REVUE

is a Panorama of the World of Entertainment

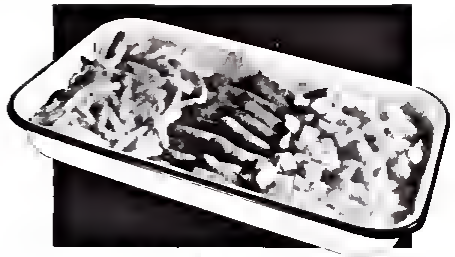
RADIO
MOVIES
MUSIC DRAMA
RECREATION
COMICS
CURRENT TOPICS

For information regarding radio artists and programmes

ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY

5c

Something Good *for the* Main Course



Vegetable combination baked together.

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director, The Chatelaine Institute

MANY HOUSEKEEPERS have written to the Institute in this vein "It doesn't bother me to plan and prepare breakfast or dinner for the family, or even for company. But when it comes to supper or luncheon dishes I am often at my wits end for something good which can be cooked and served without much fussing."

It's true that breakfast and dinner are quite standardized. We follow pretty much the same plan—soup, main course, a salad usually and a dessert of some kind People expect this sort of meal and it is easy to think of any number of variations. Luncheon or supper is a different matter often It takes more ingenuity and imagination to make it interesting This is an informal time with the family or perhaps an intimate friend or two so we want wholesome simple dishes rather than elaborate ones. We like to choose something the grown ups and the growing ups alike can enjoy for everyone sits down to the table together Plain nourishing fare is better for the children and perfection of flavor makes a bigger hit with the man of the house than any amount of garnishing

Nevertheless any old thing will not do the meal is apt to be far from satisfactory dietetically and in every other way if we depend upon some inspiration at the last moment Nine times out of ten the inspiration refuses to come It is more expensive, too, for by taking thought we can often put left-overs to a wise and appetizing use. Or we can combine ingredients which cost little but harmonize in flavor and by clever seasoning and good cooking make them into a tasty and appealing dish It we can get a little element of surprise into it so much the better and so much greater the housekeeper's pride of achievement. Isn't it worth a little experimenting?

Usually it's the main course which is a problem. So let us see what we can do about it. Of course we should consider the season of the year the preferences of the family and state of our pocketbooks, and plan accordingly If we're wise we give some thought also to ease of preparation and time saving

Casserole Dishes

CASSEROLE DISHES seem designed for painless cooking Several foods may be cooked at the same time with the same fuel which would be required for one, and no watching is necessary Moreover the cheaper cuts of meat and inexpensive vegetables lend themselves well to this kind of cooking and innumerable good combinations are possible Nutritive value is conserved and a rich flavor developed The main course may be prepared and served in one dish thus saving energy Another point which appeals is that second helpings are sure to be hot for casseroles are made of materials which hold the heat well

There need be no sameness about casserole dishes. Variety is a matter of selecting different foods to put together and of seasoning them with care and imagination Don't always use only the common herbs and spices keep on hand a few less usual ones and see what you can do with them Even though you do not always achieve a triumph you will at least avoid monotony the bugbear of any woman who is ambitious to set a good table

Meat pies may be baked in casserole dishes and offer opportunity for variety in the ingredients and topping The crust may be of pastry or of biscuit dough or of mashed potatoes dotted with butter and nicely browned They are nourishing wholesome and appetizing just the character dishes we like in a supper main dish.

Hot meat loaves or fish loaves with a flavorful sauce are another suggestion for this meal Here again we may use less expensive cuts and all sorts of odds and ends of vegetables left from another meal Follow a good recipe but make your own variations according to what you have on hand Remember too, that seasoned materials play an important part in making them really tasty and successful

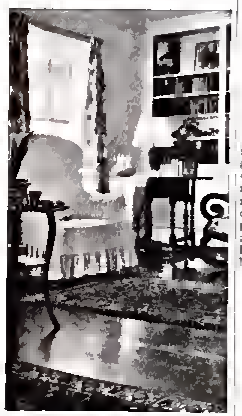
In Lent eggs and cheese dishes come very much to the fore, and nothing can beat them We can serve them plain or do all sorts of things with them. Has it ever occurred to you how easily and how very thoroughly you can vary scrambled eggs or omelette? You can think of a dozen ways to make them different if you put your mind to it And while we are on the subject of dressing up simple egg dishes, let me suggest serving poached eggs with a smooth cheese sauce or with a cream sauce containing chopped parsley chopped onion or mushrooms. Or eggs dropped into the hollowed-out halves of baked potatoes and placed in a slow oven until set Something else put a strip of bacon around the side of individual ramekins, slip the egg in the centre and bake in a moderate oven If you haven't ramekins use muffin pans, but arrange the bacon criss-cross over the bottom allowing the ends to come well up over the side so that you can lift out the meat and egg together when they are cooked

There is a long list of cheese possibilities, from the familiar and always popular Welsh Rarebit to the light and airy soufflé. Do not overcook a cheese dish and always remember to use a low temperature for the sake of appearance, flavor and digestibility

Vegetable combinations are appropriate for supper or luncheon. The illustration shows three potatoes string beans and canned peas attractively arranged in a baking dish Fresh and canned varieties are numerous enough to

Baked stuffed onions.

WHY DO THE FINEST HOMES USE *Genuine Wax?*



● Women who take pride in having beautiful polished furniture and floors say that they have never found anything to equal Genuine Johnson's Wax for preserving the loveliness of wood and linoleum and warding off scratches and wear. The wax penetrates the tiniest pores and cracks, sealing them against dirt—protecting the surface with a wear resisting polish.

Each application of Johnson's Wax adds greater beauty to furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum.

Dusting is cut in half—floor scrubbing is abolished forever once you start using Genuine Johnson's Wax. You will find it decidedly economical because a little Johnson's Wax goes so far and gives such enduring protection.

The Johnson Electric Polisher can be rented by the day from a nearby dealer.

Send 10c for a generous sample of Johnson's Wax.

Genuine
JOHNSON'S WAX

S. C. Johnson & Son Ltd.
Dept. MLS Brantford Canada.
Enclosed is 10c for trial size Johnson's Wax and very interesting booklet.

Name.....
Address.....
Province.....

allow much variety and can be depended on to supply good flavor and food value.

Many cereals, too, like rice, macaroni, spaghetti and so on, are valuable in savory main dishes. Dried peas and beans are other good foods for the purpose.

What is there better than a well made, nutritious soup with milk or meat stock and your choice of ingredients to add distinctive flavor? We can make one ourselves or take advantage of the canned varieties to simplify preparations. You can sometimes combine two soups and create a new flavor to add further interest to the menu.

The recipes this month are all for hot dishes which are almost a meal in themselves—easily prepared, inexpensive and quite delicious. The yeast needs other support than a crisp salad or a simple dessert.

Salmon En Casserole

2 Cupfuls of canned salmon
2 Tablespoonfuls of minute tapioca
1 Cupful of milk
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
½ Teaspoonful of salt
Pepper

Drain and flake the salmon, add the other ingredients and mix together. Turn into a greased casserole and set in a hot oven—400 degrees Fahrenheit. Cook twenty five minutes, stirring the mixture after five minutes and again after ten minutes in the oven. If desired after the second stirring place small baking powder biscuits on top about one inch apart, then return to the hot oven and cook until the biscuits are browned—about fifteen minutes.

Cheese Soup

4 Cupfuls of milk
2 or 3 Slices of onion
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
1 Teaspoonful of salt
Pepper
½ Cupful of grated cheese
Yolks of two eggs

Scald the milk with the onion, then remove the onion. Melt the butter in the top part of a double boiler. Stir in the flour until smooth. Stir into this the heated milk and seasonings and cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until thick. Into this, stir the beaten egg yolks. Cook one minute and add the grated cheese. Beat with a Dover egg beater and serve at once.

Egg yolks may be omitted but they make a richer and more delicious soup.

Mexican Scramble

1 Medium-sized onion, chopped
2 Cupfuls of tomatoes
1 Cupful of grated cheese
1 Tablespoonful of butter
1 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire Sauce
3 Eggs
Salt and pepper

Cook the chopped onion in the butter for ten minutes until lightly browned. Add the tomatoes, sauce and seasonings and simmer for fifteen minutes. Stir in the grated cheese and the eggs, slightly beaten. Cook over low heat, stirring carefully until creamy. Serve at once on toast. Four servings.

Beef Balls En Casserole

¾ Pound round steak, minced
¼ Cupful of bread or biscuit crumbs
1 Egg
½ Teaspoonful of salt
Pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls of Worcestershire Sauce

Combine these ingredients well, then shape into six or eight balls. Put in a casserole and set, uncovered, in a hot oven—450 degrees Fahr.—for twenty minutes. Meantime pare and cut eight medium-sized potatoes into half-inch cubes, peel and cut eight small onions into thin slices, remove the seeds from one green pepper and chop onto small pieces. Place the vegetables around the meat in the casserole, and add 1½ cupfuls of canned tomatoes. Sprinkle with 1½ teaspoonfuls of salt. Cover the casserole and place again in the oven, having it about 300 degrees Fahrenheit. Let cook until the vegetables are tender.

Ham With Rice

1½ Pounds of raw ham
1 Small onion, minced
2 Cupfuls of cooked rice
½ Cupful of canned tomato soup diluted with half cupful of water

Cut the ham into quite small pieces and brown in a frying pan. Add the onion and rice and cook until browned, stirring frequently. Add the soup and simmer about ten minutes. Serves six.

Tomato Rarebit

2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
¾ Cupful of milk
¾ Cupful of stewed tomatoes
¼ Teaspoonful of soda
2 Cupfuls of grated cheese
1 Egg
Salt, mustard, pepper

Melt the butter. Add the flour and seasonings and stir until smooth. Stir in the milk and cook, stirring constantly until thick. Strain the tomatoes, stir in the soda and, as soon as it has finished frothing, stir into the sauce. Add the slightly beaten egg. Cook one minute, then add the grated cheese and pour over toast. Serve at once.

Corn and Chicken Pie

2 Cupfuls of drained canned corn
2 Cupfuls of diced cooked or canned chicken
1 Cupful of mushrooms
1 Small onion chopped
1 Tablespoonful of chopped celery
1 Tablespoonful of chopped pimento
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
1 Teaspoonful of salt
Pepper and paprika
1½ Cupfuls of medium thick white sauce
Biscuit crust

Combine the corn and chicken. Add the mushrooms, onion, celery and pimento to the butter and cook until browned. Add the corn and chicken mixture, the browned vegetables and the seasoning to the white sauce, and turn into a deep baking dish. Make a soft biscuit dough and drop by spoonfuls on to the mixture in the baking dish. Bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahrenheit. Serves eight.

Stuffed Onions With Tomato Sauce

6 Good-sized onions
½ Cupful of bread crumbs
1 Cupful of chopped cooked meat
¾ Teaspoonful of celery salt
Salt and pepper
½ Cupful of milk
6 Teaspoonfuls of butter

Peel the onions and boil in salted water until partly done—about half an hour. Drain and remove the centre portions. Chop half cupful of the cooked centres, and mix with the bread crumbs, cooked meat, seasonings and milk. Fill the onions with the stuffing and put one teaspoonful of butter on top of each. Place in a baking pan and bake in a moderate oven—350 to 375 degrees Fahrenheit—until the onion is tender and the stuffing browned. Serve with tomato sauce made from thickened tomato juice or from a can of tomato soup diluted to the desired consistency.

Because . . .

RUG RAGS

must have FAST COLOUR to give SERVICE and stand washing . . . is a most important reason for you to colour them with

SUNSET Soap DYES
FOR FAST DYEING

When you're sure your rags are fast-dyed—and in full true colours—you can take real pride in your hooked rugs and enjoy the praise of your friends. You can be certain they will not fade when you Sunset-dye the rags.

Pink	Yellow	Black
Off Rose	Orange	Gray
Scarlet	Light Brown	Taupe
Cardinal	Dark Brown	Heliotrope
Wine	Light Blue	Purple
Sand	Bright Blue	Light Green
Khaki	Off Blue	Dark Green
	Navy Blue	

Ask your dealer to show you the Sunset Colour Card. If he has not Sunset, write us for return desired, for prices rates including free folder showing Mat colour combinations with Sunset.

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION LIMITED
Dept. 10C. Toronto Ontario.

Sales Representatives:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LTD
Toronto, Ontario

"IT'S THRIFTY AND WILL TOUGE SUNSET DYES"

GOOD COFFEE you can't spoil in the making
"CAMP" COFFEE

Curling Is a Game

Continued from page 18

"Colonel, I said making this fun "do you know that the Irish presented the pipes to the Scotch for a joke and that the Scotch haven't seen the joke yet?"

"Oh, aye" said my colonel. That is all he said. We were in rest billets that week and we supplied seven successive all night working parties to the front line. I was in charge of every one of them. Laddie" my colonel said the night we fell in to go back to the front line to take over, "do you know any more stories about the Scotch?"

"No colonel" I answered quickly. "No, indeed."

"Mphm" said my colonel, muttering to himself and making dour Scotch noises in the dark.

The stone the Scotch skip handed me weighed sixty pounds and it was made of iron. I mean that it was a solid chunk of iron weighing that much and I became suspicious. One cannot be too careful when interfering in Scotch amusements. No, indeed.

"Send hit down," my skip ordered. I took a peek down that rink. I never before appreciated the length of a curling rink. It seemed about 200 yards to where my Scotch skip had suddenly taken station for the purpose of bawling at me and waving a broom. I sent her down. I put my back into it. I put my right arm and my right leg and my back into it. "Eddie," I said to myself, "put all you have into it, and don't let this brown-waving Scotsman have a laugh at your expense. Put her down, Eddie."

I put her down. That is what I did. There is no doubt about it. That stone went down. My Scotch skip saw that stone coming and he jumped right off the ice. "Gawk" my Scotch skip yelled. "Gawk" he yelled, waving his broom. "Nae sae much weight."

My Scotch skip was protesting. I knew he was protesting because another Scotch person told me that "gawk" are are extremely dumb or stupid. This Scotch person told me this one evening after she had given me a lesson in modern dancing and she was hoping that her feet would one day return to normalcy.

My Scotch skip walked slowly down the ice and he was murmuring to himself.

"Laddie," he said, "the building committee will be sendin' ye a bill for that busted plank yonder. We'll try another."

Getting the Idea

WE TRIED ANOTHER. We tried several others. We were encouraged to keep right on trying. The old members came out from their rummy games in the warm, comfortable clubhouse, and they encouraged us. Send another down" these old members kept crying. "You new members will make curlers yet. We want you to feel right at home, and remember this is your club. So we kept trying. We wanted to earn the praise these old members were showering on us. So we kept trying and saying one to the other "New watch this one. I'm getting the idea fine."

We were not getting the idea. No, indeed. It was not an idea we were getting. I found that out the next morning. That is when I found these old members out. I was trying to spring out of bed when the true knowledge of the deceptive character of the old members was suddenly borne in upon me. I did not spring out of bed. I should say not. I just gave a wild screech and fell right back on the mattress. My wife sprang out of bed. She sprang out and she said: "Great heavens! What is the matter?"

"Woman," I replied in my best Scotch or curling manner, "shut up." That is how I felt about curling right then. I have apologized since. I have apologized several times, but I am still known as a rude man and one who is liable to be cruel to his children. I screeched. I explained to my wife, "because you sneaked up behind me as I was getting peacefully out of bed and you ran a red hot slice bar down through my right shoulder and up and into the calf of my leg."

My wife looked at me curiously. Then she laughed. You know how cruel and thoughtless wives can be.

"Eddie, the splendid athlete," my wife said, and she laughed. "She made me an ammonia bath, and she asked "Does it hurt terribly, dear?" Then she laughed some more.

I do not understand wives. No, indeed! Wives do not appreciate the pain a novice curling husband can suffer. I appreciated this pain. I most certainly did. I appreciated this pain for ten days. Curling did not improve this pain. It made it worse. There I was, a plain semi-stout invalid, walking agony and my skip, who is a hardy or Scotch skip, kept right after me. He telephoned me every day. He telephoned and he said: "Eight tonight. You play lead."

That is where the novices play in our club. A lead puts the first two stones down the ice and then he sweeps. I mean just that. He sweeps. A lead takes a broom and when the skip bawls "Sweep" he runs alongside of the speeding stones and he sweeps imaginary ice dust from a crystal-hard surface so that the stones may roll steadily and sweetly and count points for your rink.

Did you ever see a semi-stout novice or gawk curler sweeping? People who know travel miles to see a gawk sweeping. They do indeed. They travel miles and they spare no effort to be present. An old member can put artistry and poetry of motion into his sweeping, and thereby create the spurious impression that he is cutting coupons or making a large loan at a bank. That is what an old member can do. But not me. Not Eddie, the gawk sweeper. I should say not. When I sweep I use energy, if you get what I mean. I put the old shoulders and back into it, and it is exercise. The perspiration rolls down the old forehead, and it is exercise—but it is not poetry of motion. I know it is not poetry of motion because the old members come out just to watch me sweep. These old members line up on the runways and they hoot.

"Bring her down, Eddie, before the ice-maker catches you" and "Leave some ice for me Eddie."

My Scotch skip does not agree with these sedeful ladies. No, indeed.

"Hoots toe ye!" says my Scotch skip. "D'ye ken the laddie is makin' muckle ice wi' the awfu' sweat frae his noble brrow?"

Then the old members chuckle and move on to encourage others of the novices who are busy doing foolish things and who need encouraging. That is the kind of old members we have in our club. They are fine old members and I admire them but for a long time I hoped that misfortune would overtake them and that they would each throw a bad stone and feel downcast about it. I did indeed.

I have forgiven them. The light of the pure faith is dawning. I realize that I am a member of a great brotherhood and that the old members acted for the good of my soul. That is what I realize and I have a secret. My skip told me privately that once, long long ago he was much worse than I am. "Aye, laddie" said my skip most confidential. "I was a gawk." That is what he said and now he skips a rink in the Governor-General's competition.

The trail is long but the reward is great. It is indeed. But I wonder. I sure do wonder if my skip has imparted this same secret to the other novices. Certain of them have been acting mighty cheery lately. The Scotch at heart are a kindly people. Even a novice curler is a brand from the burning. I wonder.

* * * * *

Cold Days Simply Shout for HEINZ Ready-to-Serve Soups

Crackling frost! Keen winds! Extra nourishment is needed now by winter-tried bodies. Now it is that sharpened appetites call for the frequent serving of Heinz "Home-made Style" ready to serve Soups.

SUNSHINE

To them is the taste of last summer's sunshine-ripened vegetables—warmth, nourishment and delight in the substance and flavour of tender, juicy meats, fresh sweet cream and rich pure, oriental spices. Surely this is the season of seasons for Heinz delicious, heartening, wholesome Soups.

SEALED IN GOODNESS

With your first sip you will taste the "home made" savour created by the Heinz method of making soup in small quantities and sealing to all of the nourishing juices at their best.

The cream soups are ready to serve, too. You need add nothing. Just as they come from the grocer they are deliciously complete.

Cream of Tomato	Vegetable
Cream of Corn	Beef Broth
Cream of Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Cream of Green Pea	
Cream of Celery	

Call the grocer and order a trial supply now . . . and thereafter you'll always want to keep a "Heinz Corner" on your pantry shelf. Prices are satisfyingly low.

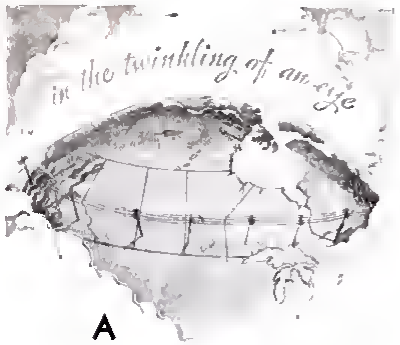
Made by Heinz — Established at Leamington, Ontario, for nearly a quarter of a century

HEINZ SOUPS

SOME OF THE 57

Home-made Style

834



A MATTER of MINUTES YET. . . . . DAYS WERE SAVED

The customer had made a mistake in specifications. The Montreal manufacturer daren't change them without authority. A telephone call was put in to Vancouver, the customer's home city. It reached him five minutes before his departure for a holiday in the south. The situation was cleared up. The customer admitted his error, gave the correct specification.

Just a matter of minutes, yet days were saved and the customer's schedules filled on an order involving $100,000.

•

For swift, economical transaction of out-of town business, use the telephone. The Trans-Canada Telephone System provides direct coast-to-coast circuits in which connections are speedy, conversations clear as on local calls and rates moderate.

Between

VICTORIA	
and Montreal	$6.50
" Saint John	9.50
" Halifax	10.05
VANCOUVER	
and Calgary	$3.60
" Ottawa	8.00
" Saint John	9.50
CALGARY	
and Hamilton	$6.35
" Saint John	9.00
" Montreal	7.00
EDMONTON	
and Winnipeg	$5.00
" Toronto	6.35
" Halifax	8.50
REGINA	
and Victoria	$3.30
" Toronto	4.75
" Montreal	5.50
WINNIPEG	
and Vancouver	$4.50
" Sydney	8.35
" Halifax	8.85
TORONTO	
and Vancouver	$7.35
" Saint John	2.85
" Halifax	3.30
MONTREAL	
and Vancouver	$8.35
" Edmonton	6.75
" Halifax	2.40
SAINT JOHN	
and Edmonton	$7.75
" Winnipeg	5.50
" Quebec	1.80
HALIFAX	
and Vancouver	$10.00
" Calgary	6.75
" Quebec	2.00

THE TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

● NOTE: The above rates are for Station-to-Station Day Messages.

Alberta Government Telephones
Bell Telephone Company of Canada
British Columbia Telephone Co.
Manitoba Telephone System
Maritime Telegraph & Telephone Co.
New Brunswick Telephone Co.
Saskatchewan Government Telephones

THE TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

YOUR SAVINGS

Yields on High Grade Securities

By W. A. HIGGINS

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost annually in Canada through careless investment. Fraudulent and worthless securities are being constantly passed on to the unwary in spite of every warning. A recent observation of this alarming situation is the result of the relaxation of discipline of this seasonable warning—"BEFORE YOU INVEST—INVESTIGATE"

DEVELOPMENTS in Canada and abroad would appear to indicate that there is a definite long-term trend toward lower money rates. The effect of such a trend is of the greatest importance to all classes of borrowers and investors. A reduction in the cost of money would materially aid governments and municipalities and relieve taxpayers. Eventually industrial and public utility companies could refund outstanding bond issues thereby reducing fixed charges that now constitute a heavy burden. Investors in equities, preferred and common stocks would benefit in turn.

The recent Dominion of Canada four per cent loan, announced late in October 1932 was the first definite indication to many Canadian investors that the era of comparatively high interest rates might be drawing to a close. Since Dominion of Canada bonds are the premier security of this country a great deal of interest attends the cost that the Federal Government has to pay on its borrowings. The precedent set by a Federal bond issue affects the cost of loans secured by the various provinces and municipalities.

Before the last Federal loan was floated Treasury officials had the option of issuing bonds carrying a four per cent or a 4½ per cent coupon rate with a 4½ per cent coupon, the twenty year bonds could be sold at par thus giving an investor the same yield that he secured by paying $93.45 per $100 of face value for four per cent bonds. Probably the most important consideration in declining on the four per cent rate was the desirability of accustoming Canadian investors to a low coupon rate in view of the relatively heavy maturities that the Dominion has coming due on November 1 1933, and November 1 1934.

Within the next two years the Federal authorities must refund more than $396,000,000 of 5½ per cent bonds, on which interest charges now amount to $21,785,786 annually. If these bonds can be refunded with bonds carrying a four per cent coupon rate the annual saving in interest charges to the Dominion would be $5,941,578. Dominion financing prior to 1913 was chiefly done at a 3½ per cent coupon rate and if the 5½ per cent bonds could be refunded on a 3½ per cent basis, the annual saving on interest charges on the two maturing issues would be $7,922,104. This forthcoming Canadian conversion follows the successful conversion of May 1931 when the Dominion refunded $643,109,300 of 5½ per cent war loans with 4½ per cent bonds.

On June 30 1932, the British Treasury announced a plan of conversion of the five per cent War Loan of which over £2,085,000,000 was outstanding, into 3½ per cent bonds. This issue represented a major part of Great Britain's funded debt and about ninety per cent of the issue was held within the country. Conversion was optional with the holders but the campaign was an entire success and resulted in a saving of £30,000,000 annually in interest charges. Other conversion operations were completed by Great Britain in 1932. The net result of the British conversions was that prices of all grades of securities traded in the London market moved upward and lower yields prevailed. While at least part of the strength in British security prices is artificial due to an embargo on new capital issues for a period of six months and to other causes, the British Conversion Loan marks a definite step toward lower interest rates throughout the world.

Effect of Interest Reductions

REGARDING the effects of the British conversion, the London *Times* carried the following comment:

"By the conversion of the War Loan the British Government has set a new and higher standard of security values, to which practically all other securities will sooner or later become adjusted. This is a gain of immeasurable value to all borrowers particularly governments, municipalities and corporations with large fixed interest bearing debts. The steep fall in wholesale commodity prices particularly in primary products, has enormously increased the burden of debtors, and short of repudiation they have no other means of lightening it than to replace dearer by cheaper capital. Debtors who have carefully safeguarded their credit during the period of difficulty are in the best position to take full advantage of the new investment standard which has been established by the British Government.

"The gain to industry and commerce will be no less marked than to governments. It will for instance enable companies with dear securities to refund them on a cheaper basis and the resultant saving would accrue to the advantage of equity holders upon whom has fallen quite properly of course, the full weight of the depression in trade and in earnings. This does not, however, exhaust the benefits of conversion. Capital values have been restored by it to the tune of hundreds of millions, and the practical and psychological effects of this appreciation of securities, though difficult to measure, are unquestionably very great. It helps, for instance, to recreate reserves which last year had to be encroached upon to make good depreciation in securities and to improve the balance sheet of every company holding investments. The fact that every investor's securities are rising instead of falling predisposes him to spend and to invest afresh."

In 1931 Australia effected a saving of some £2,800,000 in the annual interest charges of the Federal Government through a conversion of domestic loans. Holders of Commonwealth and State securities were invited to convert their holdings into new securities on the basis of a 22½ per cent reduction in the rate of interest. This conversion affected internal issues only but in October 1932 £12,000,000 of New South Wales, 5¾ per cent debenture stock maturing November 1 was refunded in London into 3½ per cent five-year debenture stock priced to yield about four per cent to maturity.

In September and October 1932 the French Government retired six bond issues carrying coupon rates varying from five per cent to seven per cent. The principal amount involved was 86,000,000,000 francs—approximately $3,370,000,000. For the issues retired there was substituted a new issue maturing in seventy-five years which carried a 4½ per cent coupon rate.

Bonds Will Yield Less

SINCE 1914 interest rates throughout the world have been substantially higher than rates that prevailed in the first decade of the present century. In 1900 the average yield on Dominion of Canada debenture stock was 2.97 per cent. Province of Ontario bonds gave a yield of 3.6 per cent. There was a tendency toward slightly higher yields in subsequent years, but the movement was gradual and the average yield on long term securities was 3.52 per cent prior to 1914.

Since that year Canadian investors have become accustomed to high interest rates that reached a peak of six per cent in 1921 on the highest grade securities and which have since maintained an annual average of well over 4½ per cent and averaged 4.85 per cent in 1932. Compared with the yields prevailing on high grade securities in Canada prior to 1914 current yields are high. The increased cost of money imposes a heavy burden on all types of borrowers and this is particularly true since a large proportion of Canadian funded debt has been floated since 1915.

Any downward revision of interest rates in Canada can be expected to originate from the Dominion Government, since no other Canadian borrower can equal the prestige of the Federal Treasury. The refunding operations that must be carried on in 1933 and 1934 will give leadership in Canada to a movement that is already well advanced in some of the principal countries of the world. Because Canada has been dependent upon foreign capital in the past and will need foreign capital in the future, the same benefits that accrued to security holders in Great Britain following the British conversion may not necessarily accrue in the same degree to Canadian security holders following a Canadian conversion loan. While London is in a position to make or influence markets, Canada as a debtor country is still influenced in large degree by price movements of its securities in New York and London.

However, other internal factors that have a tendency to reduce interest rates on Canadian securities over the long term are functioning. That there still remains a large volume of provincial and municipal financing to be accomplished may be a deterrent in the current year but provincial and municipal budgets have been receiving an unusual degree of public attention and criticism in the past two years which can be expected to result in less capital expenditure during the next decade. This means less borrowing through the issuance of bonds. Corporation financing, too, will not attain the peaks of recent years for some time. Demand from institutional and private investors for sound securities for investment purposes can be expected to continue and to increase with improvement in business conditions in this country. This demand, together with a more restricted supply of new bond issues, may well tend to move prices of securities upward with resultant decrease in yields. Securities of the highest standing will naturally feel the effect of this movement first.

Financial Queries

Question—*I desire to save money on a definite plan and such a plan has been offered to me by a representative of Investors Syndicate of Minneapolis. The financial position of this company appears to me to be quite sound but I would like your comment on the advisability of investing in one of the instalment certificates issued by this company. Would this investment be a safe one over a ten year period?—J. E. Vancouver.*

Answer—Investors Syndicate of Minneapolis has been in existence since about 1896, and during the last decade its successive balance sheets have shown a very strong position. These balance sheets are audited by a New York firm on behalf of the shareholders. Holders of instalment investment certificates really look to inspection by state and provincial security departments for their protection. In practically every state and province there is some sort of inspection of this company but details are not published. In Canada the company is asked by some of the provinces to make a deposit with a trust company of sufficient money to protect the withdrawal value on these certificates.

It is impossible for any financial critic to say what is going to happen for ten years ahead. Your investment certificate represents a contract for ten years ahead. If you just look back over the last ten years, or the ten years before that, you will see how much can happen in ten years, which it is impossible to foresee. There have been grave stresses in the last two or three years which have been difficult for many mortgage companies, and many people have been unable to keep up principal and interest payments as well as previously. Reports from this company have indicated that their arrears are not serious when the seriousness of the situation is realized. They claim that their system of amortization by which principal and interest payments are paid on a monthly basis has given them an advantage. However it is difficult for any outside entity to have a view of mortgage and other investments which are scattered all over the continent. The company claims that inspection by the Securities Commission of Minnesota through the bank inspectors is sufficient protection.

On the side of the investor he should take stock as to probability of his being able to pay through ten years the amount required. If that is done then the amount received would represent profitable investment. If within five or six years the certificate has to be abandoned it is not a profitable contract for the investor. Naturally in the first few years the cost of selling the certificate has to be taken out by the Syndicate.

Question—*I would appreciate your opinion as to the advisability of continuing to hold shares of Sherritt Gordon Mines bought at $7.50. Any information you may feel disposed to give regarding future prospects will be appreciated.—J. M. R. Mexico City.*

Answer—Sherritt Gordon Mines suspended operations last June after being in production about fifteen months. In this time it demonstrated that it was a low cost producer with the total cost per pound of copper production about 8.17 cents. Only one of the three mill units was placed in operation and although designed for but 600 tons it demonstrated that it was capable of 900 tons daily capacity. At the time operations were suspended the company had approximately $750,000 in liquid assets, mostly copper, with which to meet shut-down expenses, and providing that resumption of operations is not too long deferred indications are that it will not have to seek new funds when copper prices make it possible to resume production.

The future of the company is closely tied up with improved copper prices and until there is substantial advance, there is no indication that operations will be resumed. The chaotic state of the copper industry throughout the world and threatening production from Rhodesia and other large low cost producers, is having a disturbing effect on higher prices in the immediate future.

Sherritt Gordon is fortified with large tonnages of medium grade ore but is handicapped in that it must purchase its power and contract with other companies to do its smelting and refining and therefore does not have complete control over its operations.

No more BUYING BACK THE FEDORA

we've abolished the restaurant check room tip

AGAIN STATLER HOTELS PIONEER

★ Think of it! No more tips to check room attendants at our public restaurants. No more dimes slipping away. No more tribute to an irritating custom. We've banned these gratuities . . . *for once and for all*.

This check room toll-taking has been part and parcel of hotel usage for decades past. It has *always* annoyed us. We have felt that it was an imposition on our dining room patrons and have continually tried to limit it.

Long ago we posted signs over our check rooms saying, "*You are not expected to tip.*" For some restaurants we built chairs especially constructed to hold hats. In various dining rooms we placed racks for hats and coats. All these things helped, but still a large number felt impelled to pay the hat toll.

But in *Statler Hotels* it's over . . . finished. So sigh your sigh of relief. From now on attendants at the check rooms of our public restaurants *will not expect . . . and cannot accept . . . a tip.*

We know you will approve . . . and *applaud* . . . this reform and cooperate with us in making it fully effective.

These hotels have always tried to smooth the hotel patron's way. They were the *first* to bar gratuity-soliciting attendants in washrooms, the *first* to reduce news stand and cigar stand prices to street store scales. They were the *first* to introduce most of the features of the modern hotel.

You remember, of course . . . that it was the Statler Hotels that pioneered practically all the conveniences and comforts you demand today . . . a private bath with every room, circulating ice water, a morning newspaper under your door, free radio reception, etc., etc. The list of these Statler innovations is long . . . and is constantly being added to, as our spirit of service marches on.

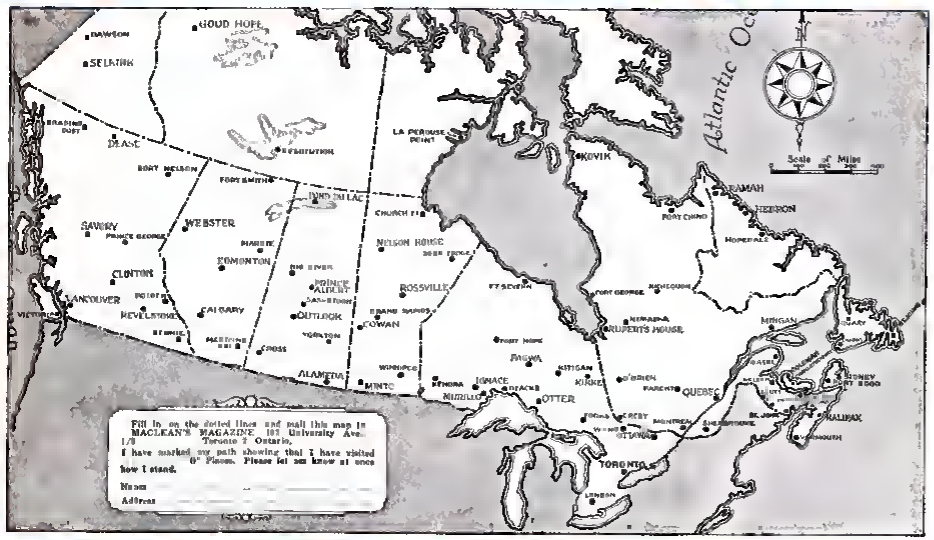
HOTELS STATLER

Boston · Buffalo · Cleveland · Detroit · St. Louis

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA IS THE STATLER IN NEW YORK

Maclean's Travel Game

MORE THAN $3,000.00 in Cash Prizes



How Many "R"-Places Can You Visit Without Crossing or Touching Your Path?

HERE is a Map of Canada and Newfoundland with a number of Places shown. How many of these Places in which the letter "R" appears can you visit by drawing a continuous line from "R"-Place to "R"-Place without crossing or touching your Path?

Can you draw a line connecting the MOST "R" Places? Go in any direction that you once to, North South East or West. Anywhere you like. Keep track of the "R"-Places you reach and mark down your Path on this Map.

Your Path must be marked by straight lines with pen or pencil from "dot" to "dot." You may go up and down, back and forth, but remember you must start at Toronto, Ontario, and end at Toronto (only counting Toronto once) without once crossing or touching your Path.

Try your hand at this fascinating Travel Game and send in your Answer. Try for qualified or non-qualified Prizes whichever you like. The fun you will have is reward in plenty, but remember there are also Cash Prizes for non-qualified Answers.

CLASS "B" PRIZES—The Fifteen Prize Winning Answers Without Subscriptions Will Receive Cash Prizes as Follows:

First Prize	$10.00	Tenth Prize	8.00
Second Prize	10.00	Eleventh Prize	8.00
Third Prize	15.00	Twelfth Prize	8.00
Fourth Prize	10.00	Thirteenth Prize	8.00
Fifth Prize	8.00	Fourteenth Prize	8.00
Sixth Prize	7.00	Fifteenth Prize	8.00
Seventh Prize	6.00		
Eighth Prize	6.00		
Ninth Prize	8.00	TOTAL CLASS "B" PRIZES	$107.00

Before proceeding with Maclean's Prize Travel Game, turn to the Rules on Page 60 which form a part of, and must be read in conjunction with, the announcement on this Page.

CLASS "A" PRIZES—The Fifteen Prize Winning Answers Qualified With $4 Worth of Subscriptions Will Receive Cash Prizes as Follows:

FIRST PRIZE $1,500.00

(Including $500.00 Extra for Promptness)

Second Prize $1,000.00

Third Prize	$50.00	Eleventh Prize	15.00
Fourth Prize	100.00	Twelfth Prize	15.00
Fifth Prize	100.00	Thirteenth Prize	15.00
Sixth Prize	75.00	Fourteenth Prize	10.00
Seventh Prize	60.00	Fifteenth Prize	10.00
Eighth Prize	50.00		
Ninth Prize	30.00		
Tenth Prize	15.00	TOTAL CLASS "A" PRIZES	$3,202.00

This is Your Chance — No Professionals Allowed

THIS is in every way an amateur sporting event. No professionals allowed because the Rules bar any one who has ever won a prize of $50.00 or more in any prize contest and Maclean's Magazine will take every reasonable precaution to ensure this. You confined to people who have never won as much as $50.00. Here indeed is your opportunity. All you have to do is connect as more "0" Places in accordance with the Rules than anyone else.

In this Prize Travel Game you don't need to send in any subscriptions to Win a Prize unless you want to, but our Big Bonus Rewards in Class "A" make the Prizes larger when subscriptions are sent. There are at least two of your friends who are still now subscribing to "Maclean's" and who should be receiving Canada's National Magazine regularly. By this Prize Travel Game we hope to increase our representation so that "Maclean's" will go into many more Canadian homes. Here's the plan:

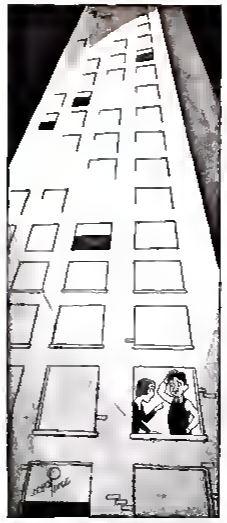
$50.00 will be Awarded Winner of First Prize in Class "B" if no subscriptions are sent. $1,500.00 will be Awarded the Winner of First Prize in Class "A" provided Answer is qualified with two one-year subscriptions to Maclean's Magazine at $2.00 each, one of which may be your own subscription.

Cash Commissions Will be Paid You on Every Order Other Than Your Own—See Rule No. 4 on Page 60.

Closing Date for Answers March 31st, 1933 but don't overlook the Big Extra Prize for Promptness. When you have completed your Answer fill in the coupon with the total number of "0" Places (like this: 0 in 18) and address—cut out the Map and mail it to Prize Travel Game — MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, 143 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario.

$500.00 EXTRA CASH PRIZE FOR PROMPTNESS

will be added to the First Prize in Class "A" provided Winning Answer has been qualified with subscriptions and mailed WITHIN 15 DAYS from the date of issue of Maclean's in which is the Prize Travel Game offer appears. Thus, if you are PROMPT you may Win $1,500.00 ALL IN CASH!



—Drawn for Maclean's by Lieo Price.

"Thank Heaven we still have a roof over our heads!"

Wit and Wisdom

A Hopeless Passion

My great grand-dad went courting
on his feet in Lover's Lane,
My grand-dad had a buggy
and a team for his campaign,
My dad scared up a flivver
a hen his tale of woe he told—
No wonder lots of fellows
praise the happy days of old!

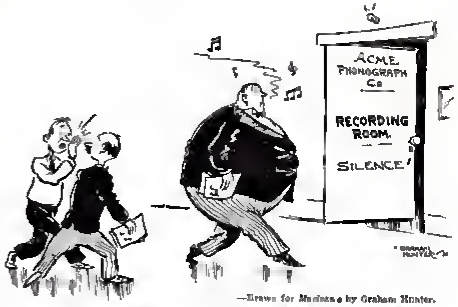
The girl I love insists upon
a nice two-seater plane!
If I suggested walking out
she'd think me quite insane!
She'd shrivel up in buggy
with her rock of mere disdain!
A ride in my old roadster
would inflict a fatal pain!
And so I fear
the girl I love
I'll have to love in vain!

—*Ina Gundley Jackson.*

Kismet

He climbed the mountain's lofty heights,
And sailed the seas below
He flew o'er sandy desert wastes,
And lands of ice and snow
He hunted wild beasts in their lairs,
Explored the ocean's bed
He sought for savage unknown tribes
Where others feared to tread
He answered to his country's call,
And fearless faced the foe—
But one small influenza germ
Soon laid that brave man low

—*Margaret Nickerson*



—Drawn for Maclean's by Graham Hunter.

Recording Supervisor: "Past! Think we can get him on a ten inch disc?"

—Drawn for Maclean's by Graham Hunter.

"Sorry gentlemen—one block down and two to the left for the emergency entrance."

In Fewer Words

Same Effect—We've given up taking cold showers every morning. We go down to the bank and ask for a loan instead.—*Montreal Star*

A Gun Without Ammunition—"The law gives a man the right to open his wife's letters," says a learned jurist. But it doesn't give him the nerve.—*Kitchener Record*

New, There's an Idea—A French economist talks of paying off the U. S. war debt in champagne and a British industrialist in textiles. Has either of them a reliable shortstop?—*Sudbury Star.*

How to Keep Warm—Instead of buying a new overcoat this year some of us may down-and-out men will have to take a hint the anti freeze solution we ordinarily put in the automobile.—*Winnipeg Tribune*

A Nutty Observation—A manufacturer of automobiles says it requires 1,500 nuts to hold an automobile together—and one nut to knock it apart.—*Brantford Expositor*

Home Sweet Home—Home as defined by a Crowland man is a place where you can put crackers in your soup and nobody gives a hoot.—*Welland-Port Colborne Tribune*

Crime in the Home—In some respects the idea of finger-printing children seems to be a good one. At least it will settle the question as to who used the guest towel in the bathroom.—*New Liskeard Speaker*

Fair Warning—Notice on farm gate: "I am going to enforce trespassing and hunting on this place from now on, so watch out."—*Victoria Colonist.*

Good Excuse—There is one thing that applies to both rich and poor at the present time. The depression gave them an excuse to break promises they never intended to keep.—*Sydney Post-Record*

Dressing Up—A hick town is a place where you are called a sheik every time you put on a necktie.—*Toronto Star Weekly*

What Did They Mean?—When a fireman who had gallantly lost his life in action was buried his comrades, as a token of affection for their dead hero, covered his casket with a magnificent funeral sheaf inscribed with the words "Gone to his last fire."—*Galt Reporter.*

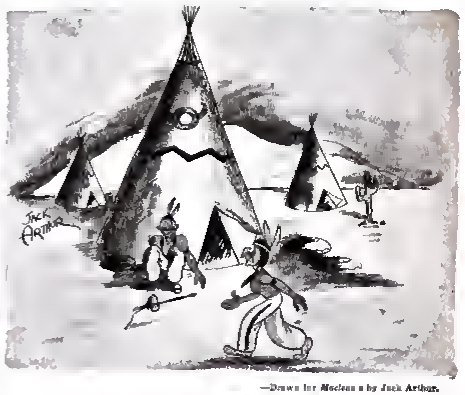
Mary's Version—It is said Mary Pickford likes her husband to be as popular as herself. It's a case of love me, love my Doug.—*Ottawa Journal*

Unquiet Evening—"The evening was spent in an infernal way, a radio programme being the main diversion."—*North Sydney Herald*

Maybe—Sometimes we get to thinking that maybe things would be better now if the dove of peace had forgotten his bill.—*Bracebridge Gazette*

Inverted Success—When it comes to keeping back improvements to keep sales clicking it must have taken our best minds years to keep cigarette lighters from lighting.—*Regina Leader Post.*

Freedom—This is a free country all right but there is an awful fuss made when such personal things are done as a man changing his politics and a woman changing her church.—*Fernie Free Press*



—Drawn for Maclean's by Jack Arthur.

"C'mon Red Arrow, 'Mickey Mouse' tonight."

CHEAPER

● Laboratory tests and a sweeping investigation among thousands of users prove that the **"BLUE BLADE"** provides the cheapest shaving method known. You get more excellent shaves per penny. Learn the facts first hand. Shave with the **"BLUE BLADE"** and save money.

The "BLUE BLADE" is made in addition to the regular Gillette Blade sold in the green package.

MacLean's Prize Travel Game

More Than $3,000.00 in CASH PRIZES

Easy Rules to Help You Win

OBSERVE THEM CAREFULLY

1—Any resident of Canada other than full time employees of The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited, and members of their immediate families is eligible to Win a Prize in MacLean's Prize Travel Game, entitled "ANYONE WHO IS NOT A GOVERNMENT OR MERCHANDISING [illegible]

2—The object of "MacLean's Prize Travel Game" is to Indicate 4 consecutive Prize [illegible] in the most [illegible] Places on the Map containing the letter "R" without [illegible] retracing your Path. You are to start from Toronto, Ontario and Finish at Toronto, inclusive. [illegible] Yes, you are to [illegible] directions and be down at towards diagonally or any way [illegible] Places [illegible] Here with what number of "R" [illegible] and you forward to [illegible] Prize [illegible] "R" [illegible] straight line. Maximum [illegible] not [illegible]

3—You may move your [illegible] over land or water [illegible] Places [illegible] "R" but do not cross [illegible] Do not [illegible] Prize [illegible] Prize [illegible] Prize Path.

4—There are Twelve First Prizes to be Awarded in the Prizes—Fifteen Hundred A Prize and Fifteen Hundred Prizes. [illegible] Largest Prizes for Places [illegible] Each Answer [illegible] Free subscription to MacLean's Magazine at [illegible] [illegible] Prize [illegible] Prize [illegible] Prize

Tested and Approved
SEAL NO. 37
The Chatelaine Institute
MAINTAINED BY
The Chatelaine Magazine

THE TEST

that proves the money-saving value and safety of Old Dutch Cleanser

The "safety test" is simple to make, but proves facts of great importance. Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the porcelain drainboard of your sink and rub with a smooth coin. You won't feel or hear any scratchy, destructive grit as in ordinary cleansers, because there is none in Old Dutch. It is safe. Its particles are flaky and flat-shaped and leave a clean smooth surface. This shows how grit particles act . . . avoid them.

You get your money's worth when you use Old Dutch Cleanser because there are so many more particles of actual cleaning material in each package. Ounce for ounce it does more square yards of cleaning than anything else, and therefore, costs less to use. It cleans quicker; doesn't clog drains; is kind to the hands. Unsurpassed for tile, porcelain and enamel, for polishing metals or scrubbing the kitchen floor. It's the only cleanser you need in your home.

Doesn't Scratch

This is the Old Dutch Rubber Cleaning Sponge. Convenient and practical. A little Old Dutch and this sponge do a quick, thorough cleaning job. An attractive bathroom accessory. Send for it today. Mail 10c and the windmill panel from an Old Dutch Cleanser label for each sponge.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER,
Dept. 42, 64 Macaulay Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *Province*_____

MADE IN CANADA